FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

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AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

The reproductions are to me most satisfactory; they lack color, of course, but in every other respect are the best we have ever seen, and I think I may say that those of the Audubon family still remaining are much gratified with the first of the series. M. R. AUDUBON.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S reproductions of some of Audubon's famous bird portraits in half-tone from the rare first edition are as follows, with dates of those already printed: That of the Willow Ptarmagan will be given in the issue of Dec. 19.

BLACK DUCK, Sept. 26, 1896.
PRAIRIE CHICKEN, Oct. 24.
CANVASBACK DUCK, Nov. 21.
WILLOW PTARMIGAN, Dec. 19 (to come).
SHOVELLER DUCK.
REDHEAD DUCK.
AMERICAN WHITE-FRONTED GOOSE.
PURPLE SANDPIPER.
AMERICAN GOLDEN PLOVER.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK IN 1896.

THE last report of Capt. Geo. S. Anderson, the acting superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, gives a very clear idea of the condition of things in the Park during the past summer. Captain Anderson has now been in charge of the Park for more than five years, during which time he has managed its affairs with remarkable discretion and judgment. For a number of years his efforts were to a great extent baffled by the failure of Congress to enact any legislation to protect the Park, but since the passage of the act of 1894 his task has been easier, though this passage came almost too late to save the buffalo.

The travel to the Park each year is very small in proportion to the number of persons who might naturally be expected to visit it, and the increase in this travel from year to year is very small. Of those who go there, by far the greater number are "campers," or persons who travel with their own or hired outfits, and do not patronize the hotels, but camp along the road when night overtakes them. Many of these are ranchers or farmers from the neighboring country. The light travel of the past summer is attributable in part to the financial depression and in part to the political campaign.

There are two manifest causes for the neglect of the National Park. One is the expense connected with a trip there, which in view of the distance at which the Park lies from thickly-settled regions is considerable; the other is the ignorance which prevails—even among well-informed people—of the wonders of the Park and the comfort with which it can be seen. This ignorance must account for the failure to go thither of people who visit Europe each year by hordes, and who at a less expense of time, trouble and money could see here in their own country natural wonders far exceeding in beauty and interest anything in Europe. The American people are said to be quick to grasp new ideas, but their appreciation of the attractions of the Yellowstone Park has been slow.

The summer of 1895 was the driest known there for a long time. By July the grass was completely dried up, and it was feared that destructive fires might occur. The unceasing vigilance of the patrols, however, and the constant watching and warning of camping parties, prevented any serious fires. In a few cases, campers who had been careless about extinguishing their fires were arrested, brought before the United States Commissioner, tried and sentenced, and the effect of this on others was most excellent. This year the rainfall has been greater than usual, and no important fires occurred. The United States Forestry Commission visited the Park and requested the superintendent to inform them as to his methods of preventing forest fires. This he did.

But one plant of fish has been made in the Park within the year. It consisted of 1,000 rainbow trout, which reached there in December, when the thermometer was near zero, and there was deep snow on the roads over which they were transported. They were deposited in De Lacy Creek, from which they would naturally make their way into the deep waters of Shoshone Lake. The lake trout placed in that body of water in 1889-90 have thriven and are abundant, as are also the brook trout put in Shoshone Creek two years ago. Nothing has been seen of the black bass planted here, although they were looked for last July. But as the plant numbered only 500, and they were distributed over four large lakes, the failure to find them proves nothing. All the streams stocked by United States Fish Commissioner McDonald are now full of fish, their abundance being very great. Capt. Anderson, however, wisely suggests that there ought to be a size limit fixed, and suggests six inches as a minimum length.

The story of the destruction of buffalo this year by the Henry's Lake poachers, which has already been given in FOREST AND STREAM, is told here at length. Although Courtenay was acquitted, his prosecution had an excellent effect, as the trial was so expensive to Courtenay that neither he nor his neighbors care to run the risk of another. The fines of $50 each imposed on four men convicted of killing elk in the two-mile strip north of the Wyoming line also had a very good effect on the lawless element in Montana. It is gratifying to learn that the authorities in Wyoming and Montana now appear desirous of co-operating with the superintendent of the Park in the matter of game protection. In Idaho nothing has been done, though high officials of the State have promised to secure the passage of proper laws.

Except the bison, game of all kinds seems to be increasing in the Park. Elk are extremely abundant. Deer wander through the military post, often passing close to the men who are at their work. As usual, mountain sheep and antelope winter on Mt. Everts, and their numbers are increasing. With the protection of other animals there has been a great increase in the number of the carnivores, such as the bears and the coyotes, as earlier stated in these columns. The coyotes especially have become so numerous that Capt. Anderson has caused some of them to be destroyed by the Government scout. Little is known of the few remaining buffalo in the Park, though individuals and tracks accounting for about thirty specimens have been seen during the summer.

At the request of Capt. Anderson, the War Department detailed an officer of the Corps of Engineers to the work of surveying and marking the boundaries of the Park, and this is now being done. Capt. Anderson recommends the appropriation of at least $100,000 per year until the road system that he has laid out is completed, and the continuance of this appropriation until the roads shall have been macadamized; the extension of the military post at the Hot Springs to accommodate another company, and the completing of the survey and marking of the boundaries of the Park. All these matters are of prime importance, and the superintendent's recommendations ought to be favorably acted on.

DEER AND LILYPADS.

THE somewhat protracted discussion in our natural history columns respecting the deer and the lilypad is interesting, chiefly because it affords an example of a negative assertion stoutly stuck to in the face of overwhelming direct evidence. Our Michigan correspondent, Julian, has declared that deer do not eat the pad, stem, bud, flower, seed or root of the water lily. His contention appears to be based not upon personal testimony, but upon what has been told him by Michigan hunters and woodsmen, in whom he has such confidence that he has been ready to accept their denials as an offset to the positive statements of quite as many others who aver that they have seen water lilies that had been cropped off by deer, and deer eating the water lilies, and had found water lilies in the deer after the deer had eaten them and been killed. The evidence collected and printed to-day must impress a candid mind as of such convincing nature as to leave no further room for discussion. That deer do eat lilypads is established.

One would think that for ascertaining facts in such a simple matter as this resort would be had to practical test; that is to say, if the question were, as here, whether or not deer would eat lilypads, the simplest thing in the world would be to take a deer to the lilypad or to take the lilypad to the deer, and note what followed. This is precisely what was done by the FOREST AND STREAM last week. Procuring some pads and stems of the water lily, we presented them to a white-tail buck and saw him eat them—take them in his mouth, chew them and swallow them. The pad and stems were eaten also by the European fallow and red deer in the deer paddocks in Central Park.

SNAP SHOTS.

Prof. D. G. Elliot has returned from his expedition to Somaliland, whither he went for the purpose of collecting African mammals for the Field Columbian Museum. He reports very gratifying success, having obtained specimens of the wild ass and of Swaine's hartbeest and Clarke's antelope; both the latter are now very rare, and their acquisition by the Field Museum would in itself well repay the enterprise of Prof. Elliot. There are in the collections brought back for Chicago more than three hundred specimens of birds, fishes, insects and reptiles.

The condition of the New York game law with respect to ducking on Long Island is nothing less than an outrage. The fowl are being killed in wholesale by netters who set their nets expressly for the purpose of capturing ducks, and not as in former times under the subterfuge that they were intent upon netting fish only, and that they were not to be blamed if the ducks would get into their nets. The birds are killed also by gunners who approach them in naphtha launches and steam craft, and there is under the existing law no way of stopping this practice. Shooting for sportsmen who like to take their ducks in a decent way has been ruined for this season. Whether the law as it now stands is a result of the slovenly carelessness which characterizes so much of the legislation that comes from Albany, or whether the statute was with deliberate intent made ineffective we cannot say; but there should be no delay in remedying the existing condition of affairs at the next session of the Legislature.

An interesting contest is going on in the waters of Meacham Lake, in the Adirondacks, where Mr. A. R. Fuller is waging a warfare against the pickerel which some years ago invaded the lake and threatened the utter ruin of the famous trout fishing. Provision was made at Albany empowering the Commissioners of Fisheries to license the netting of pickerel in specific cases in trout waters. Availing himself of this dispensation Mr. Fuller made war upon the water vermin, and while it was beyond his hope to exterminate them he has so far succeeded in lessening their numbers that the lake and brook trout fishing has improved, and until now it is reported as unusually good.

Strictly speaking, there is no age which may be set apart from all others as heroic, for every age has its heroes and its heroism. And yet, as the present is always prosaic, not until the lives and deeds of men are seen through the magnifying glamour of the receding past do we recognize clearly the heroic qualities of their doing and achieving, and come to count their age heroic. Measured by the daring of individuals who had part in it, the life even of such humble characters as the wolf trappers on our Western frontier in the Indian days had in it the true elements of heroism. Some insight into such lives is afforded by the chapter taken out of one of them which we print to-day.

The twenty-third annual banquet of the Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, was held at the club house, on Longworth street, on Friday evening of last week. President Alex. Starbuck welcomed the guests. One hundred and sixty-three sat down to a feast which was not less notable for the elaborate menu than for the sparkle of wit and flash of sentiment which played about the board.

The official election returns of New York on the forestry amendment, so far as received up to Tuesday of this week, showed for fifty counties an adverse majority of 271,837. The (unofficial) majority in Kings is estimated at 71,000, which would make a total of 342,837. Nine counties were yet to be heard from.

The Sportsman Tourist.

STORIES OF AN HEROIC AGE.

I.—IN THE WAR BELT.

SANDY was a Missourian of about forty years of age, red-bearded, freckled-faced, blue-eyed, and with that undefinable, gentlemanly instinct and breeding that comes from courting nature and resenting guile and selfishness.

It was a winter's day in 1875, at a little trading post on the upper Missouri River, that I first saw Sandy. He was going about with his arm in a sling, telling whoever would listen the story of the night attack of the Sioux the time he was shot in the neck with slugs and George Horn was killed. It had happened as I shall relate:

North of the Missouri River the broken plains of Montana extend to the foot of the Little Rockies (an isolated group of mountains), and beyond to the Bear's Paw. This region formed a sort of debatable ground between the Sioux and the Crows. It was a famous game country, the resort of buffalo, deer and antelope, and fairly swarmed with big gray wolves. It was dangerous territory for white hunters—for the Sioux kept watch from their mountain fastnesses against the inroads of Crow war parties from the camps south of the river. The Sioux was an enemy to be fought or avoided. The Crows might not kill you, but it was a part of their religion to set you afoot. As the tribesmen rarely trespassed upon this territory except by stealth or at night, the buffalo and other game increased and waxed fat upon the rich bunch grasses of the foothills.

Sandy had a great eye for wolf pelts. So had his partner. They knew the best places to lay out a buffalo carcass to attract wolves, the proper amount of strychnine to salt a bait, and all the smallest details of disposing of the frozen wolves and thawing them out in the spring. In short, they were experienced wolfers.

They decided to invade the "war belt," as they termed the region, and to string out a line of baits a few miles apart from the mouth of Cow Creek to the Bear's Paw, thence back by the Rockies to the river. Having perfected their plans, they one morning saddled their riding and pack ponies and struck up the river for the mouth of Cow Creek. Their destination reached, the two hunters redoubled their caution. No shot was to be fired except to put out a bait. Camp was to be made after night by leaving the direct course and going up some side ravine into the hills.

As they proceeded up the creek they noticed that the buffalo were very numerous, also that there were many old war houses. These are built by war parties for accommodation in cold weather, and are made of poles and slabs in the shape of a lodge; the lower part chinked tightly, the top being left open for egress of smoke. The houses are not only comfortable to camp in, but the light from the fire cannot be seen more than 30yds. away. Hunters sometimes occupy them when assured there are no hostile Indians in the neighborhood.

Soon they saw a band of cows feeding on a side hill close to the creek, and decided that it was a favorable location for "wolf medicine." Riding a little closer, they allowed the ponies to graze while they crawled to the edge of the hill to reconnoiter. Sandy thought it was close enough for a shot, so after waiting a moment George Horn raised his Sharps rifle and after a quick aim fired. The band stampeded at the shot, but it was noticed that one cow "bucked" a little and ran wild. Getting their horses together, they soon found the cow (a two-year-old) stretched out near the main trail. Now this was not exactly what the hunters wanted. It was a good location for wolves, which infested the main trail, but was too easy of discovery by traveling war parties. Nevertheless they concluded to poison the carcass. Taking the packs off the ponies, they quickly took the tongue and some choice pieces of meat for their own consumption, and then proceeded to prepare the bait by putting into it the necessary amount of strychnine. Then the two hunters packed the ponies and resumed their journey.

The bait was ready for the wolves, which, like the ravens, had probably scented it from afar. In cold weather hunters generally flag the bait the first night, in order to give it a chance to freeze solid. It sometimes happens that a wolf receives a weak dose of medicine and recovers from it. He is apt to be a trifle "shady" on baits ever after. He will snuff suspiciously around a bait with a can't-fool-me air, and then perhaps devour some miserable coyote that has had the temerity to eat of food that was placed for his larger and more valuable kindred. If he touches the meat in the coyote's stomach it is his last meal. It was not uncommon to find twenty or more dead wolves around a bait, besides a few coyotes, foxes, an eagle or two, ravens and magpies.

Cow Creek runs between rugged, cedar-clad ridges, covered with scant grasses. Where the valley opens a glimpse may be had of the gloomy mountains, the source of the stream. As they proceeded on their way a fresh moccasin track was discovered on the trail which had not been wholly obliterated by the herds of buffalo passing along. In winter the Sioux usually go to war afoot. It is not only saving of horseflesh, but economical as well, as they ride home on horses belonging to the enemy.

Along toward evening they halted near an old war house which showed signs of having been occupied recently. The doorway was contrived to overlap the main structure, affording in this way protection while leaving between the walls a tortuous passageway, through which the Indian effected an entrance. Peering in through the aperture, Sandy discovered some strips of fat buffalo meat stretched over some poles to dry, and pretty conclusive evidence that four Indians had occupied the place the night before.

They noted the fact of the meat as proof that the party intended to return. Not a sign of a track could be found 10ft. away from the house, so thoroughly had the passing buffalo wiped out all sign.

The two hunters unsaddled, built a fire and made preparation for a quick meal. In addition to his skill as an all-round hunter and fisherman, Sandy prided himself as a breadmaker, and he always had the bread ready before the coffee was boiled. As soon as the fire was under way Sandy had flour in pan with baking powder and salt, and mixed to as soft consistency with water as could be easily handled. The long-handled frying-pan was then placed on the coals for a moment, a pinch of flour sifted in it and a cake of dough ½in. thick placed therein. The pan was then propped up at an angle in front of the fire with coals behind it, and as soon as the dough had "set" it was whisked out of the pan and propped up by itself in the heat, while another installment was being prepared. "Hurry up with that coffee!" he would cry, and then turn his attention to the cooking of a steak.

After dark the hunters saddled up again and, going a short distance, turned abruptly to the left into the hills, and, selecting a retired spot in a little valley, made preparations for an all-night camp. The ponies were turned out to shift for themselves, and after cutting an armful of cedar boughs and dried grass the tired travelers spread their blankets, piled saddles and packs at the head, were soon wrapped in slumber undisturbed by the yelping of coyotes and deep-mouthed chorus of wolves that at intervals gave voice to the night.

At dawn they were on their way again, and early killed and poisoned two more buffalo. The Bear's Paw was now close at hand, and later in the afternoon they stopped near the head of the creek, unpacked and turned the horses loose, and started for the foot of the mountain with the intention of putting one bait on high land, an experiment they had not yet tried north of the river. Mountain lions were numerous, and they calculated that if they did not catch any wolves there was a chance of lions and cross foxes.

A light snow was falling as they started up the ridge. Arrived at the foot of the mountain, they did not have to skirmish long to find a desirable cow for bait, near a point where several game trails crossed each other from various water holes. The shot was fired, the sound echoing with a sullen boom along the damp cliffs and rocky cañons.

It was dark before the hunters finished their work and turned their footsteps toward camp. They did not suspect that a war party of Yanktonnai, returning from an unsuccessful foray against the Crows, had noted the running buffalo, and later the shot, and were waiting for complete darkness in order to follow the plain footprints in the snow.

Sandy and his partner made their way in a bee line for the little hollow where they had left ponies and packs. They reached the place hungry and tired, and ill disposed to make their usual move to a secure camp.

They found that the ponies had strayed away in search of grass, and the hunters proceeded at once to light a fire and make themselves comfortable for the evening meal.

The hollow was near the creek. Just back of the campfire stood a huge dead cottonwood, upon whose white

THE PICTOGRAPH.

surface some Indian had sketched in bold outline with a piece of charcoal a rude pictographic story representing Lean Wolf and Running Antelope attacking Slow Bear, a Crow.

After supper Sandy said: "George, there is no use in moving camp; if there are any Indians in the country they can track us in the snow. I propose that we build a fire to see to shoot by, and have a pleasant night of it for once."

"All right, Sandy," said George, "if you can stand it I can." So they rolled a pine drift log on to the fire, put a couple of buffalo tongues in a pot to boil and seated themselves on another log in front of the fire, with their backs to the tree.

It will appear plain from the above disposition of the hunters, the camp and surroundings, that a certain war party of Sioux, returning home empty-handed, would not be slow in availing themselves of the opportunity presented to count a coup.

Leaving Sandy and his partner smoking their pipes and discussing their prospects in seeming careless ease by the camp-fire, yet within reach of their rifles, we will turn our attention to the Sioux.

This party of seven had been on a horse-stealing raid. Traveling in the Crow country at night, they had stumbled upon a camp and were discovered before they could get away. Considering it the part of wisdom to retire from that particular territory until things had quieted down, they had traveled all night, and about daylight doubled a short distance on their trail and lay concealed in a gulch until late in the afternoon, when they resumed their journey along the timbered ridges. They saw the buffalo stampede, as the hunters, though not showing themselves, approached the mountain. Later they watched with considerable interest the elaborate preparation of the wolf bait.

It was long after dark when the leader of the party knocked the ashes from the red stone pipe that had been in circulation for some time, arose and, placing the pipe in the beaded sack attached to his belt, said simply, "*Won-ah*" (now), and strode silently down the slope, followed in single file by the others. With their robes turned hair side out they looked, a short distance away, very much like buffalo. Following the trail of the hunters, they had not proceeded far before they distinguished the glow of the camp-fire reflected on the trees in the creek bottom. Consulting together a moment, they turned suddenly to the right, striking the creek some distance above the camp. Here they ran across the tracks of the ponies, which they followed, and finally secured the stock without much difficulty, as they had been hoppled before being turned out.

Driving the ponies into a gulch, the Indians turned their attention once more to the hunters' camp. The fire was burning very brightly as they approached it, and from a little ridge the position of the hunters seated on the log was clearly made out. After satisfying themselves that there were only two white men in the party they stole silently in the direction of the big cottonwood that stood back of the hunters, at less than 50ft.

Sandy was relating to George some incident of the troublous times in Missouri during the war period, when a flash, followed by a report of firearms, seemed to knock them both over. But the two men instantly recovered themselves, and springing up with rifles in hand fired point blank at the Indians, who at once took to ignominious flight as soon as they saw the result of their fire.

George Horn fell back helpless after firing one shot, for he had received a bullet through the body ranging through the lungs. Sandy, although shot in the neck with roughened pieces of bullets, continued firing and advancing in the direction of the Indians until George Horn called to him, when he desisted, and returning to his companion assisted him to a place near the fire, making a bed of blankets and giving all the care possible, risking his life of course by remaining exposed near the fire.

The war party had kept on going, taking the ponies with them. Sandy did not know this, however, and was in constant apprehension of being fired on again. His wound did not hurt him any as yet on account of the numbing effect of it, and the excitement prevented him from paying much attention to it. His partner now complained of feeling cold, and his voice grew fainter and fainter. Soon he was dead. Sandy covered him up with the rest of the bedding, cached as well as he could the extra rifle, and prepared for a quick retreat from the locality. Putting a piece of bread and meat in his pocket, he stepped quickly away from the firelight, and stopped in the shadow of some brush for a moment to ponder on the situation. "No use to look for the ponies," he soliloquized, after listening intently awhile, "the best thing I can do is to pike out of this while I am able to travel."

Suiting the action to the word, with his trusty rifle resting on his arm he strode down the creek and disappeared in the gloom of the night.

Break of day found him nearing the Missouri River. It was snowing lightly, which made travel more difficult, added to which his wound now pained and weakened him. Fortunately, about the middle of the afternoon, he met a couple of men with a sled traveling on the ice, going after supplies. They carried him to the trading fort, where his wounds received attention. A party was formed headed by "Liver-eating" Johnson, who went after and brought in the body of George Horn.

LUTHER SAGE KELLY.

NEGATIVE SOUP.

THE immortal Shakespeare tells us:

"Oft expectation fails, and most there
Where most it promises."

Columbus set sail for the Indies and discovered a new world; Ben Franklin toyed with a kite and tamed the lightning.

The story of our adventure has nothing in common with either, and yet it was as truly the unexpected. The consequences may or may not be as momentous, but this the future alone can determine, as sufficient time has not elapsed since the occurrence to permit of more than very indefinite generalizations.

The bright, sunny days of a not distant June threw their enchantment around a trio of congenial spirits, who left the cares of business and the perplexities of life behind and hied them to the mountain peaks and sylvan retreats of northwestern Maine, where grosbeak and Canada thrush trilled their sweetest notes, and kindly nature perfumed the air with the fragrance of summer flowers.

Dainty trout rods of split bamboo and feathered lures of most seductive hue ministered to their pleasure, and taught many a lordly trout the folly of dallying with temptation. As in every well-regulated sportsman's outfit, so in this, a camera occupied distinguished prominence. As a moral agent it is indispensable in this doubting age. It not only serves to while away many a pleasant hour, and secure prized remembrances for future inspection and pleasure, but it also authenticates the story of the big fish with all the force of "Sworn to, signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of."

All this on the supposition that you do not make negative soup in transit.

We had taken unusual precautions on this trip to get good results. We carried a large camera of high quality and four dozen plates, instead of the uncertain but more convenient films.

We had taken the grave and its surroundings in the wilderness at the Chain of Ponds, near Mount Pizgah, of the Indian girl Natanis, who was brutally murdered there by a deserter from the Union army during the late war of the rebellion; we had followed Indian Stream to its mountain source and captured many of its glistening cascades in their forest home, where they unceasingly break over huge boulders and send up clouds of finest spray as they dash themselves down the mountain side; the dams of beaver, the lean-to of the trapper, the camp of the tourist, the iron post, where none should be, which proclaims that different flags float over contiguous territory; these and many other choice tidbits of mountain lake and sky were already ours, the plates carefully packed and jealously guarded against mishap when the day of our departure dawned.

We had planned to make the trip out to the settlements in canoes, and a thoughtful member of the party had obtained permission from the owners to hoist the gate in the dam on the headwaters of the Dead River, which materially augmented the volume of water as it went seething and surging onward over the rapids and boulders to its confluence with the Kennebec.

Our guides, being expert canoe men, proposed to run over Scammous Falls rather than portage, as nearly everyone does, and while they were making ready for our departure, which would take about thirty minutes, having two unexposed plates left, I took the camera and hastened down the trail so as to have everything in readiness for a snap as the three canoes shot over the falls. I had covered about half the distance and arrived at a point where the river makes a bend at nearly a right angle to its former course and flows directly toward the trail. Looking upon this beautiful panorama, I saw a splendid doe quietly feeding upon the lilypads about 30yds. away. She was to windward of me and facing up stream, and as my moccasined feet softly touched the ground she was undisturbed by noise or scent.

Quickly setting up the camera in such protection as a

convenient bush afforded, I waited anxiously for her to afford me a better view. She greedily snapped the succulent food, first here, then there, eyes and ears constantly on the alert for danger. Finally she turned and advanced toward me, and suspecting or perceiving danger she threw her head high in air, posing in such artistic manner as would rejoice any photographer's heart.

Instantly the click of the shutter was heard on the still morning air, a splashing in the water, a white streak vanishing in the bushes—and another prized plate was secured.

Hastening on, I had just focused the camera when the three canoes shot around the bend, each stalwart guide standing erect and looking a veritable Triton; and, oh, the beauty of the picture as they shot over the falls in the morning sun!

Another click and another prize—worth hardship and toil to secure, and that would be the envy of many a less fortunate mortal.

The canoes were soon beached, loads readjusted, and away went the expedition as light and graceful

"As a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

A tremor of trepidation took possession of me at first, but having one of the very best canoemen in Maine, with whom I had made many a hazardous trip without mishap, I was soon lost to all sense of danger, and minutes of superlative pleasure ran quickly into enchanted hours.

The guides had but to use the paddles to keep the frail canoes in mid-stream, and let them shoot onward with the swollen and quick-flowing current.

A keen eye and skilled hand was at all times needed to steer the craft clear of derelict logs and concealed boulders which made powerful eddies that would quickly swamp a canoe in unskilled hands. Rapidly traveling without effort, the oscillation of the canoe as it rode the swells and smoothly glided to lower levels, it seemed as if we were borne through space in the kindly arms of some mighty giant, and unconsciously I reveled in the many pleasant sensations evoked by the varied experiences of the past few weeks, and exulted over the many and varied picturesque and novel subjects which my forty-eight plates would enable me to share with my friends at home.

Again my thoughts would turn to other days and other themes, and pleasure came in recalling the fact that down this very stream plowed the canoe of the red man bearing the sainted Fr. Druillette on his mission of Christianity and civilization to the Abenakis 250 years ago.

Persecution born of ignorance and fanaticism had destroyed the missions along the coast and driven hence the devoted missionaries, and the dusky sons of the forest were unconsolable. A deputation was finally sent to Quebec in 1646, which returned with the beloved black gown, who erected his mission cross at Norridgewock where he made his home for several years. He was the first white man who ever crossed the trackless forest from Quebec to central Maine.

His ascetic form seemed to rise before us, and the soughing of the summer breeze in the tree tops seemed as the dying cadence of his Ave Marie Stella.

And anon the martial music of fife and drum, the stern command and noisy bustle of the forces of the Continental army under Benedict Arnold, which laboriously urged their crude batteaux against this self-same current *en route* to attack Quebec, seemed to break in as a note of discord as it must have done more than 100 years ago.

And again the words of Byron seemed wedded to the scenes and surroundings:

"How often we forget all time when lone,
Admiring nature's universal throne,
Her woods, her wilds, her waters—the intense
Reply of hers to our intelligence."

Onward we sped as a feather through space and pleasure kept pace with our speed. Delight grew with our progress, little dreaming we that

"Violent delights have violent ends."

I noticed that the canoe some 100 or 150yds. in advance made a detour and hugged the shore, and soon the reason was obvious. A huge boulder lay concealed beneath the surface, and the water foaming about and above it made great eddies on either side. My guide did not make sufficient allowance for their volume and force, and soon we were caught in the trough, and over we went in an instant.

"Look out!" shouted the guide, but before a sound fell on my ears we were floundering about in the water—duffle, camera, plates and all!

"Hold on to the canoe! Hold on to the canoe!" shouted I, while making a desperate effort to secure the fly-rods and camera; but my plates, alas! the prizes of the trip went quickly to the bottom!

My guide secured the wearing apparel, but away shot the canoe down stream, as if glad to get rid of its burden. Our noise attracted the attention of those in the other canoes, and they came quickly to the rescue, our canoe being captured and returned to us by those in advance.

We soon reached shore, wrung the water from our clothes and resumed our journey, but our thoughts were diverted from the fascinations of our environment, its history, poetry and sentiment. Our spirits, like our bodies, were dampened, imagination refused to undertake a lofty flight, so we reconciled to the utilitarian and prosaic. Would *Salmo oquassa* or *Salvelinus fontinalis* know the value of their find and turn it to good account? Would their sages assemble in intellectual convention and with becoming condition discuss the action of light upon a sensitized plate? Would they take them to a dark room in the depths and develop them only to have some old croaker of their number with more stomach than brains break in with *Cui bono?* Would the intellectual triumph over the base and selfish? Would the future angler, when doing his best for distance, delicacy and accuracy, be startled in his pleasure by seeing in the waters before him a camera fiend in the act of taking a snap shot? or would he be able to relate to his wondering friends on his return how he captured and landed a swimming photograph gallery? Or would all their possibilities sink to the level of the gormandizer and be swallowed simply as so much negative soup? Who can tell?

GEO. MCALEER.

WORCESTER, MASS.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Natural History.

DEER AND LILYPADS.

THE habits of deer with respect to feeding on lilypads have been discussed at some length in these columns. The question was brought up by the assertion of a Michigan correspondent, Julian, that deer do not eat water lilypads. To quote his statement, as reiterated after several writers had recorded their observation of deer eating the lilypads, Julian's contention is this, in his own words:

"They do sometimes pull off a stem perhaps, but not often, and when they do pull off a stem or leaf it is by accident, and the leaf or stem always comes up with a mouthful of other tender water weeds that they feed upon. They never swallow a lily leaf or lilypad or a stem of a lily plant. They sometimes take them into the mouth with other food, but they spit them out, and never swallow the pads or any part of the lily plant."

In further comment upon the statement of a correspondent who wrote that deer ate the root of the lily, and the testimony of Dr. Robt. T. Morris, of this city, that he had found partially digested fragments of water lilies in deer killed by him, Julian writes as follows:

LANSING, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was in hopes that I had so far established the fact that deer do not eat lilypads that I would not be obliged again to trespass upon your space or weary your readers by an overproduction of proof upon the subject. Mr. Cook, of Boston, however, has entered the field, and states that the root is the part of the lily plant eaten by deer. Mr. Cook is mistaken; or, to state it better, he has been imposed upon by his guide. Deer do not eat the root of the lily, and you cannot starve a deer and make him eat it; nor can you fix up a root, or any part of it, and entice a deer to eat it. Audubon states that moose will eat the root of the lily, but no man on earth ever before set up the claim that deer eat the lily root. During the past week I have talked with at least twenty of the most experienced woodsmen in Michigan regarding the subject, and every one of them states positively that deer do not eat the root of the lily or any part of the lily plant. On any lake where lily plants abound you can find plenty of pieces of the root of the lily floating on the surface of the water at any time of the year, and more particularly so in the fall of the year. Nature in plant life has a way of casting off portions of unnecessary root growth; and aided by aquatic animals of high and low degree the work of root exfoliation is oftentimes carried on to a considerable extent. But deer are not root eaters, so far as the lily plant is concerned. They never assist in this work of root pruning, nor in any way manifest a desire to disturb the growth of the lily plant, except accidentally when engaged in feeding upon water weeds, which always grow abundantly among the lily plants. You cannot get a deer to eat a piece of a lily root in any way, shape or manner that you can fix it. Mr. Cook may be honest in his statement, and actually believe what his guide has told him; but he and his guide are both mistaken in the matter.

Dr. Morris, of New York, is a gentleman for whom I have the greatest respect. I know that he would not make any statement he did not believe, and only then after a very careful investigation. If Dr. Morris will take his microscope with him when he again visits the woods and will make a study of the lily plant, fresh from the water, and will compare the lily leaf with what he finds in the stomach of the deer and now believes to be fragments of the lily plant, he will at once see the mistake that he now labors under. He will at certain seasons of the year find plenty of water plants in the stomach of the deer, and if taken when the deer are feeding there is no great difficulty in determining the plants that they are feeding upon. The plants will not be chewed so fine nor the contents of the stomach sufficiently changed to render identification by the microscope impossible. If he will dissect a lily plant, fresh from the water, under a glass of low power and compare the lily plant with the contents of the stomach of a deer that has been killed while feeding among the lily plants, and do this immediately after the deer is killed, he will see at once that what he now believes to be fragments of the lily plant are really of some other plant.

JULIAN.

DARTMOUTH MEDICAL COLLEGE, Hanover, N. H., Nov. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the "Deer and Lilypads" discussion it would seem as though the disinterested testimony of even a few witnesses who say they have seen deer eat lilypads ought to outweigh the testimony of any number of persons who declare to the contrary, for the simple reason that deer are not constantly, nor even for a series of meals, under observation in the wild state. How can any one be sure deer do not eat lilypads?

It has been the writer's good fortune to meet Dr. Henry Skinner, of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia, referred to by one of your correspondents in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 31, and the opinion formed of him while in camp in the Maine woods was that he is a remarkably well informed man, and a very careful and accurate observer.

If more witnesses were needed to establish the fact the writer would like to add that in the summer of '93 he watched a doe wade into a small pond from the opposite shore at a distance of not over 200yds. from him and feed on the leaves and stems of the yellow water lily. She was in sight for at least fifteen minutes, and fed from the surface of the water about her for about a third of that time. In this instance the deer did no immerse her head.

GRAPHO.

THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES, OF PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in FOREST AND STREAM of late issue that the gentleman under the name of Julian contradicts everything I said about deer eating lilypads. His remarks read like a papal bull in the sixteenth century, or the vaporings from the oracle of Apollo at Delphi. When the oracle was to be consulted the priestess sat upon a tripod which was placed over a chasm in the ground, from which a certain gas or vapor ascended which affected the brain, and the words uttered in this excited condition were supposed to have great authority, but were really equivocal or obscure. The credit of the oracle continued long unimpaired.

Mr. Julian assumes the position that what he has not seen no one has. He must think that Dr. Robt. T. Morris did not really find fragments of lilypads in the deer's stomach, but what he saw were buckwheat cakes. The gentleman also says: "There are many things in this world which pass for facts, but which have no foundation whatever, and one of the greatest errors is this mistaken notion about deer eating lilypads. If one should say that the deer feed among the lilypads, that would express the matter as it actually is, but to say that deer eat lilypads or any part of the lily plant is misleading and such a statement is not correct." Just under these lines Mr. C. S. Cook says: "Deer do not eat lilypads, but they do eat the tuberous root of the water lily and are exceedingly fond of it." Does Mr. Julian also assume that Mr. Cook mistook eels for lilypad roots and that the deer were eating them?

Our gentleman also says: "When lilypads are in a condition to be snipped off the deer is in his short coat, and when he is off his feet in the water he has something else to think of besides feeding; he has all he can do to keep his head above water." Now, there are many readers of FOREST AND STREAM that know something about the swimming capabilities of deer and probably mildly doubt that "he has all he can do to keep his head above water." In Maine in June and July the ponds are veritable natatoriums for deer, and in the small lake in which I saw a doe and a fawn swimming and feeding sixty deer have been seen during the middle hours of a single day.

Mr. Julian can see about three miles of water and lilypads in the long box at Spencer, Me. I would advise Mr. Julian not to attack credible witnesses who have no desire to distort the truth, and also learn that one man does not know or see all the facts of nature.

Now, to sum up, I have seen deer eat lilypads, Dr. Morris has found them in the deer's stomach and Mr. Cook has seen them eat the roots. Doubtless others of your correspondents have also published similar facts. Have we all been hypnotized and is Mr. Julian correct, or what is the matter?

HENRY SKINNER.

HOLLYWOOD, Adirondacks, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I saw in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct 31 a statement by Dr. Henry Skinner, of Philadelphia, that he had seen where deer had fed on lilypads along the bank of a river for a long distance, and that they would go in the water and swim and feed on the pads. Later, a gentleman signing himself Julian claimed that the statement was untrue. I would state that it is true. I have watched them for hours at a time feeding on lilypads, and have seen them swim out in a lake and eat pads for an hour at a time. Julian says it is impossible for a deer to swim and eat pads. They seem to do it very easily. They commence to feed on pads about June 1, according to the depth of water where the pads grow, and continue to feed on them until November. Late in the fall I have cut acres of pads, and let them drift ashore with the wind for the deer. If any man who thinks deer do not eat lilypads will call on me in June, July, August, September, October, or the first ten days in November, he can see them eat lilypads.

HENRY DAY,
Supt. Kildare Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It seems rather strange that there should be any contention on this subject, as the matter is one of such general knowledge among people of experience that it is hard to imagine that it can be doubted for a moment. It is always unfortunate to have inaccurate information given on subjects of this character, especially those so susceptible of solution. If our friend Julian will hie himself to one of our beautiful lakes any time during June, July, or the early part of August, and watch the timid subjects of this controversy feed, all doubt will be dispelled from his mind. In an experience gained from ten successive seasons in the Adirondacks and the Maine woods, I have never failed to find indubitable evidence that proved beyond all peradventure that deer do eat lilypads. Not only have I seen the pads partially eaten, and also the stems entirely denuded of leaf; but on numerous occasions I have actually seen the deer tear the pad from the stem, either partially or wholly, and masticate it. I have seen them feeding in the shallow water on the edges of the lake, and watched them for many minutes nipping the pads and chewing them.

I have also seen large and small deer swim out into the comparatively deep water feeding as they swam, with apparently very little effort to keep afloat, this being in places where the pads in the shallow water had been devoured and nothing but the stems remaining sticking up above the water. I remember one bright moonlight night seeing two fawns swim out into the lake, all the time feeding on the pads exclusively. They did not discover our presence and kept on feasting until fully satisfied, then swam back to shore and we lost sight of them.

In the course of my travels I have, of course, met many sportmen and professional guides, and never heard one of them question that deer eat lilypads.

Toward the end of August the pads become tough and then the deer cease to eat them, but do feed on a short bright tender grass that grows on the bottom, and in pulling this grass up I have frequently noticed the lilies pulled out by the roots, but otherwise untouched. Indeed, when looking for "signs," the first search is among the pads, and if you do not see evidences of their being eaten, there is very little chance that deer have been there. I could name lake after lake and bog after bog, covering miles, where it would be impossible to go during the summer and not find absolute proof of this question by ocular demonstration. Of course, the feeding of all animals is dependent somewhat on the locality in which they are found, and conditions have some influence on their habits. The statement that deer do not eat lilypads (where lilypads are abundant) can only come from a lack of experience and observation.

C. H. GUILBERT.

BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE, Adirondacks.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I do not profess to be an authority as to what deer do or do not eat in Michigan, as I have never hunted them nor studied their habits in that State; but, from observation during thirty years of hunting, trapping and guiding in the Adirondacks, I am prepared to state as a fact that our Adirondack deer do eat lilypads—both kinds—and also a certain fine grass which grows on the bottom of certain lakes and ponds near the shore. I have often seen deer while in the act of eating them both by night and by day, and if any person in this region should dispute the fact it would be taken for granted either that

his opportunity for investigation had been neglected or that he never had had any. C. W. BLANCHARD.

KEENE VALLEY, Adirondacks.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Those who hold that the deer eats lilypads of the yellow water or pond lily are right; unless they allow Julian to hold them technically to the broad leaves that lie on the surface of the water being pads. I cannot say they eat those, but I do know that deer eat the blossoms and stalks of the yellow pond lily, as I have killed them feeding on them, and their stomachs were filled with them. I have known it for years as a sign of deer having been there a short time before, new or old signs of cropping.

Now, you may tell your correspondent that old Mountain Phelps says that deer feed on yellow pond lilies quite profusely the latter part of June and most of July (leaving pads out of the question). ORSON S. PHELPS.

EUSTIS, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will say in regard to deer, they do not eat the pad, but they do eat the bloom and also the roots of the water lily.

A. S. DOUGLASS.

BREWER, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Regarding deer eating lilypads, one to be sure must either examine the contents of stomachs or else be very close or have a strong glass. As I never approved of killing deer to waste in warm weather, I have never even tried to kill one when feeding in the water, and never was near when one was so killed; but to the best of my knowledge and belief deer do eat pads.

My son (now nineteen years old and a very close observer) was this summer away from me in the woods four days on an up-river trip. In this time he saw some fifty deer. On his return he told me of seeing deer eat pads. I asked him yesterday if he was certain. He says that he was close to one and saw her pull and chew and swallow lilypads. That she did not spit them out, nor have anything else in her mouth. Also that another deer, which they came upon suddenly just as she had pulled a leaf, ran ashore, carrying it in her mouth with the long stem dragging.

I can speak more decidedly from personal knowledge regarding Julian's statement that a deer cannot swim and eat lilypads. He says, "This is too absurd even to call for an answer." This shows that he does not know his A B C's about deer. A deer can swim and feed just as well as a muskrat. He says that a deer when in the short coat has all he can do to keep his head above water. If he had chased them in a light canoe as much as I did for fun this July he would think differently, and they were old bucks, with large, heavy horns to weigh them down. I have seen a deer in October when the water was cold lie out in the middle of a lake with only head and rump showing for at least an hour. A deer when shot in the water almost always floats. Of many hundreds I have known killed in the water I have never heard of but two sinking, and both these were bucks having large horns, and both were wounded and took in water. One of these rose and was recovered the same afternoon; perhaps only kicked under and rose again and was not seen till afterward.

I know surely that moose both can and do swim and feed on lilypads when swimming. Moose wade a great deal, and when so doing feed both on pads and also on the immense roots of the yellow water lily, which they tear from the bottom and eat as cattle eat turnips, leaving great pieces which drop when eating. But when they swim and feed they only crop the pads.

It is foolishness for Julian or anyone else to state that a deer cannot swim and feed. I will also state positively, what many will dispute, that a deer can dive and swim under water. The hounds of my old friend Rod Parks drove a deer in near the foot of Phillips Lake, nine miles east of here. The deer swam down toward the boom at the outlet, and on reaching the boom dove and swam under the boom, and was seen when he did it.

Moose often when wading deep and reaching down after lily roots are entirely under water for quite a while. In your last issue Henry Braithwaite speaks of this and he is correct, as also when he tells of bear killing moose. I have for many years had sure proof that both of these things were done. MANLY HARDY.

BREWER, Me.

TWIN DAM, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have seen deer pull up the roots and eat the small branches from the roots. I have also seen them eat the buds before the lilies blossom, and I have seen them eat the flowers when in blossom; but I have never known them to eat the pads. As a proof, we find so many of the pads lying in the lakes and the roots and flowers gone. I have asked some old guides who have hunted, trapped and guided for the last thirty years, and they all confirm my statement. L. M. GERRISH.

LOWELL, Me., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Oct. 31 I notice the statements made by Julian, that if Dr. Skinner has seen what he says he has he has seen what no other man ever saw before and what no man will ever see again. I do not like to squarely contradict Julian, but in this case I can't help it, for I have seen lily stems sticking out of the water, the pads having been nipped off by deer, and have seen deer feeding on them, and I have seen deer swimming and feeding at the same time.

I have just returned from my camps on the Sebois Lakes. While I was there the dead water streams froze over. After they thawed out I was paddling my canoe up one of them when I saw what I at first thought were ducks, but on getting closer I saw it was three deer. They were in the middle of the stream, which was some 40ft. wide. Their backs were a little out of water, and I think their feet were on the bottom most of the time. I watched them but a short time, when they went near the shore and their bodies came out of water. They were feeding on lilypads and I noticed the new stems that they took the pads from. I know that at least one of them was surely a deer, for I took him into my canoe and carried him to camp. JONATHAN DARLING.

BETHEL, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have always found it a difficult job to approach a deer while feeding in the water in daytime near enough to make a successful shot, let alone seeing what he was eating; still I am persuaded that the lilypad is part of the diet of the red deer in summer—I mean the yellow pond lily, "spatter dock (*Nuphar advena*). I have never noticed their eating the white water lily, as that plant is not so common in the Maine woods.

The lower Richardson Pond—situated about one mile north of the head of the Mollychunkemunk Lake (one of the Rangeleys)—is a famous place for deer to feed, and it is covered with the yellow lilypad, almost obscuring the water, and it is easy to see where the deer have fed the tops off; and it is just as easy to see that no other animal did it, as a sand beach reaches the whole length on the east side of the pond and no other tracks have we ever seen there except of deer; and they have deep trodden paths leading to this pond from various directions.

Again, all woodsmen and hunters know that deer frequent that part of lakes and ponds where there is abundance of lilypads, and not so much where there are only grasses.

And such has been my observation in all my hunting life of twenty-five years in the woods of northern Maine; and when I wanted a deer, before we had game laws, I went where there was abundance of lilypads, not dreaming of such an absurdity as that deer did not eat lilypads and lilies too. J. G. RICH.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In looking for deer signs early in the season when traveling through the woods I always examine the cut ends of yellow lily stems sticking out of the water If the pads and flowers have been cut off by muskrats the end of the stem is torn and rather ragged. If a deer has cut them off the end of the stem is clean-cut. One soon learns to tell at a distance of several yards whether a deer or a muskrat has been at work among the lilies.

I have often seen deer eating lilypads and flowers, but do not remember to have seen a deer do this while swimming along, as one correspondent states. A deer could do it easily enough, for he is nearly as much at home in the water as a muskrat is. Muskrats are fond of the large, fleshy root of the yellow water lily, and they often depend largely upon this food supply in winter when ice covers the water. Some of the land rats and mice swim out to the lilies in summer and cut off the buds and flowers, which they eat after towing them ashore.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have frequently found lilypads in the stomachs of deer, as it has been my practice to examine the stomachs of all deer killed by myself, or by others when I have been present. These deer were mostly killed at Tupper Lake, in the Adirondacks. D. N. MCCADDEN, Taxidermist.

MASTODONS IN ALASKA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our honored friend, Mr. Charles Hallock, judging from a recent article in your paper, apparently takes considerable stock in the stories of miners and Indians relative to the existence of the mastadon in the interior forests of Alaska.

I sincerely trust that these rumors showing that the animal still exists may not prove unfounded, and that we may be enabled to add this noble beast to our list of American game.

I would not, however, advise a general exodus of our sportsmen to Alaska with the sole object of bagging a mastodon, as I imagine that disappointments would be many and successes few and far between. I do not believe that there is the slightest probability that any of the giant proboscidians living or extinct would thrive or even exist in any portion of Alaska (some of the islands perhaps excepted), under the climatic and other conditions that obtain there at this time, and would quite as soon expect to encounter a plesiosaurus in an Alaskan stream as to find a mastodon in an Alaskan forest. While there are undoubtedly instances where the remains of this mammal have been found under conditions that would seem to indicate that man was "in at the death" and possibly took a hand in the killing, it is also quite as evident that the game had been bagged very many moons prior to our grandfathers' days. Admitting that the mastodon was one of the last of the giant mammals to leave us, the date when the last one took his departure from the shady groves of Alaska may be safely placed at thousands of years ago. The flora and fauna of Alaska in the days when the mastodon was in the flesh were wholly unlike those there at present, and the structure and habits of this animal were such that it could probably exist only in a warm or at least temperate climate and corresponding environment.

The excellent state of preservation in which many mastodonic remains are found in the Arctic regions is no proof of a recent demise of the animal, but is rather accounted for by the conditions and surroundings that have prevented decay. However, it is not proof positive that the missing link does not or did not exist, because we have not yet discovered it or its remains; and the same line of reason may be adapted to the problem of the existence at this time of the mastodon in Alaska. A careful study of existing conditions will, I believe, incline ninety-nine out of every hundred of us to the negative side of the question in this Alaskan case; nevertheless, in the interest of science, let us hope that the Stick Indian upon whose story the existence of at least one mastodon depends may have been of the George Washington order in the matter of veracity. If it should transpire that this one, as the sole survivor of his race, still roams the wilds of Alaska, may the kindly offices of FOREST AND STREAM be invoked to counsel sportsmen and Alaskan hunters to spare that beast, touch not a single limb, nor hew a chip from its trunk. S.

TROY, N. Y., Nov. 14.

An Early Snowy Owl.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* To-day a Mr. Whitcomb, of the town of Somerset, this county, brought to me a live snowy owl (*Nyctea nyctea*); this I think is an early arrival for this species. I have a number of records, the earliest of which is Nov. 29. Noticing that the bird did not seem to be hurt, I asked Mr. Whitcomb if he caught it in a trap, and was surprised when he told me that it was sitting on the fence and that he walked up behind and caught it by the legs. The bird seemed to be in good condition and Mr. Whitcomb assured me "that it eats freely of meat and, scraps from the table." As he wished to sell the bird, I gave him the address of three zoological associations.

Mr. W. thinks that he can make more picking owls from the fences than picking apples and driving them to market to sell for 50 cents per barrel, when he has to pay 28 cents for the barrel he puts them in.

Nov. 17.—Mr. C. L. Westerman, of Royalton, just brought to me another snowy owl alive, but with broken wing, and like all others wants to sell it. I will not encourage them to shoot the birds by buying when they bring them to me. They often ask how much it would cost to "stuff them," and when told $5 or $6, but that I do not do it, they think that is more than they would care to pay.

I saw a Northern shrike (*Lanius borealis*) this morning, which is also earlier than any record I have.

J. L. DAVISON.

Game Bag and Gun.

WHERE TO GO.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM's service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

AN INDIANA SQUIRREL SHOOT.

REPEATED frosts, rains and a succession of windy days had stripped most of the trees of their leaves, and kept the squirrels pretty closely indoors, but as yesterday morning the day came with bright sunshine and promise of no wind, it was sure to be a good squirrel day, and the squirrels were sure to be good for a Sunday breakfast too, if they could be brought to bag. So after the frost had melted from the sunny spots and the sunshine began to feel a little warm, I drove a couple of miles to a patch of woods that were known to be good squirrel country. There were 100 acres of the woods, level, except that along one side and across the corner ran a little creek, and where the land was sloped toward the creek it was divided into ridges by a number of ravines. This made an excellent lay of the land, for by walking along the ravine it was easy to get close to any game that might be just over the ridge. But this morning they were not there. It was plain that they were not on the ground now, for none were to be seen, and if there had been any they could have been heard for 100yds. rustling the newly fallen leaves. A sharp lookout was also kept for squirrels running in the tree tops. A half hour's quiet stalking did not show one.

Knowing that these squirrels were very shy from being hunted so much, and also knowing they have no fear of a stationary object even though it be a man with a gun, I sat down and kept motionless. Now it is a squirrel peculiarity, that if he sees a man moving, and the man sits down and keeps still, the squirrel wonders what has become of the man, and often expresses himself by barking. It was so in this instance, for in less than five minutes one set up a vigorous barking a hundred yards away. Then I began a very stealthy approach toward the barking. It ceased before half the distance had been covered, but I kept on until near where the noise had been and waited again.

In a few minutes one was heard running over the rough bark of a nearby ash. There were two, and they seemed to have forgotten about me, for they were chasing each other over the big limbs. They were within fair range, and presently one of them offered a fair shot, which I took advantage of and missed, or at least did not kill, for the squirrel instantly ran down to the ground, keeping on the further side of the tree. The other one came to my side of the tree and a snap shot killed it. By this time the first one was on the ground and running away. The ejected shell was no more than thrown out of the gun till a fresh one was in, and I was trying to shoot the running squirrel, but so many bushes and bodies of trees were in the way that no shot was possible before the squirrel was on a rail fence 50yds. away. It jumped from the fence to a tree and quickly made its way up the other side and into a hole.

Walking forty rods further, I sat down on a log near to and overlooking the creek valley, a hundred yards wide, covered with grass, with here and there a tree, but no underbrush. Presently a fox squirrel began barking in a suppressed way and not far off; but some beech trees with lots of leaves were in the way, and nothing could be seen. While cautiously trying to get nearer, I caught a glimpse of one running up the body of a tree within 20yds. I dropped upon a nearby log and kept still, but not long, for another squirrel began barking within 50ft., but could not be seen. The barking put confidence in the one up the other tree, and he ran out on a dead limb and squatted there for a sun bath, but instead got a shower bath of lead. Keeping perfectly still after this shot soon restored confidence in the one that had been barking, and he began it again. He was still invisible, but a third one now ran up to the top of a broken limb, and squatting on the end of the limb proceeded to adjust his tail so it would show to good advantage. This one was promptly brought to bag. The barking one jumped on to a shell bark hickory and scurried up its further side. I could hear his sharp nails scratching the bark and see small pieces of bark falling, but got no glimpse of the squirrel. After waiting fifteen minutes, and having no sight nor sound from the squirrel, I took out the opera glasses and carefully scanned the tree. Away up yonder, 80ft. high, could be seen a foreleg and just a little glimpse of a hindfoot as he lay on a horizontal limb. Thinking a club thrown on the other side of the tree might bring him in plainer view, I tried it, but it only drove him into a hole.

I walked away and along the rail fence that ran through the woods, going very slowly and quietly, hoping to find some just over the little hill ahead of me. But none were visible, so I turned off across the woods at a right angle to the fence, and had got 100yds. when a fox squirrel began to bark, apparently just where I had

left the fence, and I presently saw him lying on a little beech limb not half so thick as his body. He was stretched at full length, his tail hanging down, and his barking was of the quiet, lazy sort that denotes a full stomach and a nice, comfortable morning. The foot of the tree was hidden by bushes, and as I tried to get nearer he ran down the tree and was seen no more. So I strolled through the woods toward the buggy, not caring very much whether any more were seen or not, for I was a bit lazy and had three as nice young squirrels as ever climbed trees. Beech nuts impart a finer flavor to squirrel flesh than any other food does, and these fellows had had abundance of these nuts and but little else for six weeks past. We found them "complete eatin'."

It was 10 o'clock when I got home. Old Joe stood round and growled at the waiting cats while I skinned the squirrels. If they came too close, he would make a savage lunge at them and they would retreat; but they knew he would not hurt them, and were back almost as soon as he was. In cool weather he lies on the grass, and the cats get on top of him and lie there to get the warmth from his body, and he and they drink new milk together from the same pan twice a day. At noon we had dinner. Fried squirrel, bread and butter that was never excelled, sweet potatoes, and boiled apple dumplings with thick cream "dip." There may be better dinners, I know there are worse, but the man not satisfied with this one is hard to please. After dinner we went to the post office, and from there Mrs. H. drove me to a patch of woods that has lots of squirrels in it, but the brush is so thick it's no use to hunt them; have just to sit down and keep quiet. If one comes along you get him. If he doesn't come along you don't get him. I sat there three hours and saw a dozen or more, and got five of them. O. H. HAMPTON.

WHO OWNS THE GUIDE'S GAME?

WHEN a sportsman hires a guide, and the guide takes part in the shooting or the fishing, to whom does the game or the fish secured by the guide belong? The question has just come up in a case related by a correspondent who returned last week from a ruffed grouse shooting trip. He tells us that he cut short his intended stay, although birds were abundant, because of a misunderstanding respecting the disposition of the birds killed by his guide when in company with him in the field. The guide being in his employment and being paid by him, he had assumed that in conformity with the unvarying custom followed elsewhere throughout his shooting experience of thirty years the birds killed by the guide would belong to the employer. It appears, however, that this was not the understanding held by the host, who advised his guests that the birds killed by the guides belonged to the house and would be sold at so much a pair if the sportsmen wished to retain any of them for taking home.—*Forest and Stream, Nov. 14.*

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my opinion a man who hires a guide to help him shoot ruffed grouse with the intention of gobbling up and counting as his own all the birds they both kill is not entitled to call himself a sportsman at all. A man who has been shooting for "thirty years" ought to have learned that hiring a market-hunter guide to do his shooting, or any part of it, is outside of genuine sportsmanship. I belong to two first-class shooting clubs, and a rule in each, rigidly enforced, is that guides shall not be allowed to shoot at all except at wounded birds. In one of them a prominent member, who persistently refused to obey the rule, finally resigned to avoid expulsion. SHAGANOSS.

PITTSBURG, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seeing an article in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 14 where certain guides claimed that game killed by them (when in the employ of sportsmen) belonged to the guides reminds me of a dodge which guides in some parts of the Adirondacks tried to work some twenty years ago on my first trip to the Adirondack region. Our party learned that the guides in that section from where we went into the woods claimed that all game, whether killed by them or their employers, belonged to the guides. Fortunately one of our party had been on quite a number of similar hunting trips, and he cautioned us to make no agreement with our guides as to any game we might kill.

We were in the woods something over a month, and each one of the party had a guide. When we left the woods we were some three days' journey from where we went in. We had killed five deer, and when we settled with our guides we allowed so many days extra to allow them to get back to our starting point. We used our guides well and paid them well, and they all said it was the best trip they ever made. We made them each a few presents of clothing, hunting knives, etc., and said: "Now everything is settled." The oldest guide began to wriggle about (we expected what was coming) and said: "There is one thing we have not settled. You men have killed five deer while we were with you, and you have the skins. Now, those skins belong to the guides, and if you want to take them home you must give us $3 for each skin."

I said at once, "I have one deer skin in my pack, which is the only deer I shot at on this trip; and if my guide thinks he has not been paid enough for his time he can go home thinking so." The rest of the party said the same; and when the guides found it would not work they dropped it, and we parted good friends.

While on this trip I met a young man in camp who was expecting to spend two or three months in the woods, and had a guide engaged for the whole time. The guide had an easy time of it, and he had impressed upon his employer that all game belonged to the guide and was to be paid for when settling. Now this guide was getting the regular guide's wages, but his employer thought that what the guide said about game was the regular thing, and that all hunting parties did the same. I told him he could if he liked to be imposed upon, but that our party did not agree to any such arrangement.

Some years later, while in Florida, I went out with a party after deer. We hired a guide who furnished a pack of hounds and a horse for each member of the party. As we were starting, something was said about the deer we expected to kill, and the guide said, "All the deer belong to me." Now as we were each paying him a pretty good price I objected to his arrangement, saying that should I kill a deer it belonged to me. As it happened, I killed the only deer of the day. That night I told the guide he could have it, but made him understand it was because I had no use for it and not because I considered he had any claim.

The instances I have mentioned happened a number of years ago, and I did not suppose that anything of the kind would be tried by guides of the present time. The Micmac Indians of the Provinces will "work a sucker" for all they can when they get a chance, but I never heard of any of them trying to claim the game that was killed by parties that they worked for. Possibly such a thing never occurred to them.

For my part, I do not believe in a guide's carrying a rifle or doing any shooting while in a sportsman's employ. When I have hired a guide, it was to find the game; if there was to be any shooting I proposed doing it. I cannot see why a man calling himself a sportsman should go after game, and hire a guide to shoot it for him. It would be fully as satisfactory to me to stay at home and write and engage a guide to kill a certain amount of game, and to give me the credit of it.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

SHOOTING TRESPASS AND LOW WATER MARK.

WE find in the Vermont Fish and Game Commission report the text of the decision in the case of Charles McBurney *et al* vs. James Young for trespass. The question of trespass turned upon the meaning of the term low water mark in its application to Lake Champlain. We quote:

The plaintiff was the owner of marsh lands upon the border of Lake Champlain, and had posted notices upon such lands prohibiting shooting, trapping or fishing on said lands, in accordance with No. 79, Acts of 1884. The defendant Young was camping upon the shores of Lake Champlain, and was at the time in question in a boat in company with McCarty for the purpose of shooting and fishing. McCarty was rowing the boat and the defendant Young shot at a flock of ducks flying over his head. The plaintiff claimed that the place where the boat was when the shot was fired was upon his land, while the defendant Young contended that it was upon the waters of Lake Champlain, and this was the question.

The referee reported that the water at that point was about 8in. deep at the time; that the bottom underneath the boat was a firm mud bottom; that the bottom at that point was at all times of the year covered with water to a depth of at least 6 or 8in. in ordinary seasons, and that therefore it was below ordinary low water mark; that in the season of 1882, which was an exceptionally dry one, the water so far receded that the bottom of the lake at this point was uncovered, and that therefore the point was above low water mark in exceptionally dry seasons; that the plaintiff had sowed wild oats and wild rice in that vicinity, upon which fowls, both tame and wild, and the cattle pasturing upon the adjacent lands fed to some extent.

The referee found that the plaintiff was entitled to recover of the defendants, if anything, the penalty of $10 and nominal damages, which he assessed at 6 cents.

The case went to the Supreme Court on appeal. Young's counsel contended that Lake Champlain is a public water, and the title to the land below low water mark is in the public and is not subject to private ownership. By "low water mark" is meant the ordinary low water mark (Am. and Eng. Enc.). For the plaintiff it was argued that "low water mark" means the lowest point to which the water recedes.

THOMPSON, J.—The plaintiff's land is bounded by the waters of Lake Champlain. Both parties concede that by the law of this State the plaintiff's land does not extend beyond the low water mark. Such is the law of this State. The contention is over the meaning of the term "low water mark" as used by the courts and law writers. The plaintiff insists that it means the lowest point to which the water has ever receded. The defendant says that it means ordinary low water mark.

By the common law, all that portion of land on tide waters between high and low water marks, technically known as the shore, originally belonged to the crown, and was held in trust by the king for public uses, and was not subject to private uses without a special patent or grant. In Maine the common law was changed by an ordinance of 1641, which declares that proprietor of land adjacent to the tide waters "shall have propriety to the low water mark, where the sea doth not ebb above a hundred rods, and not more wheresoever it ebbs further." In Gerish vs. Proprietors of Union Wharf, the court was called upon to define the meaning of low water mark as used in that ordinance, and in passing upon the question said:

"It evidently contemplates and refers to a mark which could be readily ascertained and established; and that to which the tide on its ebb usually flows out would be of that description. That place to which the tide might ebb under an extraordinary combination of influences and of favoring winds, a few times during one generation, could not form such a boundary as would enable the owner of flats to ascertain satisfactorily the extent to which he could build upon them. Much less would other persons employed in the business of commerce and navigation be able to ascertain with ease and accuracy whether they were encroaching upon private rights or not by sinking a pier or placing a monument. It would seem to be reasonable that high and low water marks should be ascertained by the same rule. The place to which tides ordinarily flow at high water becomes thereby a well defined line or mark, which at all times can be ascertained without difficulty. If the title of the owner of the adjoining land were to be regarded as extending, without the aid of the ordinance, to the place to which the lowest neap tides flowed, there would be formed no certain mark or boundary by which its extent could be determined. The result would be the same if his title were to be limited to the place to which the highest spring tides might be found to flow.

"It is still necessary to ascertain his boundary at high water mark in all these places where the tide ebbs and flows more than 100 rods for the purpose of ascertaining the extent of his title toward low water mark. It is only by considering the ordinance as having reference to the ordinary high and low water marks that a line of boundary at low water mark becomes known, which can be satisfactorily proved, and which having been once ascertained will remain permanently established."

Sir Mathew Hale in his treatise De Jure Maris, c. 4, says "the shore is that ground that is between the ordinary high and low water mark." He remarks also:

"It is certain that that which the sea overflows, either at high spring tides or at extraordinary low tides, comes not as to this purpose under the denomination of *littus maris*, and consequently the king's title is not of that large extent, but only to land that is usually overflowed at ordinary tides."

This treatise has been received by judicial tribunals and by distinguished jurists, both during the earlier and latter years of the law, with unqualified approbation and commendation. The authorship of this work has been questioned, but it has often been recognized in this country by the courts, and has become a text-book. Houck on Rivers, s. 30.

In Storer vs. Freeman, 6 Mass. 435, 4 Am. Dec. 155, it was in effect held that low water mark as applied to the seashore is ordinary low water mark.

In Canal Coms. vs. People, 5 Wend. 423, cited in Gould on Waters, s. 82, Chancellor Walworth, while holding that the common law rule was applicable to the navigable fresh rivers of New York, said:

"The principle itself does not appear to be sufficiently broad to embrace our large fresh-water lakes, or inland seas, which are wholly unprovided for by the common law of England. As to these there is neither flow of tide or thread of stream, and our local law appears to have assigned the shores down to the ordinary low water mark to the riparian owners, and the beds of the lakes with the islands therein to the public."

In Sloan vs. Bienviller, 34 Ohio St. 492, low water mark is defined to be ordinary low water mark; and in Seaman vs. Smith, 24 Ill. 521, it is said to be the line where water usually stands when unaffected by any disturbing cause. The question of what is meant by low water mark as a terminus of boundary was discussed and passed upon in Stover vs. Jack, 60 Pa. St. 339, 100 Am. Dec. 566, and it was held to be the ordinary low water mark. While the opinion of the court disclaimed the application of any law except that of Pennsylvania to the question, the reasoning of the court is very satisfactory. It said:

"To adopt any other rule than low water mark, unaffected by drought, as the limit of title, would carry the rights of riparian owners far beyond boundaries consistent with the interests and policy of the State, and would confer title where heretofore none has been supposed to exist. * * * Ordinary high water and ordinary low water each has its reasonably well defined marks, so nearly certain that there is not much difficulty in ascertaining it. The ordinary rise and fall of the stream usually finds nearly the same limits. But to bound title by a mark which is set by an extraordinary flood, or an extreme drought, would do injustice and contravene the common understanding of the people."

The suggestions as well as the others quoted apply with great pertinency to the case at the bar. Lake Champlain is a public, navigable water. It does not appear that at any other time in its history its waters have receded to the point to which they did in the exceptionally dry season of 1883. We think that upon reason and authority low water mark as a terminus of boundary must be held to mean ordinary low water mark. This being so, defendant Young did not enter upon the premises of the plaintiffs, as the referee finds that Young's boat, from which he fired at the ducks passing overhead, at the time of such firing was at a place in the lake below ordinary low water mark. To dispose of the case it is not necessary for us to determine what right, if any, the public has to sail over lands bordering Lake Champlain between ordinary high and ordinary low water marks, when such lands are covered with water; nor is it necessary to decide in respect to the right of the inhabitants of this State under ch. 11, s. 40, of our State constitution, in seasonable times, "to hunt and fowl on the lands they hold and on other lands not inclosed," nor in respect to the constitutionality of St. 1884, No. 79, and we do not consider either of these questions.

Judgment reversed as to defendant Young, and judgment that he recover his costs.

WATER KILLING DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Most deer killed in the Adirondacks are killed by hounding. The same is true of Maine. And yet in both regions the game is on the increase."

The above is a verbatim quotation from Deerslayer's last letter. He also says no arguments have been offered to show why the Legislature should forbid the hounding of deer in the Adirondacks, advancing the assertion that game is on the increase there in support of his arguments.

Any fair-minded sportsman will at once concede the falsity of his position in regard to hounding deer in Maine, and if the increase in the Adirondacks is from the same causes as that in Maine that fact of itself is argument enough why hounding should be forbidden, as hounding in Maine is a thing of the misty past, as is well known by all who are conversant with the state of affairs there. Bad luck to skin butchers and pot-hunters.

CAMPEROUT.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Nov. 20.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of this date the individual who calls himself Deerslayer, but who should be named Deerbutcher, refers to the fact that I took with me into the Rocky Mountains on my trip recently described 200 cartridges, and seems to regard this as in some way an argument in his favor.

I did take 200 cartridges on a journey into the mountains which lasted three weeks, and to a camp which was at least two days' journey from any source of supply. I used many of these cartridges in sighting my new rifle, target shooting, trying to cut the heads off of grouse, etc., and brought back 125 of them unused.

The chorus of reprobation and denunciation which this person's original letter has aroused is trifling compared with the general abhorrence which it created. His second letter shows him to be so ignorant of the feelings of a sportsman and so bigoted in his ignorance that discussions with him would only be wasted. We can only hope that his "good old 10-gauge" may shortly burst and blow his head off, or that some one of his gang in the "half a dozen boats heading for the same deer" will providentially put his charge of buckshot where it will do the most good. Certainly the possibilities of accident in D.'s expeditions are extremely gratifying to all true woodsmen.

A. ST. J. NEWBERRY.

What Happened.

THE pack of hounds were soon on the trail of a "cottontail," who wearied shortly after the chase, and hied himself to the depths of Smithfield soil. When the hunters came up a ferret was brought into requisition and the rabbit was soon ensconced in the depths of a hunting-jacket pocket.—*Providence Journal.*

In other words: The dogs holed a hare, the ferret drove it out, and the hunter put it into his pocket.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE .22.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having made a discovery that I consider well worth making a record of, I resort to words which are hereby tendered to FOREST AND STREAM and after times.

The discovery I have made has undoubtedly been made before; but that doesn't greatly matter, for even Christopher Columbus only found this side of the world some ages after it had been inhabited and explored. I am inclined to think that either any one can make a discovery or that no one can. Discoveries are, after all, something rarer than they seem. When the North Pole is found probably there will be an Esquimau, a Chinaman or a native of the aurora borealis astride of it.

However, permit me to record that the modern .22cal. rifle is one of the things not thoroughly known and comprehended. The .22 is quite too generally looked upon as a toy gun or a sort of pea-shooter, suited to pistol galleries or parlor target practice. The .22, if its merits and virtues are to be recognized, has a large and obese future directly in front of it.

In my domain I have been annoyed with hawks, ground squirrels and gophers; gray squirrels, grouse and quail, jack rabbits, jays, skunks and numerous other small deer. When I had occasion to deal harshly with them I have had to resort to such weapons as an ordinary shotgun or Winchester rifle. My present haunt is in a wooded scope of mountains, and it is not often possible in such localities to get wing shots at either birds or skunks or rodents, while it seems like driving nails with a pile-driver to fire the guns of ordinary caliber at small game in the trees or on the ground.

I cultivated the acquaintance of a .22 and made it my own. The one I selected is a Marlin, shooting the rim-fire cartridges, short and long. I had it fitted with Lyman peep sight and bead, and I am now able to break a squirrel's neck at 50yds. and not make much noise about it either. I can surprise a hawk at 50 or 75yds. so that he never gets over it. Gophers, skunks, etc., just simply manifest their astonishment with a handspring or two and a few kicks at the sky.

My greatest satisfaction, however, is in the scientific style in which I can gather a quail or two in out of the wilderness, and do it in a sportsmanlike kind of a way. It is something of an achievement to any one who aspires to accuracy in shooting to break a quail's neck with a single pellet from a .22, and it is further a very satisfactory thing to know that the bird is either killed instantly or escapes uninjured.

I have merely touched upon a few of the good qualities of this model little gun, and in order to be brief I will make the sweeping assertion that it is the best arm in existence for genteel and proficient sportsmen, hunting for game smaller than bears or elk, and shooting distances under 100yds.

In open country, at wildfowl larger than a quail, an expert should kill three out of five birds a-wing. He should be able to kill further than with a shotgun, and he would rarely lose a cripple. To my mind the use of a shotgun, after using a .22 rifle, is much like catching trout with dynamite or exterminating ducks with a yacht cannon.

I venture to predict that what we now cherish as true sportsmanship—say the quality of being a good wing-shot with a shotgun, putting 1,000 pellets into a circle 1yd. in diameter at 40 or 50yds.—will be considered barbarous twenty years hence. In 1917 the genteel gunner will bring in ducks, grouse, squirrels, deer and the other trophies of his skill; but they will not be filled with pellets of No. 6 or No. 8 shot, or bear the fearful evidence of a .44 or .45-caliber rifle ball. If now and then such a gunner shows up, he will be looked upon as a pot-hunter from some backwoods swamp or the bad lands.

Sportsmanship is bound to keep pace with the times, and the true element of true sportsmanship is likely to crystallize into skill and accuracy rather than in the destructiveness and annihilation of game. Isn't it about time that our crack clubs should shoot bluerocks or live birds with a single pellet? RANSACKER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, California, Nov. 1.

THE MAINE MOOSE SUPPLY.

LOWELL, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed the statements of your Bangor correspondent Growler about what would be asked for at our next Legislature in regard to putting a close time on all moose in Maine for a term of years. He says that this matter has been discussed for years, that moose will soon become extinct, etc. At the same time our moose have been on the increase, and I think his own statements show it.

He says that large moose are getting scarce in Maine; that all the large males are so easily called in the love-making season, at which time they lose all fear and rush out to give battle to railroad trains, etc. I never but once saw a bull moose show signs of giving battle, and that one was with a cow when I came upon him. I shot him down on the start, so I can't say what he might have done. They can be called to the hunter quite readily through September; the first half after the 6th is the best, as then they have not many of them got a mate. But even then they are very cautious how they advance, and if they scent the hunter he loses his game. If this moose calling business can be well looked into it will be found that most of the moose called out and shot have been killed in September. October, as of late years, is a hard month to call out a bull moose. The principle reason is this: There are without doubt more cows than bulls, but not so many as some may suppose. A cow moose and a doe deer in most cases have two young at a birth, and in most cases a male and female.

Let us now see what he says about Game Warden Cummings, who has spent most of his time the past season in the Chamberlain Lake region. He actually counted nearly 500 moose. Does this look as though moose were nearly exterminated? Seventy-five bulls he counted (which were enough for the cows), but he did not see the average proportion of the bulls; for, as a rule, while their horns are growing they keep on higher open grounds, the same as the male caribou and deer. He also speaks of Beal. Fowls, of Milo, one of the oldest and most experienced guides in Maine, seeing herds of moose the past season from fifteen to thirty. Then again several hundred moose this season have migrated from this section southeast and into Hancock and Washington counties.

From what I have seen and learned, the parties of hunters that went into the moose regions in September came out early in October with big moose heads, and I believe that if the State can send wardens into our moose sections in September and ahead of the hunters, it will make a big difference in regard to so many moose being killed the first part or first day of October. If the law we have can be enforced I believe it is well enough as it now is.

About my camps and the headwaters of Aroostock River the moose signs are as plenty as they have been for several years. Two bulls were killed near Grand Lake and two more wounded. None were called out, but were still-hunted, and the prospect is good for tracking when snow comes.

I think moose every season come to Maine from the Northwest. J. DARLING.

P. S.—In making a reply to Growler's statements about Maine moose, I thought I would not mention what he said about Dr. Weld, ex-Mayor of Old Town, Me., making an examination of eleven cow moose, where the Doctor found only four of the eleven that had promise of producing offspring in the spring. It is a foolish statement that a doctor examined dead moose after being dressed by the hunters and brought to market. When a hunter dresses a moose he removes everything that would show signs of offspring at that season of the year.

J. D.

BOSTON MEN IN MAINE WOODS.

BOSTON, Nov. 20.—The Harry Moore party is out of the woods with reports of good luck and a fine time. In the party were Messrs. E. Noyes Whitcomb, David McIntosh, Leroy S. Brown, George C. Moore and Harry B. Moore. They went to Camp West St. Croix, Me., 388 miles from Boston, leaving that city Friday, Nov. 6, and getting back Saturday evening, Nov. 14. They had for guides Louis Bell, Robert S Porter, Fred. Shoulder and Jim Ireland. Much stormy and unpleasant weather was experienced, 2in. of snow falling on the night of the 11th. The log says that the party arrived at camp Saturday, the 7th. George C. Moore shot an owl, and Harry B. Moore jumped a buck; otherwise no hunting would have been done by the party that day. The next day, Sunday, "devotions" were held at the camp by a part of the company. George C. and Harry B. strolled fourteen miles, with Louis and rifles, to see the woods. They were much impressed by the density of the virgin forest. Neither would fire his rifle to break the stillness of the Sabbath. E. Noyes W. and Leroy S. B. sauntered out four miles with their rifles for defense. Monday a general survey of the forest was made by all of the party; saw many signs of deer and caribou. George C. M. and Harry B. M. walked up the track six miles. E. Noyes W. returned to camp with a portion of a rabbit. David McI. and L. S. B. also returned. Tuesday, Nov. 10, the party saw nine deer. Two were shot at and one was killed. Those seen were many miles from camp, hence only one was killed. Snow fell the next day. David McI. shot a doe, and a fat doe was killed by George C. M. He was also given an opportunity to kill a large buck, but politeness on the hunter's part lost him the chance. Three other deer were shot at, making seven seen that day. Thursday, Nov. 12, two deer were seen, but none killed; too much crust and too much noise. E Noyes W. saw fresh moose signs. Friday, Nov. 13, five deer were seen and two killed. Leroy S. B. killed a magnificent buck with five horns. It dressed 183lbs. B. was naturally hilarious, but actually quiet. He fired two shots at the buck, only one of which was necessary. The first took effect in the buck's kidneys, located 65yds. away; the other in a log. This was the day that H. B. M.'s doe was shot, and she was too small to make much mention of. Dressed, she weighed 108lbs. The last night in camp the house cat had not returned. She disappeared Tuesday; sausage nearly every meal since. Saturday, the 14th, all took departure for home on the 8:05 train, with the exception of David McI. He had decided to stay until either a moose or buck fell to his rifle. E. Noyes W. suggests sending him all his winter clothes. The trip home was uneventful, except that the reporter of a daily paper came on at Bangor. He took the names of the party and their luck. His paper came out the next day with Leroy S. B.'s name down as "Annie S. Brown, one buck deer." The boys suggest that the deer must have been killed by Brown's aunt.

Nov. 23.—Tracking snows have not yet been much of a feature in favor of the Maine big game hunters. A few inches have fallen in some sections, giving fair hunting for a day, but followed at night by freezing and the consequent crust. But the slaughter of deer is great enough, doubtless all the supply can stand. The number can be accounted for only under the fact that the number of hunters has been much greater. Then the idea with certain guides to hunt about all the time during the open season and have deer ready killed for their patrons is being practiced more than ever this season. Legislation will have to stop this hunting if the game supply is to be kept up in that State. I have talked with sportsmen who have been into the Maine woods a good deal of late, and it is suggested that at least seven deer out of every ten have been killed by guides this fall.

Among the latest successes of Boston sportsmen may be mentioned H. S. Wilson, two deer, from Eustice; Dr. H. Kimball, two deer; H. M. Adams, one deer; C. A. Sanborn, one deer; H. Hallett, one deer; W. H. Butler, one deer; Dr. R. W. Tinker, one deer; Mrs. S. J. Maxton, one deer. SPECIAL.

LEDGE HOUSE, Dead River, Me., Nov. 18.—Mr. Fred. G. Feldhus, with a party of fourteen, have been here for the past week. They had very good success, getting a dozen deer and a big bull moose. Frank Place and B. L. Fowler, of Long Island, also got their deer and went home well pleased. Fred. Ash, with a party of five, are here now. They have got eight deer, some very fine bucks. Mr. W. H. Barns had very good luck, getting two nice deer. Mr. J. D. Wilkens while out hunting last week with Ed. Donahew, guide, got a big bull moose. He reports seeing seven other moose the same day.

Four times as many moose and deer have been shipped from the Ledge House this season as ever before, and all the guides report them far more plenty than ever before.

J. G. HARLOW.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Once more we count the season for outdoor sports and camp life over; to be sure, many sportsmen are yet in the woods trying for big game, but to a large majority the season of 1896 has gone into history. Of course we haven't ceased to talk over our experiences, good, bad and indifferent, and so far as I am concerned I am continually reminded that I wasn't alone in experiencing poor bass fishing in Lake Winnepisaukee last summer. I have heard of several experiences very like unto the one I explained in FOREST AND STREAM several weeks ago. They also all agree with my conclusion as to the cause for the poor fishing there—the abundance of natural bait in the lake, filled as it is with smelt, shiners, etc., giving the bass all food he wants without depending upon shiners, hellgramite, grasshoppers or any other lure that may be attached to a hook. So that it is perfectly natural that as others, no doubt better fishermen than I, didn't get many bass, I am more reconciled to my poor luck.

The first regular monthly meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association after the summer holidays was held at the Copley Square Hotel on the evening of Wednesday, 18th inst. It was also a subscription dinner and there were about fifty members seated around the well-filled tables, including President B. C. Clark, Secretary Kimball, ex-President George W. Wiggin, ex-President E. A. Samuels, Dr. Heber Bishop, Dr. E. M. Branigan, Warren Hapgood, Ballin Jones, J. S. Dunckiee, E E. Small, Charles G. Gibson, Loring Crocker, Dr. W. G. Kendall, W. B. Hastings, Walter Brackett, A. W. Robinson, J. Russell Reed, Dr. J. T. Stetson, H. B. Reed, Dr. W. A. Morris, George O. Sears, Dr. Wm. A. Read, Albert N. Parlin, Walter C. Prescott, Dr. B. B. Howe, Dr. A. R. Brown, J. Q. A. Field, D. C. Heath, Louis Prager, Wm. Reed, and others. After an excellent dinner President Clark spoke briefly, expressing the hope and belief that the members had passed a pleasant summer and were ready to take hold of the work of the association with renewed vigor. Several new members were elected and half a dozen names were proposed and referred to the committee on membership. The following committees were appointed: To nominate officers for the ensuing year: Dr. E. W. Branigan, Charles Stewart, Dr. J. W. Bull, Alexander Pape, Ivers W. Adams, W. B. Hastings, Loring Crocker. On annual dinner: Dr. Heber Bishop, Walter M. Brackett, C. J. H. Woodbury, Robert S. Gray, Charles F. Sprague, George W. Wiggin, Wm. B. Smart, Secretary Kimball. Dr. Bishop, for the committee, at once reported progress by saying that he had recently returned from Maine and that the best parts of a bull caribou were in the cold storage waiting the annual event. He also said he had located a couple of moose which he was going after later. Mr. Charles H. Ames was then introduced and gave a most exhaustive and interesting address upon "The Preservation vs. Extermination of Animal Life." He referred to the rapid decrease of wild game in the forests of the country; many specimens are already practically extinct and others are becoming so very rapidly. He knew that the slaughtering instinct in man was strong, and he also knew from personal experience that it could be repressed. This with a proper enforcement of wise and stringent laws would do much to save what game we have and encourage its increase. Mr. Ames's address was interspersed with instances of his personal experiences with the big game in almost every part of this great country, and held the closest attention of an audience entirely in sympathy with his conclusions. WM. B. SMART.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Beagles and Grouse.

It has always been one of the earnest ambitions of my life to become a dog man, although the inner circles of that cult have been barred against me for many years. The chief objection to my success is alleged to exist in the fact that I don't know anything about dogs, though there are a good many dog men who have none the best of me in that respect. Such are the inequalities of life. Well, anyhow, I was going to report the beagle trials this week up at Columbus, Wis., and I had me a new note book and a very knowing pair of leggings, and was on hand at the break of day on the appointed date. Consider the inequalities of fate yet again! The instant that it was discovered I was to report the trials the management declared the trials off, and not a beagle man was there. So I turned the affair into a grand *ch'asse au pied* and went rabbit hunting and squirrel hunting and grouse hunting in company with Ed. Graut and Geo. Berry. We had two beagles, one Irish setter and a rattling good time; and barring the failure of my ambition I was very much content with the arrangement.

We killed a few rabbits and a number of squirrels, and, best of all, got into some good grouse country, so that I had a touch of sport of most interesting sort. We hunted in a country which has been settled for forty or fifty years and which is highly cultivated and thickly inhabited. Here and there over this farming land we found strips and patches of woodland, some of it second growth, perhaps thirty, forty or fifty acres in a body, and in a number of these bits of woodland we found these magnificent game birds, the ruffed grouse, sometimes two or three, sometimes five or six. On our second day we put up about a dozen birds in all, and by hard work managed to bag six of them during the day, to say nothing of something like a dozen squirrels and three or four rabbits which got in the way while we were chasing the grouse around and tiring them down so we could accomplish their undoing. The merry little sawed-off hounds made our grouse shooting harder, as they put the birds up into the trees, where we could not see them till they were off like a flash from above or behind us. If a man can kill a ruffed grouse going out of a tree through scrub oak and a thicket, he can kill any animate thing that flies. Both my companions did this, but none of us did it all the time, and I think each bird cost us an average of a half dozen shots. I never got mixed up with more exciting sport. Each bird brought to bag meant a triumph after long effort, and even my friends, who were old and callous grouse shots, exulted with me over each bird as we picked it up.

One old cock afforded us especial trouble. We started him no less than six times during the day, and each of us had from three to six shots at him. It was well toward evening when Graut and I got him up again, and marked

him down closely near the edge of the wood. We thought we had him sure then, and arranged to meet him when he rose with a salvo rapid enough to stop him, but try as we might, we could not start him for a long time. At length the wily old fellow sprang out directly at my feet, where he had lain while we walked all round and over him. He went like an arrow for the open, and I shot at him before he had gone 10ft., but did not touch him. Inside of 20ft. he was around behind a big oak which was covered with heavy leaves, and there I could only guess at his whereabouts. To make the story complete I should say that I killed him anyhow, but the fact is I didn't touch him at all, and only shot a hole through the leaves, to show him there was no coldness.

Graut did not get a shot at him that time, and we both marked the bird, as we thought, across the road and into a bit of open wood, where we were sure he would take to a tree, as there was no cover on the ground. With more or less profane admiration for the old veteran who, had fooled us so often, we followed on, feeling sure we would get him this time. Yet though we spent three-quarters of an hour looking in the trees and kicking brush piles we could not put him up. He had vanished! We could not believe that the bird had departed from the one foolish custom the ruffed grouse has, that of flying in a straight line nearly always, but at length gave him up as a spirit bird. A little later we blundered over him within 20yds. of the place where we had first found him, and then knew that he had circled far around to the left and gone back on his own trail, crossing the road and then coming back again out of our sight. Berry got a shot then, but could not stop him, and again we lined him up and followed after. This time the cunning of the old cock forsook him and he flew straight. In a thicket we found him once more, as full of fly as ever. Out he went with a roar, and Graut called out "shoot" to Berry, who was nearest. The latter did so, and so did Graut, who had a side shot at about 40yds., Berry being further than that when he fired. As the guns cracked, three barrels in all, I saw the old cock pitch forward, bounding clear of the ground as he struck, and tearing off a bunch of feathers with the soundness of his impact. One big pellet of No. 6 shot from Berry's gun had caught him in the back and killed him stone dead. He was a handsome bird, and we made a group of admirers about him, but we could not help feeling sorry we had killed the gallant creature which had made so good a fight. Indeed, it was a shame to do so, and in a way unsportsmanlike; for I am satisfied that if it had not been for that stray pellet of shot the bird would have afforded us several days more of shooting, and might perhaps have lasted over till next year. I am sure I should have been entirely contented to hunt him all the rest of the season, for a warier quarry never was pursued by man. If each shooter of the United States had one of these indestructible fowls to shoot at as he liked, I am sure we should hear less of the big bag butchers, and less of complaint about poor shooting at the end of long trips. A bird like that is a useful member of society.

In extenuation of the unfortunate ending of our pursuit of him, I should like to add that it was not my hand which slew him, and that I consider his death to have been accidental. I had shot at the bird a number of times, but had not injured it in the least, and we were having a good time together and understanding each other perfectly, until Berry ended the fun by killing the chief actor in the play. This is the way we held the beagle trials, and I submit that they were very successful in every respect this year. But we nearly ruined two beagles by going away after ruffed grouse and leaving them to run rabbits patiently and tunely by the hour, with no game killed ahead of them to give them a bit of encouragement. We saw nothing in the club rules forbidding the use of ruffed grouse as the game upon which the beagles were to be tested. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Some Non-Residents in Wisconsin.

PORTLAND, Ind., Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have word from the east section of Wisconsin through some of our men just returned from Wausaukee, on the C., M. & St. P. R'y.

A party of eight left here at noon on Oct. 21, expecting to camp on the Menominee River, the boundary line between Wisconsin and Michigan. When they arrived at Wausaukee they were advised that hunters were hounding deer all along the river. They therefore took the advice of a guide and located on Bass Lake, sixteen miles from the station. They were either illy advised or did very poor work, for they got neither fish, fowl nor flesh. They saw a camp of native hunters, who had several deer strung up which had been killed before the open season was changed by the recent decision of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin.

There is hardly a question but what the Legislature at its next session will pass a game law similar to that of Michigan. The result will be to deprive the railroads of considerable revenue from parties who make a trip for the recreation, men who are not hunters, who never kill anything but pine squirrels and rabbits. The men who can and do kill deer will pay the license fee and then woe to the game that shows itself, for the non-resident will feel that he has been discriminated against, and human nature is human nature the world over. However, the number of deer taken in the Northern States by non-residents is a small item. I have seen enough to know that it is the men who hunt out of season, and those who hunt with dogs, that will be responsible for the destruction of the deer supply in these United States of America.

Nov. 10.—The remnant of the hunting party that went to Wisconsin from here came home this morning. They got one buck—a party of eight, at an expense of about $240. So much for the destruction of deer by non-residents. G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Off for Maine.

LAST Friday a party consisting of Dr. G. H. Wright, of Plainfield, N. J.; C. M. DuBois, of Essex, N. Y.; W. A. Hoisington, of the Page Fence Co., Adrian, Mich., and J. B. Barnham, of FOREST AND STREAM, left New York for a two weeks' hunt in northern Maine.

They entered the woods from Patten, which is now connected with the B. & A. R. R. by a short side line, and went into camp north of Katahdin and no great distance from Sourdnabunk Lake, at a point selected by Jock Darling.

Notes from Illinois.

CHICAGO, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Nov. 14 I notice that there are a good many who have the same opinion of Deerslayer that I have myself. There is only one fault in their criticism: they do not bear down half hard enough. I remember that when I was quite a small boy, living on a farm with my parents about fifty miles southwest of Chicago, it was no uncommon sight to see in a ten-mile drive from ten to fifty deer. Now we have nothing larger than the prairie chicken.

Chickens are fairly plenty this fall, but are very wild and but few are shot. I have had a little experience that surprised me. My son and I started about sunrise for a day's fishing. We also took a Stevens .32 rifle. When about half way we saw some chickens sitting on a fall plowing about 160yds from the road. I told my son to watch where the ball struck the plowed ground. I expected the ball to fall a little short, for I had only the short cartridges. The rifle cracked; no dust flew; but the chickens rose to a standing posture, but did not fly. Slipping in another cartridge, I raised the sight to shoot about 2in. higher. When the gun cracked, the chicken rose straight up for about 40ft. and in a wobbling way flew about 75yds. and dropped in a cornfield. After some time we found it stone dead. One leg was broken about 1¼in. below the thigh at the first shot; there was also a bullet hole as near the center as possible. When we got home I was surprised to find that the last shot had passed through the heart about ¼in. from the small end and the liver was torn to mince-meat. Now, I have heard of bears being shot in that manner and making a good fight for fifteen minutes after; but a bird living long enough to fly after being shot through the heart is something I cannot understand, and I suppose I have shot 1,000 chickens in my lifetime. L. P.

Some Tennessee Bird Notes.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The folks have gone over to Possumtrot, and I improve the opportunity to write you a few lines.

This has been a very warm day, and the song birds are jubilant in the thickets. This ridge (which is a span of the Cumberland Mountains) seems to be a favorite resting place for many of the migratory birds. About the 6th of October the house cat brought in a meadowlark. I did not at the time know that it was a migrant, but it appears that these birds do not remain here during the summer months, but merely pass back and forth. Since the time when I saw the first one they have been moving southward in small flocks of five to twenty-five, and for about a week none have been seen.

The robin's first note was heard Oct. 24, but we saw none—in fact, I have seen not one. Yet they were said to be in the woods Oct. 31 in large numbers. I am told that they usually move southward in detached flocks, but come north in February or March, when they feed on the berries of the holly—probably also on seeds, etc. A good many of the smaller birds—warblers, etc.—have passed over us high in air within the past ten days, and there are many little finches about the clearings.

Ducks and geese were reported a week ago as coming into the Tennessee River. I have seen several nuthatches about of late. Antler says they used to be very numerous here, but that he has seen but few in a long while.

KELPIE.

Posting in New Jersey.

ASBURY PARK, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The observant man has but to take such a trip to realize how greatly the sphere of the sportsman is narrowing. Everywhere the warning signs against trespass meets the eye, even on grounds where I have tramped since my early boyhood and which have always been free the proscription is general. While the owner of real estate has the right beyond question to regulate the matter to his own liking, prompted in many cases no doubt by gross carelessness on the part of gunners, who, disregarding all property rights, break down fences and otherwise destroy property, still there is no excuse for conspiracy which at present is a matter of common comment. Certain sportsmen band themselves together, wait upon the farmers and agree to pay for the printing and posting of the notices provided that they, the sportsmen, shall have the sole privilege of shooting over his grounds. Many of the farmers are men of liberal minds and care but little in reference to the matter, but are easily pursuaded, especially as Mr. Jones on the right and Mr. Smith on the left are willing. I hope this is true of but a small territory and that such a custom will never become prevalent. LEONARD HULIT.

Ducks on the Ithaca Marsh.

ITHACA, N. Y., Nov. 20.—Snow and a rattling strong wind blowing stiff and ugly from out the north ushered in Saturday, Nov. 14, and it witnessed a splendid flight of ducks sweeping over the Ithaca Marsh. Wildfowl gunners regarded it as one of the best flights in years. An army of shooters occupied every available inch throughout the big stretch of marshland and enjoyed the fast cannonade. A local daily credits the best individual score as consisting of thirty-five ducks. Cayuga Lake is at present occupied by a good-sized army of wildfowl which the storms from the North will promptly set in motion. And then list you to the boom of the guns!

M. CHILL.

A North Carolina Quail Center.

MOUNT AIRY, N. C., Nov. 20.—There are more birds this year in this vicinity than have been known for several years. I have been driving through the country adjacent to Mt. Airy and have seen many large coveys of full-grown, fat birds. Mr. Fred G. Johnson went out about a week ago and killed thirty-two in one day. You can get out in the morning from three to five miles from town and find plenty of birds, have all the sport you want to have, bag from twenty-five to fifty birds and get back to town by 6 o'clock in the evening. Fine open fields for shooting in. SAMUEL G. PAGE.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXII.—We-nen-gway.

AFTER a while we got into a swampy region which was frozen, or we couldn't have run lines through it. Lakes were frequent and we saw many wigwams where there were high frames for drying fish. Crotches about 10ft. high held poles, and across these were laid others, forming a rude platform, on which the fish were dried for winter use. As near as I can remember the fish were whitefish, lake trout and either pike or mascalonge, for I then knew as little of the differences between the two latter species as an Adirondack guide or the average fish dealer does. Now I could trade bread, flour, pork or sugar for an occasional fish, but McBride always wanted to be assured that they had been thoroughly scrubbed, for he was a little shy of eating anything which an Indian had handled.

Our old friend, whom we had named He-who-takes-so-much-at-a-mouthful, still followed us up, and I had become more than tired of him, and was wondering how he could "be shook." Some little things had been missed, such as forks and spoons; there was no evidence that he had taken them, but when I once left a jackknife sticking in a log where I had been using it and it was gone an hour afterward I suspected Mouthful because he was the only man around camp besides myself. I said nothing about it, but resolved to keep an eye out for him. If, after feeding him for over a month, and sharing my tobacco with him, he would steal from me I wanted to know it. I began to hate him, and he soon saw that he was not welcome; but he rejoiced when Gibbs was in camp. One day when Gibbs stayed in I put a new handle in a little belt axe and then began sandpapering a handle for the larger camp axe, for we had extra ones. The little axe lay by the fire and I was sitting in the door of the tent when old Mouthful came up and grunted his salute, and sat down so that his blanket covered the axe. I noted that fact and said to Gibbs, "Go talk to him, give him a pipeful of tobacco, anything to keep his mind off his appetite, and when I smooth up this axe helve I'll play you a game of euchre."

While we were playing cards old Mouthful arose, wrapped his blanket about him, and walked off. The belt axe was gone. I called after him, "Nidgee!" several times, but he didn't look around, and I grabbed the axe helve and started after him. He was in a well-worn path, bordered with prickly ash, and when he found me close behind him he sprang into the bush, but not in time to escape a whack on the shoulders with the hickory helve, and he dropped the hatchet. When I returned to camp Gibbs was indignant. Said he: "If I was where I could get out of these woods I'd go. You are always knocking the Indians around, shoving them out of the way if they crowd around the fire, and now you've struck one of them and we may all be murdered. These Indians are revengeful, and that man will remember you if he meets you ten years from now."

"You think he will remember me as long as that?"

"Yes, he will; he'll treasure that up against you as long as he lives, for their memories are long and they never forgive an injury."

"Well, Gibbs," said I, "when I ask him to forgive me it will be time for him to do it. Just now I'm not asking any favors of him, and as for his remembering me, that's all right. I hope he will, and I'll remember him, and if he ever comes to this camp or I meet him in the woods I'll lick him again. I'm just as mad as he is, and I've suspected him of stealing from us all winter and now I've caught him in the act. I don't want to argue this case, but what I've told you is just what I'll do, and you can bet on it."

"Suppose a dozen of his friends take this thing up, and come down on us in the night and kill us all. What can six men do in such a case?"

"I tell you," said I, "the case is not a supposable one. You know that their head chief, Hole-in-the-day, lives near Crow Wing, and that he told McBride, through an interpreter, that if any of his men molested us in any way he would punish them, and every Indian from this place to Lake Superior has been notified of this. There is a whole mass of stuff in your head about Indians that I don't suppose you could get out with a fine-toothed comb; but you will never find that fellow around our camp again; he is a lazy, thieving beggar, who can't have any standing among his people."

Just how far this satisfied Gibbs is a question. His mind was filled with romantic ideas of the red man which he had obtained from books, and he had no idea of the degraded ones who hang around a trading post, too lazy to hunt, trap or fish. I saw many Indians that winter who were too proud to beg, and this only proves that the red man is human and differs in mental make-up as other men differ. A very different man was We-nen-gway, whom I met on the border of one of those immense cranberry marshes which were common where we then were. Some of these marshes might have contained a thousand acres, and were red with frozen berries. As we had sugar in plenty you may imagine what an agreeable sauce we had with our boiled pork, roast pork, baked beans, etc. His name meant Dirty-face and he looked it. I wondered if he took pride in his name and kept his face in that condition by some vow to abstain from washing, but on closer acquaintance it was evident that the dark spots were birth marks, for which he was not responsible. He watched me gather a quart of berries and accepted a piece of tobacco in a dignified sort of way. He was evidently a superior man to Mouthful and one not disposed to look too favorably on the invasion of his ancestral domain by the white man, but his tribe had sold this land to the long knives and that settled it. I took a fancy to this man; here was the ideal man that Gibbs had read of!

Some days afterward he visited our camp, which was moved a few miles most every day to one of the cardinal points of the compass, and he brought me a fine lake trout. It was a fresh one and I was interested at once. There was no game in the country and my rifle was a useless burden in moving camp, but there must be fish near by.

I asked Dirty-face to eat, and set out some cold boiled pork and cold beans, as well as hot coffee. This was a treat to him, but it was evident that he had eaten during

the previous week and was not filling up for the week to come. We naturally talked about the fish, and he told me that over by his wigwam was a lake with plenty of fish; and as our move next day would bring our camp near his, he would show me where and how to catch some o-gah. This was a new name, and after drawing pictures of fish as well as I could on a piece of birch bark, I drew a pike or pickerel and said "K-n-o-shah;" he said it was the same. "O-gah" I never met before as a name for pike; but kenosha, kenoje or kenozha was the more common name for the fish. If those who wish to trace the derivation of the names of fish as used in popular nomenclature will take down their volumes of FOREST AND STREAM and look at the articles on the name of mascalonge, maskinonje, etc., they will find all that is known of the Indian name from which the various spellings are derived. See Vol. XXVI., page 149, March 18, 1886; and Vol. XXVI., page 268, Oct. 28, 1886.

From our new camp on the shore of a nameless lake I could see the wigwam of my new friend on the other side, about half a mile off; and after getting things in shape I went over to him. His wigwam was a typical Ojibwa residence, made of skins laid over many poles which came together at the top, where there was an opening for the smoke to go out. It was circular in form, much like the cumbrous Sibley tent which some of our troops used in 1862. On the outside there were records of hunts or fights in black and red pigments, which could be read by those versed in their pictorial histories, but which were a huckleberry beyond my persimmon. A skin flap kept out the cold, a small fire in the middle diffused all the heat it had to spare, and a goodly portion of it went out with the smoke. They made small fires of twigs and squatted over them, freezing one side while warming the other, and said that ours were so hot that a man could not get near them to warm himself; but I noticed that many nights our big fires were patronized by traveling Indians to sleep by, instead of making small ones for themselves. Did you ever notice that man is the only animal which lies with his feet to the fire? If you haven't observed this, just look at your dog bake his head under the stove.

I was invited inside. Besides the flavor of smoke from burning wood there were several other perfumes which you never smelled in a barber's shop. Mentally I quote a couplet from Tennyson's "Maud" as I recall the combined odors:

"The woodbine spices are wafted abroad
And the musk of the roses blown."

The family consisted of Mme. Dirty-face and two girls of sixteen and eighteen, and three young boys. By a most convenient arrangement the parlor, sitting-room, bedroom, dining-room and kitchen were all on one floor, with no partition nor stairs to climb when the head of the house came home with a load. I took this all in at a glance—the architectural beauties, I mean—the odors came in through a different sense. When I described it to Henry Neaville I could only compare it to a flavor met in boyhood days when I dug up a nest of young woodchucks.

"Yes," said Henry, "I've been in a wigwam in winter, but the flavor, as I remember it, was more of an ornithological character and seemed to resemble that of a nest of young woodpeckers."

Dirty-face took down a couple of spears and an axe, and we went up the lake to an open air-hole where it was probable that a spring boiled up from the bottom and kept the ice from forming over its warmer waters. He advanced cautiously and sounded the ice with the poll of his axe until it broke; he chipped off the edge which would not bear us and we had firm footing at the margin of the water. His spears were not like the gig which Guyon and I used in sketch XV., but were made with a single point with two barbs, like an arrow-head; they appeared to be made from saw blades and were fastened in clefts in the handles, which were of some heavy wood. Our ice cutting had scared away any fish which might be near, so we waited and smoked. The snow on the ice prevented our seeing into the water except where it was open, and it also shielded us from being seen by the fish. Once I stamped a foot and my friend said "Kego," and as the word means both "fish" and "don't," it was a caution either way. Soon we could see an occasional fish of good size in the clear water, but too deep to be reached with a spear.

His patience exceeded mine, and it began to be monotonous to see the fish swimming below out of range in the clear water, and I said to him: "Kego-de-me," the fish are very deep. He grunted an assent and pulled out a thin white stone not unlike a fish in general shape, and tied it to his spear with a few feet of string. This he moved gently about and several fish gave it respectful attention without being impertinent, and then a large lake trout rose and I struck and missed it; its tail was toward me, and my spear went on one side. I knew that my friend must be more expert, and I took his spear and played the lure in the water, drawing it near the surface if a fish rose. Soon he plunged his spear into a fish which stood broadside and was about to seize the decoy. The cord ran out rapidly, but the flight was soon checked and a fine nay-may-goos lay upon the snow. I spell the name as I learned to speak it. Scientists call the lake trout *Salvelinus namaycush*, softening the original word. Dirty-face insisted that I should try it again and I did, for I wanted to learn how to handle this new kind of spear; a large pike came up to the lure and I sent the steel into it and secured it. We took three more fish, and then it was time for me to go to camp to get things in shape for the return of the linemen. I went back by way of the wigwam and stopped awhile and gave Mrs. Dirty-face some tobacco, and she ordered the girls to clean the fish for me. I took two—enough for our supper with the rice and beans—and would take no more. I have always been in doubt whether her action was genuinely generous or not, for the whole party visited me next day, and again when we moved to the upper end of the lake, and if a balance was struck between those two fish (which may have weighed 1½lbs) and an unknown quantity of bread, beans, rice, coffee and sugar—really, I don't know if there would be any balance.

I have remarked on the absence of game and other animal life. The snow which fell in September and had lain without addition or melting had become too hard to record the passing of small animals such as mink, rabbits or even the heavier coons, but I saw a mink and a fox and heard the great gray timber wolf several times. The Canada jay and the raven were the most common birds, and I saw the little chickadee and a bird which I did not know, but now think might have been the shrike, or butcher bird. I never ceased to be surprised at the absence of life in this wilderness.

December came and the cold increased. One morning the trees were bursting with a sound like rifles and Gibbs thought we were attacked. He and Crosby jumped up out of bed before daylight, but soon returned when the rest of the party laughed at them, for we knew what the noise meant, having heard it before. After reaching Crow Wing we learned that the thermometer had been 40° below zero on several occasions. There was no wind in the heavy timber and we were warmly clad and could hardly realize how cold it was. Coats were discarded, but no man knew how many flannel shirts he had on; and as long as the body part of a pair of trousers held together the legs of them were reinforced by cylinders made of bed ticking fastened at top and bottom; these were not removed when worn out, but other reinforcements were added outside them until a cross section of a leg might have shown half a dozen strata of bed tick above the original deposit of trousering.

We had now reached the northern line of our survey at its eastern end, over by Mille-lacs, and were working the upper tier of townships toward the Mississippi. One day I was out with my rifle in the hope of finding game when I came across a wigwam by a small stream. I entered without ceremony, in accordance with Indian etiquette, and found a party of perhaps a dozen, bucks and squaws, seated on the ground around a small fire in the center, over which a sheet iron camp kettle was boiling and sending forth a savory odor. I was hungry after the tramp, although I had bread, pork and beans in plenty, but had not eaten. After giving the mixed French and Indian salute which they commonly used, I invited myself to sit down, and this was also correct Ojibwa form. There was an oppressive silence, oppressive to me at least.

"The silence of the place was like a sleep,
So full of rest it seemed; each passing tread
Was a reverberation from the deep
Recesses of the ages that are dead."

How different these people were from a party of white men waiting for a feast. There was no chat, jest, song or story. For idle men they take life seriously, and yet they are like children in many of their moods. I could never learn to live their way; that impassive, self-contained manner seems to be a continual sort of dress parade, so to speak, for they can be roused to enthusiasm by war or the hunt. I can't say that I like such people; they are not cordial, and seem to be sitting in cold and unsympathetic judgment on not only you, but every other thing on earth. During the winter it had been evident that I was not a favorite with the native American. He-who-takes-so-much-at-a-mouthful evidently preferred Gibbs to me, and some others whom I had bounced out of camp because of persistent begging had no great love for me, and so there was no amount of love lost between us. I stood, as the commissary of our party, the custodian of its supplies, which would have melted away in a week if all comers had been regaled as our friend Gibbs would have entertained them. They would have stayed by him as long as the provisions lasted; they liked Gibbs.

In this party in the wigwam I recognized Dirty-face and others who had been at our camp and had eaten of our pork, their great dainty which they called koo-koosh; but there was no cordial handshake, only a nod and a grunt, which is their limit of welcome. A squaw arose, thrust a stick into the kettle and brought up meat; she was satisfied that it was sufficiently cooked, and took the kettle from the fire and went outside with it. I had curiosity enough to get up and follow. She put the kettle in the snow and scraped up snow about it to cool it. I asked her what meat she was about to serve to her guests, at the same time giving her what pork I had. We were friends! Pork was good, and she had only muskrat to offer. Muskrat was not fat like pork and bear meat, but it was warm and she hoped I would like it.

Away back in the fourth article of this series I told of Bill Fairchild's experience with the muskrat as food, as he related it at a seance in Port Tyler's cabin, in Greenbush. If you remember, Bill could follow the Frenchman's advice—could "skin da mus'rat, bile him a leetle, den fry a-heem an' eat him, an' oh!" Also that Bill said he could come it all but the "oh!" Right here I wish to record my first experience with the musquash as an epicurean dish. I ate it years afterward from choice while camping with Mort. Locke, John Fish and Wm. Downey on Cayuga Lake, N. Y., as the two last named, now living at Honeoye Falls, N. Y., will testify, if they have any regard for the truth; but that is another story, and there's no use telling how we played it on one of the party for something else in the way of game.

When the contents of the camp kettle were cool, the squaw brought it in and a group formed around it on one side of the fire. I was not only hungry, but was curious to taste muskrat, which is a very clean feeder; but somehow the cook and the surroundings were not conducive to much appetite, but they asked me to join and I joined. They dipped their hands in the kettle, and it is doubtful if they had been manicured recently. Dirty-face handed me a piece, and I wondered if any in the party might be named Dirty-hand. I wasn't hungry now and said so, but felt a delicacy about refusing to eat with these friendly folk, and also felt a delicacy about eating food served in this manner. They omitted napkins and finger bowls, and somehow didn't seem to miss them. I ate a little, very little, said it was good, but I wasn't hungry just then and went out. The air outside was excellent.

I could have said with Petruchio:

"Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?"

Gratiano, in "The Merchant of Venice," asks a question to which he evidently expects no answer:

"Who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?"

I pungled off and ate my little cold luncheon beside a spring on the lake side. There were no napkins nor finger bowls there, but there was that satisfying knowledge that the hands which handled the food had been bathed since they skinned the last muskrat. On relating this to Henry Neaville he remarked:

"I don't care what any of these writers on health say about too frequent bathing being injurious, I believe that a man ought to wash his hands once a month, whether they need it or not."

Our surveys were nearly finished and nothing was left to be done but to meander the river and figure the fractional sections which it cut, and so do a little work around Crow Wing. Henry Neaville and I were to pack up and get back to the trading post and meet the party there. An Indian, a stranger, came to camp and begged for whisky. I told him we had none, but he saw the molasses keg and kept on begging until Henry said: "Give him some pepper sauce." I had put the liquor from several of the bottles into one and had thrown away the peppers, and taking up the bottle Henry and I pretended to drink, and then he was wild for some. I showed him with my thumb on the bottle how much or how little he must drink, and he grunted assent, seized the bottle with both hands, and such swallows as he took before it burned him I never saw. If one swallow doesn't make a summer, those he took made it hot enough for him. He drew a long breath and snorted "woof," like a bear, and started for the river. Three times he stopped and snorted and then ran out of sight. Henry roared, rolled over and roared. When he got his speech he said, between spasms: "Golly, but that Injun thinks there was more fire than water in that 'scutah-wawba; oh, dear! he's gone for a doctor; he thinks you've poisoned him. Oh, if Gibbs was only here to tell you how Mr. Lo will remember that drink!"

We stopped a couple of days at Crow Wing, and I became acquainted with the brothers who kept the trading post. I think their name was McDonald, but am not sure, and Mr. Davies isn't. They told of an Indian who died there some winters before when the ground was frozen too hard to bury him, and how they stood him up all winter against the north side of the house and buried him in the spring, and some other cheerful stories of dead Indians. A Mr. Morrison lived there, one of the leading men of northern Minnesota, for whom the county below Crow Wing is named. He had married an Ojibwa woman and had two grown-up daughters, who had been educated in St. Louis, and they played the piano for us and our visit was an event in Crow Wing life. Bishop McElvaney was there and preached on the birth of Christ in Morrison's house, while Davies and others sang. I didn't sing; when I sing the police always pull the house, thinking there must be a dog fight in the back room.

I went up to see Hole-in-the-day and he showed me a Colt's rifle, made like a revolver, inlaid with gold, which was given him by President Franklin Peirce a year or two before. I understood that it was taken from the Patent Office by consent of Col. Colt. He talked about trading it for my rifle, if I added enough dollars to suit him. He was poor, or pretended to be, and I wanted that rifle very much, but thought best to consult with the brothers at the post. One of them said: "It's against the law to trade with these people without a license, and if you trade with him for the gun he can send a man after it, and you will lose both rifles and all you've paid, and then may have some trouble with the law." That settled the trading, but when I saw the old chief again he wanted to know, in confidence, if we had any whisky left. I doubt if a single Indian believed that six white men who had so many things they thought to be luxuries spent half the winter in the woods without whisky. To them it seemed an absurd proposition. The Indians who hung around trading posts were not of the best class, and had readily copied all the vices of the white man from a class whose virtues were not so apparent. They had not then adopted the white man's dress except the calico or the flannel shirt. The wore the breech-clout and leggings, a shirt and the invariable blanket.

When we were up along the river we were near the great northern trail from the Red River of the North, and Henry said that the mail was due in a day or two, so he had heard from a half-breed. "This mail," said he, "comes down in a dog sledge, and if we can put out some pieces of pork in the snow you'll see some fun."

That did seem the proper thing to do, and in fact it was the only way possible to extract any fun out of a dog train, and we planted pieces of pork at intervals of 100ft., more or less, and waited. It was next morning before we heard the driver calling to his dogs a long way off, for sound travels far in the cold and over snow. On he came, with five wolfish-looking dogs harnessed tandem, with rawhide traces and soft collars, to a flat-bottomed sled make of thin birch boards turned up in front and lashed together with thongs and covered with a skin tied over all, and without runners. The driver ran beside the team, touching a dog here and there with a long lash fastened to a handle about 1ft. long. The leader struck a piece of pork, and in a moment four dogs were on him fighting for it and the harness was all tied up. He plied the whip and made appropriate remarks while doing it. Some dog bolted the meat, for the fighting stopped and there was no pork in sight. The half-breed muttered something, evidently not a prayer, while he put each dog in its place and on he went in no pleasant mood, and the scene was soon repeated. He was near us this time and we could see that the second dog won the prize, while the rest had to be contented with a bite of or from his neighbor. It was fun for the dogs and for us, but from what the half-breed said I doubt if he enjoyed it. If he had seen us he might have indulged in more oratory, but he had to waste his eloquence on the dogs. It was fun to do this at that time, because we thought it fun. To-day we wouldn't do it, because there would be no fun in it. Thus we view things at different periods of life. The fire-crackers we shot off half a century ago don't sound as joyful as they did and we go into the country to avoid them; so we go.

McBride sold our provisions—I think there were two barrels of flour and one of pork left—and if memory serves he got about $20 per barrel for the flour, and twice that for the pork. Long prices; but transportation from St. Paul over 100 miles away over a winter road, and no way of getting from St. Louis to St. Paul except by teams when the river was frozen, made things come high. The wagon was sold and a bob sleigh bought, the box filled with straw and blankets, and on Dec. 22 we started for home. Two days later we stopped just outside St. Paul. It did seem good to get in a bed again, but we couldn't stand a room with windows closed. We had slept in the pure, cold air too long for that. We left the river at Red Wing and took the west side, avoiding the hotels in the large towns, stopping at country taverns, and we had

what Henry called "dead loads of fun." At these rural hostelries we struck a dance most every night. At a small place not far from Rochester, Minn., the fiddler didn't show up and some country roughs proposed to wreck the hotel, and the landlord appealed to us for protection. We were at a late supper, and Tom Davies finished first and went out and talked with the turbulent spirits; but he was only one man and he came back for reinforcements. We went out in a body at the landlord's suggestion, and after he had said a few words in a conciliatory way I winked to Henry and he came; we took the leader of the gang one side and I said to him:

"This party of ours has just come out of the woods, and they're peaceable enough if there isn't any fighting going on; but if there's any fighting you can't keep 'em out. We don't know any of the people here, but the landlord is a white man, and if a fight is started we're with him. Do you see that dark man over there? Well, he's a Welshman; look at the build of him, he can kill a steer with one blow of his fist," and I pointed to Tom Davies.

"I've seen him do it three times down in Wisconsin," said Henry.

"It's just here," said I. "There isn't going to be any fighting in this house to-night unless we all take a hand in it, and if we do I tell you as a friend to keep away from that Welshman."

"Buried was the bloody hatchet;
Buried was the fearful war club;
Buried were all warlike weapons,
And the war cry was forgotten;
Then was peace among the nations."

Just what delayed the fiddler is lost in memory's fog, but the lads and lasses were impatient; a thought struck my old bosom-block Henry. Could the landlord get a fiddle? The landlord could, and did. Behold Henry seated on a chair on top of a table, tuning up! Such tuning and such playing! He was not Ole Bull, but he came as near to him as he could. I can see him now, beating time with his boot—which had been cut open to allow his frozen toe to expand—and calling off: "First two forward!" etc. After a while the missing fiddler arrived and relieved Henry without any perceptible improvement in the music, but there was an era of good feeling, and it was

"On with the dance!
Let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn,
When Youth and Pleasure meet."

We went through Pleasant Grove, where we met Hiram Gilmore, of Potosi, who gave us late news of our families, and on the 28th we stopped at Decorah, Ia.; we struck the Mississippi at Clayton City, with sick horses; they would neither eat nor drink, and what the matter was I don't know, only that we were delayed. From there we took the ice to Cassville, Wis., where we stopped all night and then struck out for home, which we reached just after sundown on the last day of the year, and, as the King says in Hamlet:

"At night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home."

FRED MATHER.

ALVAH DUNNING.—Can any one tell where a letter will reach Alvah Dunning, the old Adirondack guide? His headquarters have usually been about Racquette Lake and the Fulton Chain. On Oct. 13 I mailed a letter to him at Old Forge, with a request to the postmaster to forward it. This is a common thing to do in the case of well-known Adirondack men, and letters are taken in the woods by the first guide going that way. The letter was returned to me last week, unopened. I wish to write Alvah up some time. Few men in that region are better known than he, and no doubt some kind angler will see this and put me on his moccasin tracks, if he is still in the land.

F. M.

Concerning a Bull.

THE PACIFIC-UNION CLUB, San Francisco.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For a double-distilled "bull" please see Fred Mather's article in your issue of Nov. 7, third column, where he says Biron wrote "Love's Labour's Lost." It's a good thing, perhaps, that Byron and Shakespeare are dead! Always your reader, nevertheless, but in pain,

[Mr. Mather does not say that Byron wrote "Love's Labour's Lost." He quotes something said by Biron, one of the characters in "Love's Labour's Lost." The San Francisco writer appears to have heard of Byron and of Shakespeare, but to be insufficiently unfamiliar with the latter to set up in business as a critic.]

Codfishing Near New York.

CODFISHING, the like of which has never before been known to exist in this vicinity, is at its height at the present time. Never before in the memory of the proverbial oldest inhabitant have the cod been caught in such large numbers or so near inshore. In former years the boats went to the Fishing Banks or beyond for cod; this year they are caught in immense numbers from rowboats in Rockaway Channel, less than half an hour's row from Sheepshead Bay and Rockaway, while at Broad Channel and the other fishing stations on the Rockaway trestle a few can be picked up.

This unusual fishing has attracted many fishing parties to these waters. One party of six came all the way from Peekskill, N. Y. They were out with Jerry Greenwood on the Annie C. last Thursday, and in less than two hours caught 79 cod and a number of ling. On Wednesday, with a party of two, Jerry got 61; and on Sunday, with five in his party, he caught 41. On Election Day, while J. R. Keatinge, Will Fox and myself were shooting from a rowboat, the Greenwood boys fished less than a quarter of a mile away, and in about one hour caught 39 cod. These fish were all caught in Rockaway Channel, east of Rockaway Shoals, easily reached by row or sailboat from Sheepshead Bay and Rockaway.

Skimmers are used for bait, and a good way to keep the fish around a boat is to smash a few skimmers and throw them overboard. This attracts the fish and keeps them around. Codfishing is not bad sport at all if one is warmly dressed and on board one of the fishing boats, which are large and comfortable. These boats can be hired at Sheepshead Bay for $3 per day.

Considerable shooting can also be had here, if one is not too particular. Enormous flocks of gulls fly from one bar to another, and occasionally flocks of ducks can be seen.

G. F. DIEHL.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, L. I.

ANGLING NOTES.

"Getting Even."

A WEEK or two ago I referred in this column to the desire of game law violators, when convicted, to "get even" with those who bring them to justice. There have been cases where barns have been burned and farm stock mutilated in the process of getting even with some faithful officer who has done his sworn duty; but never in the wildest flights of my imagination did I dream that a grand jury could be prostituted and used as a vehicle in an attempt to get even with a faithful, efficient and honest game protector.

The Grand Jury of Warren county, New York, last week handed in the following recommendation:

"LAKE GEORGE, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1896.—The Grand Jury of the County of Warren, by a majority vote of its members present at the November term of the Supreme Court for said county, recommend that William H. Burnett be removed from all public office in the county of Warren.

"GEORGE W. BRAYTON, Foreman."

For the first time in my life I am ashamed to admit that I live in Warren county, if such a recommendation can be handed in by its Grand Jury without a protest from the people, who know the history of affairs leading up to the recommendation.

A newspaper editor asked the clerk of the court what the recommendation meant, and the reply was "that it was an old grudge of the foreman against Burnett."

Who is Wm. H. Burnett and what has he done that the foreman of the Grand Jury should have a grudge against him?

Nineteen years ago Burnett was elected game constable of his town, qualified by swearing to do his duty, and from that time to this he has been doing his duty honestly and conscientiously as game constable, deputy sheriff, agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, special State Fish and Game Protector, etc. Before his day no one dared to attempt to enforce the fish and game laws in his town, and the first arrest that he effected showed the stuff he was made of, for his prisoner assaulted him with a gun; but he brought the man and gun to justice's court, where the prisoner was convicted and fined.

From that day to this the fight has been going on—Burnett and law and order on one side, the game law violators and disorder on the other side. Among the first of the game law violators to fall into Burnett's hands for taking black bass on their spawning beds out of season was George W. Brayton, whose name is signed to the above recommendation as foreman of the Grand Jury. Brayton pleaded guilty before Justice Runger and promised to obey the law in future, whereupon he was fined $10 instead of $40, as he might have been; and according to his own declaration to officer Burnett, repeatedly made, he has been breaking the law ever since and assuring Burnett that he is not smart enough to catch him in the act. Burnett has come so near catching him on two or three occasions that Brayton has escaped only by the skin of his teeth. A year ago last spring Burnett found Brayton fishing on the shore of Canoe Islands in Lake George. At least he saw somebody through his field glasses, and from the position of the boat he concluded that it was Brayton, for his favorite method of breaking the law is to snatch bass from their spawning beds, the most contemptible of all game law violations. Burnett, with assistants in another boat, reached the island and rowed around it in opposite direction to catch whoever might be between them. The boat they were in search of proved to be Brayton's and Brayton was in it, but he rowed away rapidly as soon as he saw the first of his pursuers.

Where Brayton's boat had been, a bamboo fishing pole was found bobbing in the water with a 4½lb spawning black bass on the end of the line. The bass was unhooked and released by the protector. From the bank a similar pole projected, the line hanging near a bass bed and the hook baited with a mass of worms. Burnett captured the fishing tackle and was morally sure that it belonged to Brayton, but he could not swear to the fact, as he did not see it in Brayton's hands. Brayton's boat was the only one anywhere near where the tackle and hooked bass were found. Only this last season Burnett saw Brayton's boat anchored near a bass bed and rowed to him; Brayton rowed away. That morning Burnett had seen two big bass on a spawning bed at the point where Brayton's boat had been, and after Brayton departed he looked for the bass and they were gone too. The officer had no power to search Brayton's boat, and once more he escaped.

Several times Burnett has chased Brayton to his cottage in his boat, positive in his conviction that Brayton had bass in his possession illegally (once he threw the bass overboard and Burnett got the fish as he followed, but he did not see them leave Brayton's boat), but he lacked the power to search the boat. At the landing Brayton called to his cottage to have hot water brought, that he might scald Burnett. His usual method of threatening Burnett is with a club—but Burnett would care neither for clubs nor hot water if he had the legal right to search Brayton's boat when he found him fishing in the close season.

Brayton has other methods than the one adopted as foreman of the Grand Jury. Norman Brown, a Lake George guide, complained to Burnett that he saw Brayton take bass from the spawning beds and carry them away in a bag. Brayton heard of it, and calling Brown to his dock as he was rowing past, he denounced him as an informer and struck him in the face with his fist. Brown is over sixty-five years old, but he returned the compliment by striking Brayton over the head with an oar, felling him to the ground.

Burnett's offense consists in doing his sworn duty as a special officer of the Lake George Fish and Game Protective Association. He is absolutely honest, conscientious in the extreme, would not misrepresent for all the wealth of the world, a model, fearless, faithful officer, who has done his duty all these years as no other man could do it under the circumstances, absolutely just to all and enforcing the law as he finds it, and this is his reward at the hands of the Grand Jury—to further the malice of its foreman, who has been a persistent game law violator.

How is it possible that such a recommendation could be spread on the court records? We do not know the secrets of the Grand Jury room, but we do know the witnesses called to see if something could be raked up against Burnett, and all, with but a single exception so far as known, were men that Burnett has at some time or another arrested or had trouble with in connection with the game laws. A fine lot of witnesses to call to testify concerning an officer! Burnett will continue to do his duty as a special game protector, for this is only a new phase of the annoyance he has been subjected to for years because he fearlessly enforces the laws without favor. I have often told him that figuratively he takes off his hat and makes a salute every time he mentions the laws of the State, so great is his respect for them. He has been threatened with all sorts of bodily injury, and perjury has been resorted to in order to disgrace him in the eyes of the people; but to-day I doubt not that he stands higher in the estimation of all law-abiding people in the community than those who have attempted to besmirch him, although one of them happens to be foreman of the Grand Jury. I have treated the matter at considerable length, that those who are not familiar with the rough road that our fish and game protectors are obliged to travel may see that it is not a path of roses.

This particular case is an outrage, pure and simple. Burnett is not in the least vindictive, and never bears malice for those who try to injure him because he does his duty. Once the law is vindicated, he will treat game law violators to the best he has, and employ them and aid them in every way when, as he says, "they have turned from the errors of their ways." There is no man living with whom life, property or reputation would be safer if placed in his keeping than with William H. Burnett.

The foregoing had been written when I met ex District Attorney H. A. Howard (six years district attorney of Warren county) as I was going to the post office. He asked me if I was going to take notice of the outrage upon officer Burnett, and I replied that I had written an account of the recommendation and what led to it for FOREST AND STREAM. I returned home and soon Mr. Howard sent me the following letter. I have no doubt if I should take the letter to every prominent business man in this town he would read and indorse it. Also since writing the note about Burnett a judge of one of our courts informs me that the recommendation of the Grand Jury is a criminal libel, and the foreman has by his act subjected himself to indictment therefor.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Nov. 16.—*A. N. Cheney, Esq.*—Dear Sir: I have been personally acquainted with William H. Burnett for nineteen years last past, during which time at different periods he has held the office of game constable, deputy sheriff and an officer in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. During these nineteen years I have had occasion to employ him in a great many civil and criminal cases and have ever found him earnest, honest and fearless in the discharge of his duties. In my judgment we never had a more upright, able and hard-working official in Warren county. Respectfully, etc. H. A. HOWARD, ex-District Attorney Warren Co.

An 8.b. Brook Trout.

The last big brook trout from New York waters that I recorded in this column was one of 7½lbs. from a pond in Essex county.

This fall a trout of 8lbs. was picked up dead on Loon Lake, in Franklin county. The fish had been killed evidently by an animal, probably a mink, as a hole was eaten in the side of its head. The trout has been sent to be mounted, and will then be placed in the Loon Lake House, where there is now a mounted trout of 6½lbs., also picked up dead on Loon Lake. This last-mentioned fish was for some years the record trout of the State.

Sunapee Smelts.

Last week I was at Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, the home of the Sunapee trout, landlocked salmon, brook trout and landlocked smelts. Walking on the beach with Commissioner Wentworth, we picked up a number of smelts thrown up on the sand by the high winds and water. There were two sizes, one from 1¾ to 2in. long, the others 3 to 3½in. long. The first seemed to be fish hatched last spring, and the others hatched the spring of 1895. The latter had undeveloped spawn, and they would have spawned next year or when two years old.

A. N CHENEY.

Speckled Trout in California.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In 1890 Mr. Geo. Stiles obtained some Eastern brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) fry from the Nevada Fish Commissioner. They were planted in Webber Lake and Lake of the Woods, in Sierra county. Another plant was made in the latter lake by the California Fish Commission in 1891.

Some of these fish weighing 1½ and 2lbs. were taken in 1895, and in 1895 specimens weighing 5lbs. were taken.

The California Fish Commission sent a messenger to Lake of the Woods in September last in order that large specimens of this variety might be obtained for the aquaria of the Home Products Exposition, held in this city at that time. He was assisted in taking the fish by Capt. S. F. Burton, of Webber Lake Hotel, a seine being used for their capture. Forty-five fish were taken, averaging over 4lbs. each. No small fish were taken. The largest specimen was a male weighing 6½ lbs. and measuring 19½ in. This large male and four females were transported to San Francisco and shown at the exposition.

Lake of the Woods is a small body of water, covering only a few acres. It is located one and a half miles from Webber Lake, at an altitude of 7 000ft. The lake is fed by springs, the only overflow being a small stream during the early summer months. There are no other fish in this lake.

The Eastern brook trout have been generally introduced in Nevada and California. They have not thrived in the immediate coast streams of this State, but have done very well in the mountain lakes and streams of both States. They seem to have done especially well and afford the best sport in the waters of the Yosemite National Park.

H. F. EMERIC, Pres.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Nov. 21.—Surf fishing still attracts a great number of anglers daily. No matter how inclement or boisterous the elements, the more enthusiastic of the fraternity are sure to be on hand. Although the season is extremely late, still-fishing for plaice, ling and codfish is good. What matters it though hands become numb and noses red, the assurance of the presence of the finny tribes is sufficient stimulus to keep the boys in line. Two nights during the present week I, in company with others, have fished until after midnight, with the pier glistening in the bright moonlight with frost till as long

as the tide served right and fish were on the feed. Not a man left his post. On both occasions we made fine catches of codfish and ling, neither of which is to be despised when taken with rod and reel. How long the sport will continue is of course mere conjecture; one thing, however, is certain, they will receive our best attention as long as they shall consent to favor us with their presence.

LEONARD HULIT.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detriot, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.

Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

1897.

Feb. 2 to 5.—New England Kennel Club's annual show, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

1897.

Jan. 11.—Tupelo, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 8.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trials Club second annual trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

E. F. T. CLUB'S TRIALS.

THE annual trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club began on Nov. 14 at Newton, N. C., the public competition coming after the Members' Stake, and therefore commencing on Monday. There was an encouraging awakening of interest in the competition, the latter itself being exceptionally good considering the unfavorable weather conditions, which affected all details of the competition up to Thursday night.

The judges were: Col. A. Merriman, Memphis; Secretary S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn., and Mr. Theodore Sturgis, New York. The judges managed the competition admirably, and in particular there was noticeably absent the undignified and harmful scrambling of handlers and stampeding of judges which so often mar field trial competitions. When the handlers perceived that a proper observance of deliberation was absolutely required they fell into line nicely and the result was that the competition was orderly, free from hustling, wild deportment, furious riding and undue excitement. When handlers find that they must go a certain course and conduct their duties in a proper manner or be ignored, the most fractious soon learn what is demanded by their own self-interest. It was the quietest and fairest professional trial ever run in the States.

The club held its annual meeting Wednesday evening, Nov. 18. Eight members were present. The Board of Governors was re-elected, namely: C. H. Paelps, Jr., W. A. Coster, E. Dexter, H. B. Duryea, F. A. Hodgman, W. S. Bell, Bayard Thayer, Theo. Sturgis, F. R. Hitchcock, Joseph H. Hunter, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., S. C. Bradley, Edmund H. Osthaus, J. E. Orr and W. B. Meares, Jr.; President, P. Lorillard, Jr.; Vice-President, C. H. Paelps, Jr.; Secretary-Treasurer, S. C. Bradley. New members elected: George C. Crocker, California; Edward A. Burdett, Chicago, and Hobart Ames, Boston. Next year's trials will be held beginning the third Monday in November, the other conditions, stakes, place, etc., being same as those this year. The treasurer's report showed that after paying all indebtedness there would be still a good balance on hand in the treasury.

There was a good attendance, some new acquisitions to the ranks, most all the others were the regular following which has never wearied with the years. There were present Dr. J. S. Brown and wife, Montclair, N. J.; A. C. Waddell, Waverly, Miss.; Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus, Toledo; F. H. Fleer, S. Murray Mitchell and Col. H. K. Nichols, of Philadelphia; J. Corbett, Lynchburg, Va.; F. R. Hitchcock and Maj. J. M. Taylor, New York; H. T. Payne, editor of *Field Sports*, San Francisco; J. E. Orr and J. F. Schmadeke, Brooklyn; W. Tallman, Thomasville, N. C.; Edw. A. Burdette, Chicago; W. B. Meares, Linwood, N. C.; John White, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; W. B. Stafford, Trenton, Tenn.; C. W. Zimmerman, Mobile; D. E. Gould and wife, Boston; Pierre Lorillard, Jr., New York; Dr. R. T. Mead, Manistee, Mich.; Irving Hoagland, Franklin Park, N. J.; Dr. Delano Fitzgerald, New York; Joe H. Wilson, Lowersville, S. C.

The Eastern Subscription Stake.

This stake was open to all setters and pointers. First prize $300, second $150, third $50 subscription was $50, payable Oct. 1, 1896. Each subscription entitled the owner to start any dog, whether his property or not, and it was transferable to any person not objectionable to the club. The heats of the first round were of two hours duration, afterward the running was at the discretion of the judges.

There were eight starters. All but three of the dogs ran in the All-Age Stake, and their descriptions, etc., are given therein.

Of these three, Tony Boy, black, white and tan, is by Antonio—Ruby's Girl, and was handled by D. E. Rose. He proved to be the winner after an extraordinary display of sound field work, his range being wide, speed fast and judgment excellent. He showed rare ability in finding and pointing, all his work had reference to the gun and he was most pleasingly obedient. He is a dog of rare ability.

Del Monte Kennels' Tick Boy (King of Kent—Bloom), black and white in color, won second. He was handled by C. Barker. His first heat was an excellent one, so good indeed that he had a good competitive chance for first, but his second heat was of a much lower grade than was his first.

Marie's Sport, winner of third, made a good competition, though he was not so finished in his work as the other winners, and being lost twice in his last heat did not add at all to his chances.

Charlottesville Field Trials Kennels' pointer dog Delhi (Rip Rap—Queen III.), handled by C. E. Buckle, was the other of the three dogs whose description is not given in the All-Age Stake.

Friday.

The weather had turned much cooler, much to the improvement of the work in general, and in particular the comfort of men, horses and dogs. A gentle easterly wind prevailed throughout the day. The competition was so even and excellent that it maintained its interest throughout the day, and at the end of the day there was much room for speculation as to the winner.

SAM T. AND VON GULL were cast off at 8:21. Von pointed a bevy in a hollow and was steady to shot. Of the scattered birds Sam pointed one in pine woods. Sent on, Von pointed a bevy at the edge of woods, and on the singles Sam pointed one; Von called up to back pointed one. Sent on, Von in the open pointed a single and was steady to order, and afterward made one or two points on singles, and Sam flushed one. Sent on, Von took a cast in the field and pointed a single bird well. Both dogs were not precisely loafing at this period, but they were not showing the industry they should, though Von Gull was rolling up a good score on bird work. Next Sam pointed up wind of a bevy some 60yds., whether on footscent or something else is not known. However, if he was on footscent he had ample time to locate the birds. Von pointed a single nicely. Sam pointed several times on footscent or false scent while the heat was being run, and he beat out his ground with poor judgment, though often directed by his handler. Von Gull was not so steady to shot and wing as he should be, though not breaking away from control. His point work was sound. His range and sustained industry could have been improved upon, though he displayed good, useful searching power.

TICK BOY AND MARIE'S SPORT were started at 10:28. Sport apparently flushed a bevy in a ravine and Tick made a good point on the scattered birds. The flush is presumptive, as sport was out of sight in the ravine when the birds came out, and rests on that circumstance. Tick was sent in on the scattered birds and made a point. Sent on, Sport pointed nicely a bevy in a hollow, and on the scattered birds Tick made three points and a flush, Sport two points. Sport next pointed in dense briers, and Gray cried out that he thought the point was on a possum, which caused a stampede of negroes and hasty scrambling through the painful briers to be first to win the treasure. It suddenly sprang up and ran away. It was a house cat, and joyful anticipation ended in blank disappointment. Tick pointed a bevy in corn; good work. On dry leaves in woods Tick seemed to be careless and flushed three times. Sport made a good point on a single. Tick made two finds and points on bevies and a point on a single. Both dogs ran an excellent heat, their range and pace were well sustained, conducted with good judgment, and they showed training, experience and bird sense to a pleasing degree. Tick's work was the superior, and had he been more precise in work on singles it would have been excellent.

A few brief minutes were devoted to lunch.

TONY BOY AND DELHI began at 1:00. Tony pointed a bevy in corn. Delhi pointed and was backed; probably larks, as several had flushed close by. In pines Delhi pointed a bevy and was backed. Tony next pointed, moved forward to locate better and the bevy flushed; good find, inaccurate point. On the scattered birds in pine woods Tony made two points on singles, Delhi three; then Delhi sent on, made a point on a bevy in the woods. Tony Boy had the wider range, and speed enough to cut out the work, both going fast. They covered a great area of ground in their two hours' run.

ODD SIDES AND HAROLD SKIMPOLE started at 3:04. Odd soon found and pointed a bevy in corn, Harold backed or pointed. The birds were marked down on a side hill in weeds. Sent on, the dogs went quickly to them and pointed them; then Odd pointed nicely two birds, and made a flush on a single. Sent on for another bevy, Odd found and pointed it. Harold pointed in a cornfield, nothing found; next he pointed a single. Odd drew nicely to a point on a bevy at the edge of woods. On the singles Odd pointed three times, Harold twice. Sent on, Harold pointed a bevy in pine woods; Odd backed; Harold showed a disposition to break in when the bevy flushed. Soon thereafter the heat and day's work ended.

Saturday.

There was a stormy weather appearance in the morning, the sky being solidly overcast with clouds, and there were indications of rain. A tinge of rawness was in the atmosphere, all of which was more favorable for the competition.

Second Round.

Four dogs were kept in, and this round ended the stake.

TONY BOY AND TICK BOY began at 9:09, and it was apparent a few minutes after the start that the setter was making much the stronger of a strong competition. Tony pointed a bevy, making a good find on it; Tick not backing so promptly as he should, drawing close up instead and stopping to caution. The work on the scattered birds was ragged. Each pointed, Tick moved on, roading, and the birds flushed. They were sent on to find another bevy. In open field Tony found and pointed one nicely. Sent on, Tick found and pointed a bevy in open weeds. Tony next pointed, roaded in open cornfield skilfully and by a brier run pointed a bevy; at the same time Tick had come up and pointed near by across fence, Tony having completely outworked him on this bevy. In pine woods Tick pointed twice on singles and Tony once; as Tony came up to Tick on one of his points Tony steadied to back, caught scent, feathered, drew up and joined in the point. It was claimed by many that he refused to back, but no intelligent dog backs when he catches scent. Tick flushed a bevy, and soon afterward Tony flushed a bevy also, though his birds went rather easily, seeming to be wild. In hedge Tick pointed a bevy. Each pointed single birds. Sent on, Tony found and pointed a bevy nicely, and secured another good point in woods on the scattered birds. Tick Boy's heat was inferior to his first one. Up at 10:18.

MARIE'S SPORT AND DELHI were cast off at 10:35. Sport took a cast and pointed a bevy. On some scattered birds Sport pointed, Delhi backing or pointing, and the dogs were steady to wing. On single birds Delhi made two points, Sport one. The heat was lacking in finished performance. Sport was lost some minutes during the race. Up at 11:55.

The Derby.

This stake had sixteen starters, a fairly good showing considering the unfavorable conditions affecting field trial matters; that is, the lack of the old-time support, a condition in part attributable to the hard times.

The stake had an exceptionally good lot of puppies to contest for the honors, though they were cramped in their performances by the warm weather. The temperature was high and there was the gentlest of breezes at best, and most of the time none was perceptible. The range and speed of the dogs were excellent, and the indications were that this Derby would have rated very high had the weather conditions been nearer those of fall than of the summer time.

Hurstbourne Zip added another win to his list, his success being due to his superior point and bird work, superior in showing judgment and knowledge, excelling in the qualities called "bird sense;" but withal his point work abounded with errors, and was good only as compared with that of the others; still his greater knowledge was apparent. He has fairly good range and speed, beats out his ground with judgment and is under good control.

Pinmoney, second, was the most pleasing ranger in the stake, going wide and fast in a merry manner, working faithfully to the gun and was easily controlled. She pointed some of her birds prettily and sharply, but was puppyish, therefore lacking in the mature "bird sense" of Zip, and she was better on bevies than on singles. Though a fast ranger, she uses her nose constantly, and only lost to Zip by his greater experience. She is a bitch of excellent promise, and will improve with time.

Count Gloster, third, improved steadily as the trials progressed, and was going stronger and better every way at the finish than at the start. On the score of better knowledge on bevies and singles he was superior to Pinmoney, though she far excelled him in speed and range and natural possibilities. Nevertheless, while he showed experience, his locating and pointing were far from being free from errors and were short of the opportunities offered.

In all these matters it is but what is justly due to keep in mind the unfavorable weather conditions.

Following is the order of drawing:

Hobart Ames's b., w. and t. setter bitch Guenn (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.), D. E. Rose, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. pointer dog Tony Works (Tick Boy—Lulu K.), C. Barker, handler.

S. P. Jones's b., w. and t. setter dog Hurstbourne Zip (Tony Boy—Dimple II.), D. E. Rose, handler, with F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. setter dog Tory Rustic (Count Gladstone IV.—Rhoda Rod), J. M. Avent, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Count Gloster (Eugene T.—Gloster's Girl), C. Tucker, handler, with Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch Pinmoney (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft), C. E. Buckle, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter bitch Luta L. (Eugene T.—Beryl), C. Tucker, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liv. and w. pointer bitch Rupee (Delhi—Selah), C. E. Buckle, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter bitch Merry Maiden (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine), C. Tucker, handler, with W. J. Love's liv. and w. pointer bitch La Dolle (Love's Kent—Fritz's Fan), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

F. W. O'Byrne's b. and w. pointer dog Moerlein (Rip Rap—Belle of Ossian), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. pointer dog Tick's Kid (Tick Boy—Lulu K.), C. Barker handler.

Avent & Thayer's b., w. and t. settler dog Peconic (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Phryne), J. M. Avent, handler, with F. W. O'Byrne's liv. and w. pointer dog Redskin (Love's Kent—Fritz's Fan), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

Hobart Ames's b. and w. setter bitch Christina (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.), D. E. Rose, handler, with G. Ubank's b., w. and t. setter dog Rodstone (Cinch—Rod's Flounce), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

This stake was for all setter and pointer puppies whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895. Three prizes: First $300, second $200, third $100. First forfeit $10, additional forfeit $10, $10 to start.

Monday.

Although the start was late, there were stretches of white frost to be seen everywhere, in the shadows of the trees and in the valleys, though where the clear, bright sun had touched there were only remnants of it on the vegetation, which glistened brightly. There was hardly a breath of air stirring, and the calm prevailed throughout the whole day. The hot sun soon dissipated the coolness of the morning, and the weather became oppressively warm. There was much discomfort to man, horse and dog from the heat. The horsemen had the flushed appearance and heavy movements of summer time. Birds were difficult to find and still more difficult to point, all no doubt due to the warmth and stillness of the day. With but few exceptions all the puppies showed excellent range and speed, and the competition was so indecisive on birds that many of the dogs needed to be run again. The start was made at the Sherrill place, and the course was toward Conover, where the work of the day ended. The competition was conducted skillfully.

First Round.

GUENN AND TONY WORKS ran 1 hour and 14 minutes without finding, starting at 8:36. Guenn had a fairly good range and much the better judgment in beating out the ground, and was more diligent. They were taken up to have a chance later on birds.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND TORY RUSTIC were cast off at 9:53; down 51 minutes. Zip pointed nicely a bevy in open weed field and Tory backed; a good piece of work. On the scattered birds in weeds and bushes on side hill Zip pointed some birds well; good work again. Zip pointed a single which flushed wild. Working on some other marked birds in woods, Zip pointed indecisively, moved on, and a single was flushed to the rear of the point. Tory pointed a moment, moved on, and handler and dog flushed the bird, and Tory was steady to shot. Zip had much the better of the heat in all particulars.

COUNT GLOSTER AND PINMONEY started at 11. Down 46 minutes. Count had been in field work some days before the trials and ran stale, and besides he had a sore ear. Pinmoney on the other hand was a merry, free worker, skimming over the fields cheerfully and fast, ranging wide and staying out at her work constantly. She did not beat out the ground with the best of judgment at times, but this was from youth and not from a desire to pick the easy routes for comfortable running, as is too often the case. Count pointed a bevy and the birds were followed into woods. Count half-pointed on some scattered birds

and the others then flushed wild. Pinmoney pointed a single sharply and was steady to shot and wing. Next she made game in weeds, pointing and moving on, and a single flushed behind her; then the rest of the bevy, which seemingly was scattered about feeding, flushed right and left. On the scattered birds in woods Count pointed indecisively, a single flushing, then others also.

An intermission was taken for lunch.

LUTA R. AND RUPEE began at 12:55. A bevy was seen coming along a ravine from Luta's direction and was marked down in the same ravine. The dogs were worked toward the bevy and Luta pointed it. Sent on, in the open field Luta flushed a bevy and Rupee had made game near the same place, but did not locate. Rupee on the scattered birds pointed a single, moved on and unintentionally flushed it, and a moment later flushed another. Across a creek Luta pointed a single, held her point some time, then moved on and the bird flushed. In open weeds Rupee pointed nicely, but wiggled on to locate and the bird flushed. Luta, though showing puppyish ways of work, had the better judgment in beating out her ground and her point work was better and more accurate. She had a merry, pleasing manner and good range. Rupee's nose seemed to be dull, and she fell short of taking advantage of her opportunities. She too ranged wide and fast, though using but indifferent judgment.

MERRY MAIDEN AND LA DOLLE were cast off at 1:57, and ran one minute over an hour. Maiden drew to a point in weeds and briers; nothing found. Next she pointed near the edge of a hollow and a single flushed afterward some yards away. She roaded and pointed, at last securing a true point on a single. La Dolle showed little ability on birds and poor judgment in beating out her ground. She showed signs of weariness before the heat ended. Maiden was over-fond of pointing, yet she had the better of the heat.

MOERLEIN AND TICK'S KID started at 3:04. Kid pointed; nothing found. Kid pointed a single in the open and was steady to shot. In woods he pointed a single. Moerlein failed to take advantage of several opportunities, and his performance on birds was therefore poor. He had good speed, but his range was irregular and conducted with poor judgment, and there were moments when he loafed a bit. While Kid did some good work, it too fell short of the opportunities. The heat of the run had lessened and the weather conditions were more favorable during this heat.

PECONIC AND REDSKIN started at 4:12. Peconic crossed over to the opposite side hill about 200yds. away, pointed, roaded accurately, and located the bevy nicely with the assistance of his handler, and was steady to shot, a fairly skillful piece of work, and his best by far. Next he flushed a bevy in corn. On the scattered birds in woods he pointed a single nicely. Redskin had opportunities, but showed little sign of knowing of them. Peconic pointed in woods; nothing found. In crossing a fence in order to take a new course, Redskin in a few steps came across a bevy and pointed it. As a find it had no merit; as a point it was well done. He was but fairly steady to shot. The birds were marked down in open corn and followed. Peconic made a stanch point. No bird. Next Peconic drew 5 or 6yds. straight and close on a bird and stopped the instant it flushed; a stop to wing, though some thought it a point. Peconic was far better in point work, was diligent and a fair ranger. Redskin seemed to have no settled purpose in ranging, and was sloppy on singles. Up at 4:55.

CHRISTINA AND RODSTONE ran from 5 till near dark. Rodstone ran fast, but did not seem to use his nose at all. He flushed a bevy and on the scattered birds Christina made three points on singles. Christina was much the better in every way save the one matter of range.

Tuesday.

The day opened clear and pleasant, with indications of another unfavorably warm day. It was exceedingly warm till noontime, when light clouds and a haze modified the temperature and improved the conditions for work in the afternoon. Many more birds were found than on the previous day, and the character of the work was of a higher grade.

GUENN AND TONY WORKS were put down again to display their ability on birds, something they had not done in their first heat. They were started at 12:22, and though they had ample opportunities on birds they made a poor showing.

Second Round.

TICK'S KID AND LUTA L. started at 8:51. Some horsemen flushed a bevy which Kid had passed near to without recognition. In woods Kid made an inexcusable flush and behaved badly to wing. He was recklessly rank. He flushed twice more on the scattered birds and lost several opportunities to point besides. Next he pointed stanchly in the open and Luta refused to back; nothing found. The same performance in another place was repeated a few minutes later. Sent on, Kid pointed up wind of a bevy; Luta was near one which flushed, and the bevy then flushed. On the scattered birds in the woods Kid was lawless and hard to handle. Up at 9:28, with no possible chance for either in the winning.

PINMONEY AND REDSKIN ran from 9:36 to 10:11. Pinmoney pointed a bevy at the bank of a ditch, and Redskin refused to back, and though passing close by did not catch scent. On some scattered birds marked down in woods Pinmoney made three points, the pointer two points. Pinmoney was far superior in range, speed, style and finding and pointing ability. The pointer's work was ordinary.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND COUNT GLOSTER started at 10:19. Zip opened the work by pointing a bevy nicely, and was steady to shot. On the birds in pines Gloster pointed a single and made a point to which there was nothing found. Zip flushed a bevy in sedge down wind. Next Gloster in woods pointed a bevy, and was steady to shot. Gloster was running in decidedly better form than he was on yesterday. He flushed a bevy. On scattered birds in woods both pointed about 40yds. apart, but no bird was found. Zip next wheeled prettily to a point on a bird which flushed wild an instant afterward. Up at 11:18. The heat was a close one, though the point work was much less than the opportunities. Both ranged fairly well.

PECONIC AND CHRISTINA started at 11:21. A bevy was marked down in open weeds. Christina flushed a single, then pointed some tail birds. Sent on, Peconic made a point and two flushes, and Christina made two good points and was steady to shot. Up at 12:15. Christina was the better in every particular, though not up to winning form.

The party went to lunch.

Four were kept in the third round.

Third Round.

PINMONEY AND HURSTBOURNE ZIP started at 2:50. Pinmoney soon flushed a bevy, and Zip pointed some remaining birds. In weeds in open Zip pointed a bevy and was backed; both steady to shot. Sent on, each pointed a single. Zip made two points, apparently on footscent. Zip flushed a bevy. Pinmoney flushed a tail bird, then pointed and the bird flushed wild to one side; she next flushed a single. Zip pointed a single and next roaded to an excusable flush. He pointed a bevy by the edge of a creek. Sent on after the birds, and Pinmoney pointed them; Zip backed. Zip made three more points on birds, doing good work, and was ordered up at 3:38, and Pinmoney was sent on alone to work on some scattered birds. She flushed some and failed to score on others. Up at 3:45.

CHRISTINA AND COUNT GLOSTER started at 3:56. Count pointed on the bank of a creek about 200yds. away; nothing found. Christina in the open pointed a bevy. On the scattered birds Christina flushed one and the rest flushed close about her. In pines each pointed a single. In the open Gloster next pointed a bevy and was backed. The birds were followed. Gloster again pointed a bevy and was backed; both were steady to shot. Up at 4:49. Christina fell off in speed and range, and her point work was lacking in accuracy and diligence. Gloster was running in better form steadily.

This heat ended the stake.

The All-Age Stake.

This stake contained some excellent dogs, ones of superior abilities in respect to range and speed; no poor ones of the really poor sort, such as generally appear in every field trial. The hot weather, however, materially changed the possibilities, for the sultriness and the dry grounds required that a successful dog should have specially good endurance and physical powers of resistance to the heat, and he should possess a delicate, rare nose. If he did not possess the former he could not sustain his speed and range, or sustaining them he might become so heated and blown that he could not recognize the scent of birds; and if he did not possess the delicate nose the other powers would accomplish but little toward successful competition. It therefore was a specially difficult competition.

The winner, Odd Sides, is colored with heavy patches of liver color on one side and liver ticked on the other. He made an admirably sustained competition, ranging fairly wide at good speed, running well within his powers and exercising good judgment in beating out his ground, in drawing to his birds and in pointing them, the latter not possible to other than a nose of most delicate sensibility and training, combined with a good disposition and intelligence. He worked nicely to the gun and was easily handled.

Marie's Sport made an excellent competition, ranging well and fast, finding fairly well, but was not of the uniform ability in bird work as first-prize winner.

Tony Gale's strongest features of work were excellent speed and range and good judgment in beating out his ground, but his work on birds was not extensive. He, however, was a good third.

The dogs were drawn as follows:

D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog Greenway (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), D. E. Rose, handler, with A. L. Shonfield's b., w. and t. setter dog Leo Noble (King Leo—Minnie T.), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

Ashford & Odom's liv. and w. pointer dog Von Gull (Kent Elgin—Fannie V. Croxteth), D. E. Rose, handler, with H. R. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. setter dog Marie's Sport (Gleam's Sport—Marie Avent), George Gray, handler.

H. R. Edwards's b., w. and t. setter dog Harwick (Topsy Rod—Opal), George Gray, handler, with Fox & Byth's b., w. and t. setter dog Tony's Gale (Antonio—Nellie G.), J. H. Johnson, handler.

George Crocker's b., w. and t. setter dog Sam T. (Luke Roy—Bettie B.), C. Barker, handler, with W. H. Beazell's b., w. and t. setter dog Harold Skimpole (Whyte B.—Nettie Bevan), George Gray, handler.

W. A. Wimsatt's liv. and w. pointer dog Odd Sides (Lap of Pearl—Graceful II.), Luke White, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b., w. and t. pointer dog Nabob (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), C. E. Buckle, handler.

Dr. G. G. Davis's Irish setter bitch Lou (Finglas—Currell Bell), E. O. Whittle, handler, with F. R. Hitchcock's liv. and w. pointer bitch Tory Jessamine (Duke of Hessen—Westminster Blonde), J. M. Avent, handler.

Fox & Blyth's b., w. and t. setter dog Forzando (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush), J. H. Johnson, handler, with Manchester Kennel Co.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch Gleam's Ruth (Count Gladstone—Gleam's Maid), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

E. A. Burdett's b., w. and t. setter dog Cincinnatus Pride (Cincinnatus—Albert's Nellie), Frank Richards, handler, with Irving Hoagland's b., w. and t. setter bitch Ranee II. (Gladstone's Boy—Buena Vista), W. W. Boyce, handler.

This stake was for all setters and pointers that had never won a first prize in an All-Age Stake at the Philadelphia, United States or Southern trials. First prize, $300; second, $200; third, $100. Forfeit, $10; $20 additional to fill.

Wednesday.

The sun followed its course through a cloudless sky, and till afternoon there was a dead calm. A mild breeze improved the conditions after lunch. It again was a day of the summer time, and this no doubt was the cause of the ragged point work displayed by some dogs of known excellence. Nevertheless more birds were found than on preceding days, birds enough for all field trial purposes. There was a good exhibition of range and speed considering the performance as a whole, good success in finding, but imperfect exhibitions of locating and pointing were many times conspicuous.

First Round.

GREENWAY AND LEO NOBLE started at 8:57. Leo flushed a bevy in the open field. On scattered birds marked down in weeds they were worked. Leo half pointed, moved on and both pottered on footscent. Leo roaded awkwardly to a flush. Sent on, Greenway pointed a bevy in open weeds and was steady to shot. Sent on, he pointed another bevy, and Leo called up to back flushed an outlying bird and dropped to wing. Up at 9:36. Leo was a weak performer.

VON GULL AND MARIE'S SPORT started at 9:43. Von made a good find and point on a bevy in the open. The dogs were then worked on scattered birds in dense briers, in which Sport made a point, but his handler could not force his way through to flush. A single, however, flushed in the open a few yards away from the point. Von near the same place pointed a single. Von pointed a single, but Rose failed to flush. Von was ordered on; he took a small turn back to the same place and the close-lying bird was then flushed to the point. Sent on. Soon in the open Von pointed, drew on and pointed again; a few yards away in the sedge Sport was then seen on point; both were pointing the same bevy. On scattered birds in woods each made three points, and their competition was very even. Both had good range, speed and judgment, and their bird work was superior in accuracy. Up at 10:32.

HARWICK AND TONY GALE, starting at 11:14, made a fine exhibition of wide, fast, well sustained ranging, covering a great deal of ground. Harwick pointed; nothing found. Tony was lost for a few minutes in pines where some birds were flushed, but whether by handler or dog is not known. Harwick pointed near a creek; Tony joined in the subsequent roading, and both shared the point on the bevy; a good piece of work, with the advantage of the find in favor of Harwick. Each next made a single-bird point, and Harwick next flushed a single.

Further running was in abeyance till after lunch.

SAM T. AND HAROLD SKIMPOLE began at 12:52, and the warmth was oppressive. Sam pointed a bevy inaccurately in open sedge. Harold refused to back, but pointed the bevy accurately. On the scattered birds in woods Sam made two flushes, and whirled to a point on a single at the moment the bird flushed. He was very much blown and was too warm for good performance in pointing. Harold was less distressed, but did not succeed in scoring on birds. Both were swift, wide rangers, covered a great deal of ground. Up at 1:41.

ODD SIDES AND NABOB, the latter suffering from bowel trouble, started at 1:55. A gentle breeze was rising, which was refreshing and also a better condition for work. Nabob started fast and wide, Odd Sides going out to the former's lead. Odd Sides found and pointed a bevy, and Nabob backed. On the scattered birds Nabob pointed a single; next he pointed at the same instant a single flushed, and next he flushed one. Odd Sides flushed a bevy in open. On the marked birds Nabob pointed two singles. Up at 2:34. After the first few minutes Nabob gradually fell off in range and pace till at the finish he was going slow and close. Odd Sides maintained his range and pace well to the finish.

LOU AND TORY JESSAMINE began at 2:43. Lou flushed two bevies. Jessamine did not succeed in making any showing, good or bad, in respect to points or flushes on birds. Their range and speed were fairly good. Up at 3:20.

FORZANDO AND GLEAM'S RUTH commenced at 3:45. Ruth pointed a bevy; Forzando refused to back. Sent on, Forzando pointed on a side hill in woods; moved on roading, but failed to locate. A bevy was afterward flushed close by where this flush was made. Ruth in the valley at the same time pointed a bevy. Up at 4:35. Ruth ran a fair heat; Forzando made a poor showing in every way.

CINCINNATUS PRIDE AND RANEE II. were cast off at 4:52. Pride pointed a bevy and Ranee coming up backed or pointed. Nothing found. Sent on, both ranged well, Ranee the better, the latter going wider. At the same time some yards apart each pointed a distinct bevy by the side of a ditch. The heat ended about 5:33.

Thursday.

Though the previous days had all been hot, they were better for work by comparison than was this day. The morning opened warm and calm and clear, and there was a burning, sweltering heat to the sun seemingly more like August weather than that of November. Considering this unfavorable circumstance, one which affected alike the endurance, nose and performance of the dogs, the latter did well. Undoubtedly, had the weather conditions been cooler, the whole results of the trials would have been changed, for the heat affected some good dogs far more than others, and, moreover, there were not many noses which could stand the test of overheating and light scent.

Second Round.

Eight dogs were kept in, and of these Sam T. could readily have been spotted out, and if kept in Harold Skimpole, with better judgment and range, and nearly as good speed and more endurance, and Gleam's Ruth, a pleasing bitch, worked not so speedy nor wide in range as Sam, but sounder in bird work, should both have been kept in.

TONY GALE AND SAM T. started at 8:47. Sam pointed a bevy, Tony not near to back, and a moment later about 200yds. away he pointed; footscent probably; nothing found. On the scattered birds both lost opportunities, Sam flushing a single. Sam ran too hard and fast, extending himself to his utmost, so that when he came on birds he was so blown he was off his nose. Up at 9:30.

HARWICK AND ODD SIDES started at 9:42. After ranging a few minutes, Odd disappeared and was soon found stanchly pointing on a bevy; he was steady to shot. The dogs had separated, and at the same time Harwick pointed a bevy. On the scattered birds Harwick pointed a single and was backed nicely; the flushed bird passing over Odd, he broke shot mildly. Harwick pointed a single, and on another on rather bare ground in pine woods he pointed, moved on, and the bird was flushed afterward. At the same time Odd pointed, roaded, and his handler, leading, flushed the bird. Sent on, Harwick next bolted and was lost some minutes, and when found was self hunting, all of which injured his chances. His point work lacked accuracy, he pointing too often without satisfactory results. Odd Sides's work was strong in all details, though not brilliant. Up at 10:45.

VON GULL AND CINCINNATUS PRIDE began at 10:05. Von pointed; nothing found. Pride pointed a bevy in a cornfield. Von flushed a single down wind excusably. Next he pointed twice on scattered birds in woods; Pride pointed once, all of which for both was a very good bit of work. In open Pride pointed, then moved on, roading, and flushed several birds. Up at 11:33. Von fell off in range and was going at a more comfortable rate of

speed, though not loafing. Pride was industrious, but did not maintain a uniform range and was going but fairly fast. The sun was shining with burning intensity, and while it was uncomfortable to the horsemen it must have been still more trying to the dogs, running as they did in the grass and cover near the ground.

MARIE'S SPORT AND RANEE began at 11:47. Sport by good searching found and pointed two bevies nicely—a most creditable performance in the severe midday weather. His range, speed and endurance were superior. Ranee ranged wide and fast, maintaining her search well, but seemed to be unsuccessful in finding. In open weeds a bevy was seen to flush near where she was at the time, but whether or not she was the cause of the flush no one could tell. The heat ended at 12:35, and the party then went to lunch.

Third Round.

TONY GALE AND HARWICK were cast off at 2:12. Tony made a good point on a bevy in a cornfield and behaved well to shot and wing. Both ranged well, Tony the better. Harwick worked badly to the gun, being out of sight too much and not beating out his ground with sufficient reference to his handler. Up at 3:08.

MARIE'S SPORT AND ODD SIDES were started at 3:12 to run for first and second places. Odd pointed a bevy and was backed by Sport, then moved on to locate; both joined in the roading and both pointed, though the credit of the find clearly belonged to the pointer. On the scattered birds Odd pointed one nicely, and excusably flushed another which he had pointed a moment before, but was cautiously trying to locate better. Sent on, Odd pointed nicely an outlying single of a bevy, and all the birds flushed wild to the flush of the single. At the same time Sport was on the trail and pointed 20 or 30yds. away. Odd made another good point on a single, and the heat soon thereafter ended. Up at 3:54. Sport was going better at the finish than was the pointer, but the latter had thoroughly outworked him in locating and pointing birds.

SAM T. AND CINCINNATUS PRIDE were cast off at 3:59, though it was difficult to perceive the drift of the judge's purpose in running them further, as they had no chance in the money. A bevy was seen to flush, but the cause was unknown, both dogs being out of sight at the time. Both behaved badly on the scattered birds, each flushing twice and each pointing presumably on footscent. Both were blown too much for point work. Sam ran too fast for his nose, he being much blown from the exertion.

VON GULL AND RANEE began at 4:26. Down 25 minutes. Ranee again ranged well, but she had no success in finding. Von Gull worked diligently within a limited range, though making it easy for himself by slacking his speed. This heat ended the stake. B. WATERS.

THE INTERNATIONAL TRIALS.

CHATHAM, Ont., Nov. 20.—The season of 1896 has thus far been one of disappointments in field trial matters, the entries running very light and the attendance small. In these latter points alone can it be said that the seventh annual meet of the International Field Trials Club, of Chatham, Ont., follows the trend of dog matters for the year. The entry might have been larger, but it could hardly have been better, and the same should be said of the attendance. The trials as run were a success of unqualified sort, and very well worth the emulation of clubs of more pretentions. It is to be doubted if in any all-age trials of the country a higher average of performance was ever seen. There were only ten starters, but out of the ten there was not a duffer, and hardly a dog which would not be a killing bird dog. The character of the breaking was high, the handling was quiet and pleasant, and the whole spectacle of the trials was one exhibiting high-grade dogs in the act of finding birds and working to the gun. The "speed and range" fallacy seems about to die the natural death which has long been due, and while each of these dogs had all the range that should be asked, there seemed a pronounced leaning toward the more rational and practical features of dog work whose absence has been a curse to the trials and to the dogs of the country, inasmuch as it has led to false standards, false qualities and false theories of what a hunting dog should be. It would seem that we have had quite enough of that professional side of trials work which seeks to distinguish the good field trial dog from the good shooting dog, and which puts stud fees and the sale of puppies quite above the question of finding birds for shooting, which latter is the real use and purpose of hunting dogs. It would seem, to a plain man, that the proper purpose of a field trial should be not to find the dog which can run fastest for an hour, but to select out of the whole entry that dog which would be the pleasantest and most effective servant for the amateur shooter in the field. The art of judging should, in the opinion of a plain man, be that of weeding out the poor dogs, the rattle-headed dogs, the weak and foolish and unintelligent dogs, and getting at the best bird dog of the lot. This is about what the judges did at Chatham trials. They picked out the four best shooting dogs in the lot. At the close of the trials I shot over two of these dogs, and will say that better meat dogs a man never saw. And this I conceive to be the highest praise that can be given a bird dog, setter or pointer, in a field trial or outside of it.

The trials thus had a distinct and valuable amateur character, and seemed rather like a party of gentlemen out for a few days of mutual enjoyment in the field. Not the slightest thing occurred to destroy this pleasant illusion, and if all trials were run as nicely as these the dog world would be one of peace and good will. The judges, Messrs. T. Guttridge, of Chatham, and Tom Hallam, of Smithville Flats, N. Y., did their work carefully and well, hurrying none and slighting none. They gave each brace a chance in the open and in bevy finding, and then a trial on the singles, and left nothing to guesswork. The result of their conscientious and careful efforts was satisfactory to all, and not a murmur was heard. There was a unanimous belief that they got out the four best dogs, and the only difference of opinion was in regard to their award of first and second. Some thought that on the showing of work done Cleopatra, Mr. Wells's game little bitch, should have had first, and Dash Antonio second. A careful review of the runnings inclines me to this belief, for the scale of points for the brilliant little one is clearly larger, and her heat of Thursday morning was far and away the best of the trials. I am openly prejudiced against so small a dog, however, and our prejudices blind us in spite of all. It was very likely a personal admiration for the size and "sand" and determined courage of the dog Dash Antonio which led me to overlook the mistakes he made—which latter should be laid rather to a faulty training than to the dog himself. He is so headstrong and stubborn—traits which I like in a dog—that his handler has had to keep him down a great deal, or in the attempt to steady him has made him over cautious. The fault of false pointing, or of not going directly on to his birds, is a serious one in a bird dog. I believe we should attribute to old John Davidson the wise remark, "I have often killed birds over a flush, but I never have killed one over a false point." Devoid of charitable extenuations, Dash Antonio did some rank false pointing. Yet I should rather own him for a shooting dog, day in and day out the year round, and in all sorts of weather and conditions, than any dog at the trials, and therefore the decision of the judges jumped well with my prejudices, though one must admit it did not tally with the record of the work done here. A short time before the trials Dash Antonio was badly bitten in the foreleg by an angry sow, and he ran a cripple, but had abundant courage to go. This quality is all too rare in the latter-day setter, and it should be recognized in common sense if not in the rules, even though we be unable to logically connect false pointing with a sore leg.

Mr. Bangham, of Windsor, Ont., the owner of Dash Antonio, Lock, and the gallant puppy Millbrook, is an accession of the most valuable sort to any club. He is the type of a quiet and pleasant sportsman, able to accept either a victory or a defeat. Mr. W. B. Wells, the mainstay of the International Club, was of course on hand all the time. He is a good wheel horse to have, and most of the success of the meet depends upon his enthusiasm, his care for details and his thorough knowledge and belief in good bird dogs. Mr. Wells trains and handles his own dogs, and does both well. The only criticism which could possibly be offered upon his handling is that his legs seemed about 3ft. too long for the majority of the field party who followed him as he strode over the country. Mr. Wells never notices a log or a fence, and braided cornstalks are to him a joy and pleasure. A practical sportsman and the best shot of his town, Mr. Wells is not only an owner and fancier of setters, but also a user of them. He is a consistent shooter, and nearly always has a bit of game on hand in season. On Monday evening Mr. Wells handsomely entertained the field party and other friends to the number of twenty-five at a game dinner in town, which was a very pleasant affair and one much appreciated.

The trials were run off on grounds near Mitchell's Bay, about sixteen miles from Chatham, the party stopping at the post office, store and hotel of Mr. C. W. Raymond, who made all comfortable. This was far better than a long ride in and out daily, though it cut down the attendance of spectators somewhat. The field party, all of whom followed the good, sturdy, Canadian fashion of going on foot, numbered in all from fifteen to twenty-five, among whom one noticed besides the gentlemen above mentioned: Messrs. Chas. Allen, of Bothwell; Jos. Spracklin and son, of Sandwich (the latter handling, as was also James McGregor, of London,); Chas. Stone, of Toronto; Geo. Kime, Alphonso Wells and Dr. J. Kime, of Chatham. Mr. T. G. Davey, of London, was of course in the proceedings at every stage, for this club is with him a home institution and bound to receive his loyal support. One regrets to state that Tommy this year blinked a bit of the walking, and sneaked off home after his own dogs were done with their running.

The weather was suitable and birds quite numerous enough for all purposes. It was matter of general comment that everything was extraordinarily satisfactory and pleasant throughout. The result of this fall's meeting cannot fail to have beneficial effect for the club next year. Nor is it a negative significance which should be attached to this season's meet of the International Club. It has distinctly a character of positive interest. This club is working on the right lines. It is time that field trials ceased in the persistent effort to find the wrong dog, and followed the example of the semi-amateur international organization, which sought to find the right dog, namely, one which should be a practical day-to-day shooting dog, suitable for the service of a gentleman sportsman and not for the purposes of a dog merchant. Such a type should naturally have traits and constitution to transmit to its offspring, and its offspring should sell on this account, not on account of the meretricious and fortuitous circumstance of a winning in an hour's race of ill-directed effort. The winners of the Chatham contests were practical shooting dogs, and to repeat, there can be no higher praise adduced in their favor or in favor of the club which bred and trained and ran and selected them.

Tuesday—International Derby.

Of the twelve nominations there were four starters, drawn as follows:

Mr. S. Holmes's (Chatham) l. and w. pointer dog Spotted Star (Lord Graphic Star—Spotted Girl) with Mr. R. Bangham's (Windsor) b., w. and t. English setter dog Millbrook (Dash Antonio—Patty).

Mr. T. G. Davey's (London) b. and w. pointer dog Joe (Plain Sam—Beppo's Mollie) with Mr. H. Marshall Graydon's (London) b., w. and t. English setter bitch Heather Bloom (Dash Antonio—Bly).

Very mild and pleasant weather marked the opening day of the trials, and it was a pleasure to be afield. The party walked out from Mr. Raymond's hotel at Mitchell's Bay, and needed to go only a mile or so before work was begun. Birds were abundant (seven bevies being found), and the country proved in every way suitable and pleasant for field trial purposes. The Derby entry was not imposing in numbers, but included good timber, the work of the nine-months' puppy Milbrook being of exceeding high class for a dog so young. Mr. Bangham could not ask so youthful a dog to win first, but if the young 'un comes on as fast for the next year he will prove dangerous company for his sire, Dash Antonio. Moreover, he is a very handsome puppy, with great promise for his mature appearance. The first brace down were:

SPOTTED STAR—HEATHER BLOOM.—The latter was handled by Joe Spracklin. She proved faster and better in range. Star soon slowed up and came to heel. Heather flushed a partridge a couple of times and then flushed a bevy of quail. She flushed a single and failed to score several points which were natural. Down 35 minutes.

MILBROOK—JOE.—Spracklin handled Milbrook, J. McGregor handled Joe. Tried on stubble. In cover Joe put up a partridge. At a creek he pointed a single. He pointed again, but no bird could be found. On a weed field he pointed footscent of a bevy. Milbrook came up, flushed and chased. Milbrook broke after a single. Milbrook in range and speed and quality of action astonished all through a heat of over one hour. His bird work was of course crude, as he was still a puppy and short of experience.

JOE—HEATHER BLOOM.—They were tried out over stubble, and drew to a hedge row. Joe got a bevy point, and later made two single points and two flushes. Heather Bloom could not handle her singles and was scored several flushes. Down 30 minutes.

MILBROOK—HEATHER BLOOM.—Several fields blank, and at length Milbrook pointed in the corner of a cornfield. He left his point, went back, then returned, and roaded on to a bevy point. Heather Bloom seemed deficient in nose. Down about 25 minutes.

The judges announced their decision to be: Joe first, Milbrook second, Heather Bloom third, Spotted Star fourth.

Joe is of fair range, a fair bird finder and a useful puppy. Milbrook showed phenomenal determination and dash, and has a good though uneducated nose.

Wednesday—The International All-Age.

Mr. H. Marshall Graydon's (London) b., w. and t. English setter bitch Misfortune (Cincinnatus—Canadian Queen) with Messrs. W. B. Wells and A. Wells's (Chatham) b., w. and t. English setter bitch Daphne (Toledo Blade—Cambriana).

Mr. R. Bangham's (Windsor) b., w. and t. English setter dog Dash Antonio (Antonio—Lady Lucifer) with Mr. W. B. Wells's (Chatham) b., w. and t. English setter bitch Cleopatra (Mingo II.—Cambriana).

Mr. W. B. Wells's (Chatham) b., w. and t. English setter dog Luke (Toledo Blade—Cambriana) with Mr. T. G. Davey's (London) blue belton English setter dog Brighton Dick (Brighton Tobe—Brighton Maud).

Mr. R. Bangham's (Windsor) b., w. and t. English setter dog Lock (Locksley—Liddersdale) with Mr. T. G. Davey's (London) l. and w. pointer bitch Lucy (Ridgeway Faust—Peggy).

Mr. W. B. Wells's (Chatham) b., w. and t. English setter bitch Iris (White B.—Luna) with Mr. T. C. Stegman's (Toronto) b., w. and t. English setter bitch Maud (Banker—Belle).

The weather on Wednesday, the first day of the running in this stake, was extraordinarily warm for the season, indeed almost oppressively muggy, so that man and dog were somewhat distressed with the going. As before, the party walked afield from Raymond's place and got to work at 9 A. M. The first down were:

MISFORTUNE—DAPHNE.—The former was handled by Spracklin. Mr. Wells, of course, handled his own dog, and also of course kept the field party in a free perspiration in following his slashing walk. Both dogs showed abundant range and both were under good control. Daphne needed the less handling, and went about her work in an independent and experienced style, seeming a level-headed and steady field dog, of not so much style as reliability. The brace had 30 minutes blank, and were then led 10 minutes over to better country. On a naked field Daphne pointed, Misfortune backing nicely, but the birds had left. In the bush Daphne made a good bevy point at a brush pile, Misfortune backing or pointing irresolutely and suffering in the comparison in bird work. Both steady to wing. On the singles Daphne was first to stop, but was hurried on, the birds having scattered over dry leaves. Misfortune could not establish a point, and indeed both dogs might have done better here, though they were given too little time to work out the puzzle. Daphne pointed after they were ordered up. Down 1 hour and 8 minutes.

DASH ANTONIO—CLEOPATRA.—The former was handled by Spracklin. Mr. Wells handled Cleopatra. They were tried out on stubble, and both showed abundant range and speed. Dash showed a wide and independent range with a head of his own, and Cleopatra evinced the sense of the true bird dog. Hunting diligently at the edge of a thicket, Cleopatra was making game when Dash, fully 300yds. away, was casting over an open meadow toward a bit of bush. While still away from the fence he caught scent and worked rapidly up to a bevy point. Spracklin fired and he was steady. Dash was now brought over to Cleopatra and at once began stopping and roading in tall weeds, followed and cautioned by Spracklin. Not establishing a point, he was cast back, as the birds were evidently running. At this moment Mr. Wells fired from a point in the bush, and Dash dropped to the shot. Meantime Cleopatra had roaded rapidly 75yds. down wind and had established her point on the bevy in a very businesslike way, Dash having stopped at this back scent. It was at this bevy rise that Mr. Wells had fired, some 80yds. from Dash. While Dash had showed great range and sagacity on bevy work, he lost by comparison in the work on running singles, seeming if anything over cautious or overtrained, perhaps the latter. On the singles Dash pointed, probably on footscent, but the bird went out. Further on in open wood Dash pointed again, but no bird was found. For a third time he pointed firmly, but no bird could be materialized. Cleopatra also stopped, but went on, then pointed firmly at a brush heap, but no bird was put up. On these running singles neither dog got much glory. They were down 50 minutes. Cleopatra kept to her work, but seemed distressed. One could not avoid admiring the courage of Dash, who ran without paying attention to his crippled foreleg, which was in bandages.

LUKE—BRIGHTON DICK.—Mr. Wells handled Luke, Mr. Davey Dick. The judges put them on stubble and both showed range and independence enough, Luke under better control. As they crossed stubble and ragweed, Luke put up a bird just as he jumped into a bevy point. Dick was aside, but dropped to wing. At a ditch, both roaded. Dick came up and jumped into a point just as a bevy went up, all the judges and handlers being close in a bunch. On the singles, Luke pointed and moved on to locate, two birds going out. Dick pointed and moved on at command, and a bird rose. Luke pointed and moved on, and Dick did also, locating a bird which was put up in the bush. Dick was now plainly growing wild and was out of control, his handler using whistle and voice very much. Luke made game and recognized his bird, but did not stiffen, though the wind favored him. At the rise, Mr. Wells fired; both steady, Luke dropping. Dick flushed a bird at a log as he sprang over it. This was on leaves,

and neither dog was too brilliant. Dick stopped and moved on, and again did so, but not pointing. At a fence, where part of the earlier bevy had gone down, four birds went up, disturbed as the party got over the fence. The dogs were hardly at fault here, and both were steady. Along the fence Mr. Davey called a point for his dog, which was at a distance. The judges demurred, and he asked, "Do you want me to go and put the bird up?" This caused a laugh, for it was pretty plain to all that there was no bird there. He whistled hard for the dog, which came back, no bird being found. Down 1 hour and 3 minutes. This heat was by no means a startling one. Luke showed himself what he has long been known to be—a consistent shooting dog, of regular quality, always up to himself. Dick was said to have been a grand dog last year, and he went in with many admirers this year; but candor compels one to say he ran a rotten heat to-day. He was wild and intractable, and quite out of control, stubborn, hard-headed, and not productive of results when allowed his own way of working.

A good lunch was served in the woods by Mr. Raymond at noon, and at 1:21 P. M. the next brace was put down.

LUCY—LOCK.—Mr. Davey handled Lucy, and Joe Spracklin Lock. Both dogs showed speed, independence and obedience in the open. At a hedge row Lock made a bevy point, Lucy rose too steady to wing as she came running up, possibly flushing. In a dense thicket Lock pointed and Lucy came up. Just as she was about to stop her handler called to her to steady her, and she, so to speak, blinked her back, falling to the rear some yards and stopping, not with much quality of positiveness. On the stubble Lock ranged out and pointed a single, Lucy not seeing him in the tall weeds. The party now had a long walk. At a ditch and fence Lock drew up on a running bevy and stopped, but Lucy drew ahead and got the bevy. She had passed the bevy twice within 12ft. with the wind in her favor, and though she had made game there once, had run 100yds. beyond. Lock had really done better, for he showed that he would have located his bevy at the first draw along this likely cover. When Lucy was called back to try for a back she found the bevy, which was a few yards ahead of Lock. Thus Lucy technically got a point, though she had showed far less bird sense and generalship than Lock. Brought around to back, Lock did so handsomely, his tail trembling. The bevy was large and strong. The brace were taken up. Down 1 hour 20 minutes.

IRIS—MAUD.—Mr. Wells handled Iris, J. McGregor handling Maud. These dogs made the most unsatisfactory heat of the day. They showed the much-vaunted field trial quality of speed, but this without method or intelligence, Maud evidently racing about without any understanding of her duty. She was three years old before she ever saw a bird and can hardly be blamed for a lack of education. The judges followed their previous wise course and put the dogs first on the open, wishing each brace to find their own bevy. The dogs were led three-fourths of a mile, and then had a long and tedious run. Finally on a strip of ragweed Iris pointed. Mr. Wells ran up and Iris moved on, trailing badly. Maud meantime located these birds, which had gathered into a bevy. McGregor ran up. Maud was evidently scared, but McGregor walked in with her and the bevy went up. Iris was far behind and still roading as the birds went up. The singles went down in an open meadow, and though the footmen flushed several here, the handlers wisely declined to risk their dogs on such dangerous cover, and so passed on. No work of merit was done, though both dogs seemed to get trace of a bevy which was walked up on some stubble a quarter of a mile further on. Down 1 hour 20 minutes. This was the poorest work yet seen, and it was evident that neither of these would get further on in the runnings. Their heat ended the first series.

Second Series.

LUKE—DASH ANTONIO.—It was 4:12 when they went down, and there was a rapid tramp till dusk. They ran a bit on stubble, but no work was had of decisive quality till they crossed into a bare field near a barnyard. Here, on a plain, hard road, Dash came to a magnificent, stylish point, with his head high up. Luke, who was distant 50yds. or so, ran toward him a few yards and then stood in an equally stylish back, both dogs facing each other. It made a very pretty field scene, but alas! there was no bird to make the necessary character, and it was forced upon the judges that Dash was probably pointing the foot-scent of barnyard fowls, though not even one of these could be found. The dog seemed far too quick to stop at scent, and seemed weak here, though strong in every other quality. Moving on across slashing and corn some way further on, Luke pointed at the edge of corn. He here displayed a quality useful in actual shooting, though perhaps not fully appreciated in field trial work. He knew the birds were running, and so he left his point and ran around to head them off, as he does in hunting partridges, on which bird he is accounted a grand performer. As Luke thus cast to the left into the corn to pick up his trail further on, Dash came up and pointed in the ditch near the fence, the wind being against him and in favor of Luke, who now ran in a step or so from the left, caught the scent and fell into a grand point. Spracklin came up, put his hand on the dog after the English fashion of training, and then put up the bevy. After this there was a long walk over slash and meadow and dry marsh. In a little ditch both dogs divided the honor of a bevy point, both being a trifle out of view at the time. At 5:10 they were taken up and the party went home. They were down an hour and had a hard run, but both kept up their range perfectly. Luke is a muscular and well-seasoned dog of much field work, and is always good on his legs and even in his work. Dash did not let down in his work on account of his bad leg, and his pluck won him much admiration. The day's running throughout had averaged of very high character indeed, and rarely indeed will one find together ten dogs of equal quality with these. Especially noticeable was the perfection of breaking shown. The handling was pleasingly quiet and clean, and the day was quite free of the noisy and disagreeable features too often attendant upon running fractious and ill-broken dogs in field trials. It was a model trials day, and on the record of it alone the club might feel very proud. Birds were abundant, eleven bevies being found.

Thursday.

A sharp change in the weather took place during the night, and Thursday morning dawned sharp and cold. The weather was clear and not stormy, however, and really better for dogs and men than the warmer weather of the preceding day. Running was resumed in the second series of the All-Age Stakes, the first brace going down at 9:10 A. M.

BRIGHTON DICK—LOCK.—Cast loose on a small stubble, both went out well, and Lock soon located birds, pointing a small bevy at a brushy fence. Dick backed, dropping flat, both dogs steady to wing and to shot. Dick now broke out again and continued stubborn, handling very badly. On a few of these single birds which were on leaves in the open bush, Lock flushed a bird and dropped to wing, two other birds going up as he faintly and confusedly acknowledged them near his nose. As these birds had just alighted and had probably not run, it is likely they gave out little scent. A long walk followed this. At a ditch Dick pointed, head down and squatting, possibly on fur. Lock backed and moved up. Dick left his point. No bird was found. Further on a bit of tall ragweed was met, where both dogs made game, Dick the earlier, he trailing along the hedge. Lock hit the bevy scent better, pointed and moved up. Cautioned back by Spracklin, Dick then left the hedge and came out into the weeds near Lock, where he also pointed. It is possibly a fault of Spracklin's handling, if he will allow the suggestion, that he seems not to have confidence sufficient in his dogs to turn them loose and let them go to their birds themselves. He fairly called Lock away from his point, Lock turning back and backing him or pointing, his tail quivering and he plainly feeling the birds. Both dogs were now in the bevy, which went up about then to Spracklin's flush. The dogs here did quite as skillful work as their handlers. Moving on, at a fence, Mr. Davey claimed a point for Dick. Lock backed. Dick moved on. Lock jumped the fence and thus flushed the bird. The dogs were here taken up. Down 1 hour. Not a brilliant heat, and Lock made a less favorable impression than on the day previous. Dick was very much of a disappointment, and seemed out of training. This may be due to the fact that he has been used by his owner part of the time and part of the time left with his trainer.

CLEOPATRA—DAPHNE.—Mr. Wells handled both his dogs, if they could be said to need handling. The two had hunted together ahead of him often before, and they gave the field a touch of practical bird work all too foreign to many field trials, where it seems a demerit for a dog to be guilty of finding and pointing a bird to the gun. This was by all means the banner heat of the entire trials, and rarely indeed at any trials would one see it equaled by any dogs whatsoever. A curious reversal of form was apparent as between these dogs. On the day previous Daphne had shown much to one's fancy, and Cleopatra had not made so favorable an impression. To-day the reverse was the case. Daphne continued at about her consistent level, whereas Cleopatra outclassed her earlier performance and was fairly brilliant, showing in speed, style, dash and positiveness all that a field trial dog should be and all that a shooting dog also should be. On any rational basis the standard should be the same for both, and history will yet see it so.

Both dogs went away merrily over the open stubble, their work being both brisk and intelligent. On the stubble both made game. Cleopatra pointed and Daphne backed. Cleopatra worked up cautiously and Mr. Wells put up the bevy, shot and killed; both dogs steady. On the singles along a hedge Cleopatra got the first point, jumping into it in a most handsome, stylish manner, Daphne again backing when she came up. The bird was walked up on the other side near Daphne, who was steady to order. Daphne got the next point, and three birds were walked up. Cleopatra pointed again further down the hedge, and a bird was found, both dogs remaining steady. This keen single-bird work was the snappiest and best seen so far in the trials, and the party grew enthusiastic over it Cleopatra was the favorite, owing to her snappier and more stylish work.

The dogs now cast wide in the stubble and were lost to sight in the tall ragweed. Mr. Wells hunted for them in the wrong direction and it was some minutes before the judge found them. Cleopatra was standing rigid in as handsome a point as one ever saw, old Daphne backing her mate solidly and sturdily, sitting down in the stubble some yards away in her characteristic fashion. As the dogs had stood thus for some time, the birds had run, but Cleopatra now rapidly cast off to the right. Daphne was first to point, but not snappily, Cleopatra backing. In a thicket near by both pointed, face to face, on a bevy under a grapevine, making a pretty bit of work of it. They were then tried out further on the open to see how they would stand a longer run, but their range remained unbroken. At a grassy ditch Daphne pointed, sitting on her haunches with her head high, as usual. Cleopatra backed, trembling. They stood there for 5 minutes while the judges and Mr. Wells were talking. The reporters and the rest of the footmen were back of a hedge and were called up to see the dogs. Mr. Wells then put up the birds, shot and killed, both dogs perfectly steady. The judges now took the dogs up, they having been down 50 minutes. The heat was a grand one, high class in each particular, more especially for Cleopatra, whose stock was now at premium.

Third Series.

DASH ANTONIO—BRIGHTON DICK.—These cast into the bush and made game, but materialized nothing. They were put on leash, and while walking along a field road near a grassy ditch the party walked into a big bevy, which scattered well over adjacent stubble and were followed. Dick again needed abundant handling. On the singles Dash got the first point in a hedge row, Dick at one side. The latter came galloping by, turned his head and glanced at Dash, not 10ft. away, but declined to honor his point, and going on after one of his own. Spracklin put the bird up and killed it, Dash steady. Further on Dick made game, but moved up, putting up his bird. Dash now came over into the stubble and pointed and both stood pointing. Dash moved off a bit and dropped in the middle of a bunch of birds, five going out, close about him, Dick being then beyond and ahead of the birds, and none too sober and steady. Dash had located the birds, it is true, but the work of neither dog was brilliant here, and both suffered in comparison with the work done in the heat just previous. Down 25 minutes.

DASH ANTONIO—CLEOPATRA.—The judges were now evidently nearing a decision, for they asked for Dash Antonio for the fourth time and Cleopatra for the third. They were cast off in the stubble last mentioned, and Dash shrewdly went back to the old trail and pointed, and Spracklin put up the bird. On this point Dash was none too positive and steady. Moving on, at a fence Dash came to a decided point, Spracklin again cautioning him. He moved around and again came to an irresolute point. There may have been birds about, yet Cleopatra came bustling by, got no scent, and declined to back so uncertain a point. No bird could be found. It was further made clear that false pointing was Dash's worst fault, and again it seemed that this was the fault also of a too restraining system of handling. The dog is naturally a slashing, self-confident fellow, and has a good nose, and if let alone would soon get in the habit of going to his birds and pointing only when he did get to them.

No bird work was had by these of consequence, though birds were evidently running along the hedge. Cleopatra took the trail and swiftly roaded into a point. Dash backed when brought up, but the bird had apparently run on. Cleopatra pointed again further along the hedge, but no bird was put up, the dogs being hurried on. They were soon ordered up, being down only 10 minutes. As they were led away in leash they both tugged at their collars, whirled and pointed in the stubble near the hedge, Dash thus pointing twice.

LUKE—LOCK.—These had a long, hard go, and for a long time without results. It was clear they were down for a decision as to third place, but they made an even enough showing. Luke got a faint scent at a fence and stopped, Lock backing, but no bird was found. An hour of blank work over fields and slashing followed, until finally in a heavy slashing Luke came to a point at a brush heap, pointing in the singular fashion of holding up one hindleg, and so standing some moments. Lock backed, and though no bird could be found at once Luke moved on, again pointed, and Mr. Wells put up a bevy at a log within 20yds. of the first point. Mr. Wells shot, feathering a bird; both dogs steady. A few minutes' time was given the birds to run, and the dogs were taken on into the slashing where the birds had been marked down. They did little enough here. Luke flushed a bird at a log, it going out behind him. Another bird went up wild, put up by footmen. Lock pointed a bird at a brush pile, where it had been marked down on a short flight; probably the bird crippled by Mr. Wells. Luke also stopped here, but was called away. The bird was not gotten out of the brush heap, but was heard chirping inside the heap. Down 1 hour and 22 minutes.

The judges now announced their decision: Dash Antonio first, Cleopatra second, Luke and Lock a divided third.

Dash Antonio, first (Antonio—Lady Lucifer), is a grand, up-standing dog, a belton, marked black, white and tan, weighing 52lbs. He is of a heavier, larger-framed type than is ordinary to-day among English setters, and shows in head and frame the determined, courageous, sturdy dog he is. It is very likely that had most of his competitors suffered the injury he did they would have quit in the first heat instead of running through four heats at undiminished speed. When the bandages were taken from his leg it was seen that a deep hole was in the upper part of the forearm muscle, the ankle joint was much puffed and swollen, one dew claw was bitten loose and a toe nail was loose, while above the ankle-joint a deep, unhealed wound was sunk into the leg. He showed the highly desirable quality of grit in running so well when thus crippled. Mr. Bangham may well be proud of him.

Cleopatra, second (Mingo II.—Cambriana), is the reverse in type of Dash Antonio. She is a highly modern vest-pocket English setter, weighing less than 30lbs. (27lbs. when last weighed) and is a bundle of wire and nerve. Not always the same, when she is at her best she is a stinger, and well nigh enough to convert one to the belief that no dog can be good unless exactly of her weight and sort. She is extraordinarily stylish and snappy in her work.

Luke, divided third (Toledo Blade—Cambriana), is a big little dog, high-headed and very muscular, a day-to-day dog which one can depend upon. In color he runs more to black than most English setters. He stands inspection as a running machine, and trial as a shooting dog. He would weigh about 40lbs.

Lock, divided third (Locksley—Liddersdale), is a handsome fellow, well furnished and of about 45 to 47lbs. weight. He is of good, free action and of endurance. We should hear further of him. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The E. F. T. C. meeting closed with a smoker on Saturday night last, the secretary, Mr. S. C. Bradley, Prof. Elm. H. Osthaus and Mr. Theo. Sturgis doing the honors. Nearly all the handlers were present and were unanimous in their satisfaction with the decisions, and bestowed much praise on the skill and industry of the judges. Mr. Bradley made twenty-one speeches of introduction, besides others in spare moments, and Dr. Luke White was but a speech or two short of a tie with him. It was one of the pleasantest gatherings ever held at a field trial and did much to promote a good understanding between all present, and also a general good-fellowship.

Tony Boy and Tick Boy never ran so well in their public competitions before. Both are greatly improved dogs.

Messrs. P. Lorillard, Jr., and F. R. Hitchcock left Newton on Friday night for a shoot on Mr. Lorillard's preserve at High Point, N. C.

Mr. W. S. Bell, Pittsburg, arrived on Saturday night, and Mr. Jos. H. Daw, of Tennessee, arrived on Sunday morning, the 23d inst., on time for their duties as judges of the U. S. F. T. C. trials. There will need to be a third judge engaged to fill the place of Mr. A. M. Young, Manchester, Tenn.

Mr. A. C. Waddell, manager of the Del Monte Kennels, the oldest of field trial men, was an interested spectator throughout the trials. He was at the first field trial held in America and was actively engaged in promoting and managing it.

CENTRAL BEAGLE TRIALS.

SHARPSBURG, Pa.—The inaugural field trials of the Central Beagle Club were held at Waynesburg, Pa., beginning Tuesday, Nov. 10, and continuing until Thursday, Nov. 12.

The best of harmony reigned from first to last; not a word of dissatisfaction was heard. The hunting ground was very good; but it was hard to follow the dogs and handlers on account of the hills, which made it difficult for the judges.

The judges were: Dr. W. E. Johnston, of Etna, and Harry Lewis, of McKeesport. The decisions were well received, though the task was a difficult one. The number was not so large, but there was not a poor beagle started. Most of the winners are already known from previous records made at other trials.

Among those present and interested in the trials were: D. T. Summers, A. C. Peaterson, Dr. W. E. Johnston, Frank Golla, James McAleer, C. Klock, J. W. Simpson, Dr. J. A. Phillis, Dr. S. W. Hartt, J. A. Schaum, Theo. Bolji, H. Lewis, L. O. Seidel, J. F. Bell, J. Phillips and quite a number from Waynesburg.

At the annual meeting, Nov. 10, these new members were elected: D. T. Summers and James McAleer. It was voted that these same officers remain for the next year: Dr. S. W. Hartt, McKeesport, President; A. C. Peaterson, Homestead, Vice-President; L. O. Seidel, Sharpsburg, Secretary-Treasurer. Dr. W. E. Johnston, of Etna, was elected delegate to the A. K. C.

Tuesday was clear and cold in the early morning, with a heavy frost and some ice; it became pleasant by noon. We left the hotel at 6:30 and were on the grounds at 7:20 A. M. First on the list was the membership cup, with four entries in the 15in. All-Age class.

SAILOR—RAMROD.—Went down at 7:30. Sailor, owned by A. C. Peaterson, handled by J. F. Bell. Ramrod, owned by Dr. George Gladden, handled by J. Phillips. Sailor (run as Taylor in the National Beagle Club Trials last year, winning second in Derby class) was out of condition, lame with a sore foot and in bad shape. Both handlers urged their dogs too much to do good work and got them rattled. A rabbit was started by one of the handlers and both dogs were called to where it started. Sailor took the trail first, but both lost in a brier patch. Up at 8:10.

BIRDIE S.—DOC WELLER.—Second brace was called. Birdie S., owned by Dr. S. W. Hart, and Doc Weller, handled by owner, Frank Golla. Both done some cold trailing. Birdie S. was giving tongue on cold trails. Doc Weller would harken; took quite a time to find her out. A rabbit was started in the high weeds, and was driven to a hole. Ordered up at 9:45.

DOC WELLER—RAMROD.—Down for the second series at 9:15 in the edge of the woods. It was not long before there was a rabbit on the go. Doc Weller was doing the best trailing; both were doing some very nice work. Three rabbits were started and holed in this heat. Up at 11:05. The judges awarded the membership cup in this class to Doc Weller.

BLOSSOM—MOLLIE DEAN.—In the 13in. membership cup there were only two entries: Blossom, owned by Dr. S. W. Hart, handled by J. A. Schaum; Mollie Dean, handled by owner, L. O. Seidel. Down at 11:25. In the last run a rabbit had been caught by one of the handlers, and was let loose in the large field. Mollie Dean sighted it first and caught it. They were then cast off into a thicket, but could not find, Blossom doing the best work. Ordered up at 12:05 until after lunch; down again at 12:55 at the edge of the woods. It was very warm, and Mollie Dean was too fat and worked slow. Ordered up at 1:15. Blossom was awarded the cup.

The Derby.

MCKINLEY—MADGE were called, Class B, 13in. and under. McKinley, owned by A. C. Peterson, handled by J. F. Bell, and Madge, owned by Dr. S. W. Hartt, handled by J. A. Schaum, were only put in by the owners to fill the class, and they did some great work considering that they were only a little over six months old. Down at 1:17. McKinley took the trail and carried it like a dog twice his age. There is surely a great future for this dog; his work was phenomenal; one could hardly believe that a puppy could do the work he did. They were ordered up at 1:30. McKinley first, Madge second. Class G was called for bassets and dachshunde.

JAY S.—BISMARCK K.—Jay S., handled by owner, L. O. Seidel; Bismarck K., handled by owner, C. Klock. Put down in the edge of the woods. A rabbit was started by a spectator, and dogs called up to where it started. After a few minutes of careful searching by both dogs they took the trail. Jay S. being the speedier of the two, drove the rabbit to a loss in a dense brier patch. Moving on to new grounds, it was very difficult to find game, and the judges were much confused by terms and words used by the handlers, as "*Such, geh, Bismarck, such, such.*" The judges, believing that the handlers were taking undue advantage of each other, ordered the dogs up at 2:20, awarding the heat to Jay S. It was explained through an interpreter afterward that the terms are used by handlers of these hounds in their native land. This brace created quite a favorable impression, and no doubt next year's meet will have many entries of this gamy little dog.

The Derby—15 to 13in.

BELLE S.—LADY.—Belle S., handled by owner, D. T. Summers, and Lady, handled by owner, Theo. Bolji, went down at 2:30. A rabbit was soon started that proved a runner. Belle S. at once took the lead at a fast clip and worked the turns quickly without loss of time, driving the rabbit far from its feeding ground. Lady was doing very nice work, but the pace was fast and seemed to surprise her at first. Judges and handlers were run to a standstill following this pair. At last bunny threw them off a while in a large tree top. Lady pushed him out, and Belle S. being some distance away was only able to catch up with Lady when she had driven the rabbit to earth in full view of the judges, handlers and spectators. This was decidedly the best race so far in the trials. Dogs ordered up at 3:20.

MINNIE S.—SUMMERS'S FLY.—Both handled by owner, D. T. Summers. Down at 3:25 near a weed field, where a rabbit was soon started and driven in and through this field to the woods, where a nice exhibition of trailing was seen. Fly, driving the rabbit in a large log pile, brought up to the field again. A rabbit was soon started, but good trailing was impossible, owing to the density of the grass and weeds and the number of rabbits; there seemed to the judges and handlers a dozen going at once. Dogs were ordered up at 4:20, Fly having the best of the race.

Second Series.

BELLE S.—LADY.—Owing to the superior work done in the first series, the judges decided to run them in this series for first and second places. Down at 4:30; Belle S. showed superior ability to hit off the turns. This was a pretty race, Belle S. having the best of it; up at 5:30. First prize was given to Belle S.; second to Lady; third, Summer's Fly; reserved, Minnie S.

Wednesday opened with a driving rain, but at 7:30 the clouds began breaking and a start was made for the grounds. All were anxious to see a start made in the All-Age Class C, 15 to 13in., between such well-known dogs as those drawn for the first race, as both had won honors in the National and Northwestern beagle trials.

PANIC—LUCY S.—Panic handled by owner, Jas. McAleer; Lucy S. handled by owner, D. T. Summers. This brace was cast off at edge of woods at 8:35; a rabbit was soon started by Panic. Both dogs took the trail; scent seemed to lay poor owing to the extreme dampness of the ground, and the innumerable brush piles in the vicinity prevented good trailing. Both dogs seemed rattled by the short runs of the rabbit from one brush pile to another, but bunny, at last, was driven from cover to open woods and here began a very close and exciting race. Panic settled down to business, running fast and catching the turns well, although inclined to use her eyes as well as her nose. Lucy S. was now doing better work than at the beginning, trailing fast and true. Both abandoned their jealous desire to be in front. They were ordered up at 9:55.

DOC WELLER—KITTY.—Doc Weller, handled by owner, Frank Golla. Kitty, handled by owner, James McAleer. Down at 10:05. A high wind with a little rain and snow now began, but did not last long. A rabbit was started by one of the handlers and both dogs called on. The work of both dogs on this rabbit was slow, owing to the high grass and weeds, and the game was finally driven into a log pile. Moving to the woods, another rabbit was started, which offered to those who were able to see part of it the hardest race of the trials; both dogs hit off the trail together, and from that to the end a harder killing race has not been witnessed, down through the woods on a steep hillside to a small stream. Here the rabbit turned up creek, the dogs losing no time catching the turn, and away like mad far beyond hearing distance. Both handlers and judges, who were completely outdone, took a position on a high ridge, hoping they might come back that way. After a short wait the faint and far-away sound of the hounds could be heard growing louder, faster and faster; soon the rabbit was seen coming up the slope with both dogs neck and neck, not 50ft. behind, through the fence and to the earth in a dense weed field. This was the fastest race of the meet and both dogs seemed glad that it was over. Ordered up at 11:45.

BLOSSOM—MOLLIE DEAN.—Owing to the absence of the next brace the 13in. All-Age class was substituted. Only two filled: Blossom, owned by Dr. S. W. Hartt, handled by J. A. Schaum, and Mollie Dean, handled by owner, L. O. Seidel. Down at 11:48. A rabbit was started by one of the handlers. Called up to where bunny started from, both dogs picked up the trail and carried it well, Blossom having greater speed, doing most of the leading, Mollie being too fat for fast work. The rabbit, after trying several times to throw off the dogs by running through water, was finally driven to a ground hole. Ordered up at 12:30, and the heat awarded to Blossom; Mollie Dean second.

SAILOR—BIRDIE S.—After lunch the third brace in 15in. All-Age class was called. Sailor, owned by A. C. Peaterson, handled by J. Bell; Birdie S., owned by Dr. S. W. Hartt, handled by J. A. Schaum. Down 11:26. A rabbit was started in a brier patch, and both dogs were called up by their handlers. Sailor, catching scent first, did some nice work, and had he been feeling well, and not lame, would certainly have been well up for place. Sailor did most of the leading in this race, both finally losing in a cornfield, Sailor having the best of the heat. Up at 2:29.

RAMROD—KITTY.—The bye dog Ramrod, owned by Dr. Geo. Gladden, handled by J. Bell, and Kitty, handled by owner, James McAleer, went down at 2:32. Dogs worked up to where a rabbit had been seen by a spectator. Ramrod hit off the trail at once and dove into the woods to a loss. Kitty worked carefully, and picking up the turn drove singly to cover. Moving on, another rabbit was finally driven to earth. Ordered up at 3:12.

LUCY S.—DOC WELLER.—After a conference the judges decided to run Lucy S. and Doc Weller for place. Down at 3:15. A small rabbit was soon started, but as quickly lost. Moving on for some time, a rabbit was at last started. Both dogs caught on, when another of those killing races to dogs and judges began; up through a steep wooded hillside out of hearing, so quick none could follow; back again and into a high grass field, where bunny hoped to throw them off; but it was no use. Both dogs seemed determined to do their best, although Weller was over fat and lacked work. They drove back to the woods again and into an old, unused field, in full view of all, back and forth among the whitethorn brush, and do all he could the rabbit could not throw them off; and soon he sought his city of refuge, the dogs but a few feet behind, so far exhausted that as they passed the judges and handlers Summers said, "Lucy, you haven't enough wind to bark." Lady S. did most of the leading, reaching the hole 3 or 4ft. ahead of Weller; both too far gone to growl at each other. Dogs ordered up at 4:23. The judges then awarded Panic first, Lucy S. second, Doc Weller third, and Kitty res.

PANIC—KITTY.—In brace stakes the first down were Panic and Kitty, owned by James McAleer, handled by owner. A rabbit was soon started by Panic, and both the bitches worked well, trailing true and fast. The rabbit was soon driven to a tree, from which it was taken uninjured and started ahead of the dogs. They again caught on and the rabbit made several large circles, and after being hard pressed entered a ragweed field; but there was no escape for him there, for Panic was after him, and before he could emerge again Panic caught him. This pair of bitches can hardly be praised too much. Their work was excellent as a brace, and any man should feel proud to be their owner.

LUCY S.—BELLE S.—On Thursday the second brace was put down at 7:58: Lucy S.—Belle S., owned by D. J. Summers. This was altogether the nicest work seen; trailing was good and the rabbit ran well, almost too well, and though down only five minutes with three long chases, they holed three rabbits, marking each hole. Ordered up at 8:55.

BIRDIE S.—BLOSSOM.—Third brace, Birdie S.—Blossom, owned by Dr. S. W. Hartt, handled by J. A. Schaum. Down at 9. After quite a while a rabbit was started, Blossom doing most of the driving, and her work was creditable considering her size, and her mate, Birdie S., giving tongue at all times and places, which I think worked an injury to her running mate. Blossom finally drove the rabbit into a tree and the brace was ordered up at 10:05.

There was another brace, but owing to Sailor's condition he was not run. The judges awarded D. T. Summers first, James McAleer second.

All hats went up and three cheers were given for the judges. This ended the first field trial of the Central Beagle Club. S.

A Late Continental Entry.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am in receipt of a communication from Mr. T. T. Ashford, of Birmingham, Ala., dated Nov. 10, asking why I had not acknowledged the receipt of and forfeit on the entry of Mr. F. W. Dunham's lemon and white pointer dog Elgin's Dash, in the Continental F. T. Club's All-Age stake, Tupelo trials, sent in Oct. 1. I also received by same mail the entry and forfeit above mentioned, the check covering forfeit being dated Oct. 1. Both envelopes bear the postmark date Nov. 16. P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

The Bull Terrier Club Entries.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The secretary of the Bull Terrier Club respectfully calls the attention of the secretaries of the various kennel clubs to the fact that in the event of their holding bench shows they can without prejudice to themselves accept entries from members of the Bull Terrier Club with the exception of Mr. J. O. Horne, acting president of the Bull Terrier Club, and Mr. W. D. Brereton, secretary, who have both been illegally disqualified by the advisory committee of the American Kennel Club.

The United States Field Trials.

NEWTON, N. C., Nov. 23.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The United States Field Trial Club's Derby for setters had ten starters and was finished to-day. Winners: First, Charlottesville Kennels' Pinmoney; second, P. Lorillard's Count Gloster; third, F. R. Hitchcock's Tony Rustic. Weather raw. Competition inferior. Pointer Derby next. Judges, S. C. Bradley, W. S. Bell, Joseph H. Dew, Nashville. B. WATERS.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

RUBBER FOR TIRES.

THE London *Evening Standard* gives some interesting statistics regarding the India rubber trade in its special bearing on the tire industry:

The cycle boom, which has given such an impetus to the rubber trade, may wax or it may wane—the former is the more likely—but the demand for India rubber will, in all probability, go on forever, like Tennyson's "Brook," only more so. Already every up-to-date cabby has his rubber-tired hansom, and in the silent time coming, when Jehu will manipulate a handle instead of driving a "gee," the motor cars and brakes and broughams will be tired with rubber—if the supply holds out. For aught we know, the twentieth century coster will hawk his vegetables from a rubber-tired motor barrow, and the trains roll along on rubber wheels. There isn't much doubt about the demand, but will the supply be equal to it?

At present the bulk of imported rubber may be called "wild." It is collected in the forest and jungles. The cultivated plantations may almost be counted on one's fingers. In Chontales, Nicaragua, there is a small one, visited by the writer in March, last year. Mexico can boast of two or three, worked by American and English companies. A species of rubber tree (Manihot) has been introduced into India and Ceylon from its South American home, but it is not being cultivated, except on a small scale. In Brazil there are said to be a few plantations, but the produce of these is a mere drop in the ocean.

The outer tube of a cycle tire may be "Mbungu" rubber, from East, Central or West Africa; "Hule," from Central America or Mexico; "Mangabeira," from Pernambuco; or it may have come from Madagascar, or Borneo, or Perak. But the inner tube is almost invariably made of the best Para rubber, obtained from various species of Hevea, in the great forests which border the river Amazon and its many branches. Brazilian rubber-gatherers go into the woods with proper utensils, comprising axes, bowls, paddles and a small stove. When a tree is discovered, circular incisions, extending from the branches to the ground, are made in the bark, and the white milk runs down the channels into a bowl at the bottom of the trunk. It is then poured over the blade of a paddle held in the smoke of the stove, when the milk coagulates and forms the black rubber of commerce. The Huleros, or rubber-gatherers of Nicaragua, generally Indians or Caribs, aim at getting rubber with as little trouble as possible. Instead of using bowls, they dig holes for the milk at the foot of the trees, and, in a happy-go-lucky Nicaragua way, leave the necessary evaporation of water for nature to perform. Consequently, rubber derived from the *Castillo elastica* in Central America is commonly mixed with grit, and is worth from 6 pence to 8 pence a pound less than Para rubber from Brazil.

It is in the systematic cultivation of rubber trees, however, that huge fortunes are to be made. The Mexican Minister to the United States calculates that each six-year-old tree will have cost 4d. for land and cultivation, and will produce, in its sixth year, 4lbs. of rubber, worth 2s. 4d. per pound. Every year, for an indefinite time, the yield increases. In Nicaragua, where the writer has made a special study of the subject, a bounty of 10 cents, native currency, is paid by the Government for every tree.

planted, and land may be purchased at 5s. an acre. Each acre will bear 193 trees planted 15ft. apart. But the trees should not be tapped until the eighth year, by which time, according to the writer's calculations, they will have cost 9d. each, and will yield 5lbs. of rubber, worth 11s. 8d., or 14s., if the milk is gathered and coagulated, as in Brazil. For the sake of convenience, let us value the rubber at 2s. per pound, and see what will be the profit on a plantation of 100 acres. The land will cost £25; surveying, £20; clearing, £200; collecting seed and planting, £100; eight yearly weedings, at £40 each. £320; implements, £60; cost of living for eight years, at £50 per annum—ample in Nicaragua—£400; gathering the eighth year's crop, £300; total, £1,425.

Now for the profit. Government bounty on 19,300 trees, £252; produce at 2s. per pound, £9 650. Deduct the capital invested, and the net profit is £8,477. The average increase is 1lb. of rubber for each year of the tree's life, so that the ninth year's profit would be, roughly, £9,870; the tenth, £11,500; the eleventh, £13,160; the twelfth, £14,800, and so on. It is pretty clear that if the demand for rubber should continue to increase, and the area in cultivation were judiciously extended, the planter would soon be able to write himself down "millionaire." At present the demand shows no sign of falling off; quite the contrary. During 1895 the imports of rubber into the United Kingdom aggregated 17,077 tons, of the value of £3,766,643. In the first five months of 1896 the imports increased by 1,300 tons, owing, doubtless, to the cycle boom.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

EXCESS in anything is to be avoided, whether it be excess in eating, drinking or bicycle riding.

Judging from casual observation, it would seem that most riders at times do more than is good for them, and it is the exception to find a wheelman who knows enough to stop when he is tired. After one is healthily fatigued additional riding is sure to do harm, and the lassitude and irritability and disordered digestion that follows is good evidence that too much has been attempted. To be benefited by bicycle riding one should feel brighter and fresher the day after the ride than the day it was taken.

After a long ride a bath is often very refreshing, but judgment should be used in determining its character. Hot baths are enervating, and cold baths dangerous under conditions where a speedy reaction does not follow. If one is very tired a warm bath is perhaps best—especially if taken just before retiring.

If one expects to go out after a warm bath it is, of course, advisable to finish with a hasty sponge over with cold water to close the pores, as a precaution against taking cold.

Cold water alone, however, has a tonic power and should be used in cases where the rider is not too much fatigued and where the bath is taken immediately after the ride. Either a very quick bath or a shower with the water as cold as can be borne will do, and in either case it should be followed by long and vigorous rubbing with rough towels.

If water with a little salt or alcohol in it is used the advantageous results are increased. It is not necessary to plunge entirely into the water, a thorough sousing with a large sponge being sufficient. The cold water and subsequent rubbing tones and refreshes the skin, while the feeling of exhilaration that follows lessens, if it does not entirely remove, the sense of fatigue.

Men who have been carefully trained or who are naturally endowed with strong systems may safely continue their exertion long after it would be injudicious for others to do so. Each man must judge for himself when his limit has been reached, and, if wise, he will keep his riding well within that limit.

Professionals when racing are not exempt from the bad results of over-exertion. These results are naturally most pronounced when the effort is of long duration. Rivierre, the winner of the Bordeaux-Paris and Bal d'Or races, broke down when he came to meet Huret in a twenty-four-hour competition, Oct. 11, as a direct result of the strain of the previous contests, and Arthur Linton lost his life as a consequence of too continuous application to the cinder path. Linton was a man of tremendous pluck and stamina, and he did not know what it was to stop pedaling in a race while consciousness and the physical capacity to move his limbs remained. He began the season in fine physical condition in March with a six days' race, and continued racing without a week's rest from long-distance competitions till the time of his fatal illness. In most of these contests he rode till he was completely exhausted. At the Bal d'Or twenty-four-hour race in Paris he was compelled to stop from illness. He disregarded this warning, however, and with no rest for recovery returned to England and took part in the race for the Catford gold vase, in which he rode extremely well on the first day but was compelled to stop on the second by the onset of the illness which had so unfortunate a result. Linton seemed unable to realize that while his muscles were capable of any demand made upon them his vital system could refuse to respond, and so he kept at it till he had burned his candle and died like any drunkard dies from excess.

Dr. E. B. Turner has contributed the following opinion of Linton's death, which we take from the *Australian Cyclist*. He says:

"I write this in ignorance of the precise symptoms of his malady, which is stated in the press to have been enteric (or typhoid fever); but one thing is certain, and that is that for weeks his whole system must have been poisoned by the 'ptomaines' engendered by his all but continuous exertions. The blood of any man who has competed in a distance race on foot or on a cycle is found afterward to be full of poisonous substances, produced by the forced combustion of his tissues, and this poison is gradually excreted from his system during the next few days, but it takes a more or less long time to get free from it. Now if a man before he has recovered from these effects of one race rides in another, he adds a fresh dose of poison to the dregs of that remaining in his tissues, and in a short time he simply becomes a storehouse of waste material. This is the condition of young, unseasoned soldiers in a hard campaign, who die like flies after forced marches from fatigue fever, an illness whose early symptons directly simulate those of typhoid. Now poor Linton gave himself no rest to get rid of this poison, and whether his fatal ailment was true enteric, or acute fever from long-continued over-exertion, which (writing in quasi-ignorance) seems to me possible, it is certain that being full of poison he was in no case able to resist the onset of any serious illness, and his death may be directly attributed to over-racing. In an experience of twenty-six years of all kinds of sport, this is the first instance in which I can attribute a fatal result to athletic competition, and I hope it may be the last.

"Man is not a machine; he must rest after prolonged exertion, and to trade on his pluck, and compete again before he has recovered, is simply to court disaster. I write this not as an anti-athletic faddist, but as a man who has a strong and firm belief in training and racing, and the good it does when properly indulged in; but I wish to point out the danger of excess, and warn the modern school of distance racers that nature must be obeyed, and that one twenty-four hours' race in a year is about enough for most men, and I address this warning particularly to those riders who have their living to make out of the sport, lest in the present pursuit of fame they may ruin their whole future health, or even put an end to their lives by thoughtless over-competition."

Squirrel and Bicycle.

"IN a recent issue of the L. A. W. *Bulletin*," says a correspondent, "a rider in or near Philadelphia told how he was thrown from his bicycle by rabbits running between the wheels at night. I do not doubt it, as I had a similar experience one morning riding through a little wood in Montclair, N. J. A squirrel started across the road and ran through my front wheel. I expected to see it killed and to be upset myself, but it was only caught in the wheel enough to throw it about 10 or 12ft. in the air, brushing my ear as it described a circle, landing on same side of wheel. A little ahead it again ran through the wheels and up a tree on the other side of the road—by no means a dead squirrel."

For a Tonic.

IRON has long been considered an excellent tonic, but it has remained for the fag end of the century to demonstrate the tonic qualities of steel. Taken in the form of a bicycle, steel has a power for regenerating run-down humanity that no other tonic has ever approached.

Yachting.

MASSACHUSETTS YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION.

NO BETTER evidence of the good work done in a short time by the Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association is needed than the pamphlet recently sent out by Secretary Bliss, containing the records of the season's racing. The book gives a most interesting summary of the season's work, the complete record of each race sailed under the auspices of the Y. R. A., and the tabulated record of each yacht in each class, showing the starts, the places down to third, and the percentages as calculated by the Association method, as follows:

First place, 100 per cent.; second place, 50 per cent.; third place, 25 per cent.; the total amount of percentage to be divided by the number of starts, the result giving the championship percentage. Only open races scheduled under the Y. R A. rules to count; at least 50 per cent. of the total percentage to be won within limits indicated on the Association chart; no percentage to be allowed to a yacht which has not defeated a competitor, and every yacht to be assumed to have started in at least ten races. With this system of computation of performances a championship diploma is given for the highest percentage in all classes, and also a championship medal and pennant to the yacht with the highest percentage in each class.

The winners of the year are given on the first page of the book: Diploma, Elsa, H. M. Crane, in the 15ft. class, Mr. Crane being also the "crew" of the champion of the 15ft. R. L. class in New York. The winner in the first class is Ida, J. F. E. Beekman; second class, Gleaner, F. O. Wellington; third class, Arab, W. F. Scott; fourth class, Alpine, C. J. Blethen; fifth class, Elsa, H. M. Crane; knockabout class, Cock Robin, Chas. S. Eaton. A record such as this and the accompanying lists of the yachts in each class in the order of their percentages is of far more value in encouraging racing than any amount of money in cash prizes under the old haphazard system. From the beginning of the season each racing owner is now working not for a few valuable prizes, or for empty honors in walkovers or in a class with little against him, but for the first place in percentage in a large class of racing yachts. The official record shows percentages for 11 yachts in the first class, 17 in the second, 18 in the third, 18 in the fourth, 6 in the fifth, and 11 in the knockabout class.

Accompanying the book is a sheet containing the recent changes in the racing rules, already published. Most of these are decidedly for the better, and should result in increased interest in the racing of 1897. Considering the widespread—in fact, almost universal—use of the Seawanhaka rule throughout the country, and the fact that it has given better results than any other rule ever tried, and that its disadvantages are equally shared by other rules, it seems unfortunate that the Massachusetts clubs could not retain it and remain in unity with the New York and Sound clubs, especially as these now form a strong union It is quite certain that in New York waters a simple waterline measurement, such as was so long in use, has at best no advantage whatever over the length and sail area rule; and it has not yet been shown how the conditions about Boston differ from those in so many other localities. No proof seems necessary of the desirability of one common rule throughout the country, and the rule now generally used is at least better than anything proposed to replace it.

The naming of the Association classes is also of a haphazard description: First class, special class, second class, knockabout class, third class and fourth class.

Taken altogether the Association has done wonderful work in but two years, not only bringing excellent order out of what was little better than chaos, but making good rules as well as uniform rules. The measurement of the actual waterline with crew on board, the abolition of time allowance, the establishment of the percentage system, simple and manifestly good as they all are, seemed hardly possible but three years ago.

The following notice is sent out to all clubs with the book:

"The success of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts having been established, through uniform rules and the support given it by the yacht clubs comprising it, the executive committee would call attention to the amendments to sailing rules (copies of which please find herewith), which rules will be changed as little as possible in the future.

"While this Association does not presume to dictate in club matters, it would recommend the revising of club sailing rules to conform, as nearly as possible, to the Association's rules, as a matter of convenience to themselves, regarding measurements, etc., to prevent yachts being forced out of their usual classes, and that they may sail their club races on up-to-date rules, which cannot fail to benefit the club's racing.

"As it is an established fact that open races are more interesting and beneficial to the sport than club races, it is hoped that clubs will give a liberal share of their appropriations to open races."

THE CRUISE OF THE CRICKET.

MANY yachtsmen may not be aware of the fact that there is a navigable inside channel from the Great South Bay of Long Island through to Shinnecock and Peconic bays for craft of humble draft. To such the log of the sloop yacht Cricket on her September cruise may be of interest. Cricket is a centerboard jib and mainsail boat, 15ft. 6in. l.w.l., 18ft. over all and 14in draft. She was designed and built complete at Amityville, L. I., by her master and navigator, Master Robbie Haight, at present a student at Stevens College, Hoboken. He even cut her sails—which were made with the aid of the maternal sewing machine—and bent them when made. "I knew she was strong enough," said Capt. Haight, "so I didn't hesitate to take her anywhere I could pilot her." With the assistance of a young friend who eagerly volunteered to act as "crew," the voyage, of which the following is the log, was safely accomplished:

Sept. 8.—Got under way from Amityville at 1:25 P. M. Wind, N.E by N. Course, E. by N Double-reefed fore and aft. Anchored at Cherry Grove 5:30 P. M Distance, 16 miles Time, 4 hours 5 minutes Lay all night on a lee shore. Wind increasing. At 1 A M. let go large anchor, but it proved unnecessary.

Sept. 9.—Cloudy; blowing half a gale. Weighed anchor 5:35 A. M. Wind, N.N.E. and dead ahead. Beat across bay to Sayville under three-reefed mainsail and "bob" jib Anchored 9:20 A M. Crew wore leaky oilers and was wet through Lay storm-bound all day at Sayville Dock. At 9:30 P. M. left dock, let go both anchors and paid out cable to bare ends.

Sept. 10.—Cloudy; good whole-sail breeze, N.W by W. Got the anchors and started with everything set at 9:10 A. M. Passed Patchogue 9:45 A. M., Howell's Point 10:10 A. M.; distance 7½ miles; time 1 hour Blacksquall from N.W. Dropped everything and scudded for Smith's Point under jib Passed Moriches 12 M under double-reefed mainsail and full jib. Catboat chased us about 3 miles, unsuccessfully. Entered canal at end of Moriches Bay. Passed under four bridges at West Hampton and Quogue. Had to pull and pole through between the bushes. Reached Shinnecock Bay and ran for Shinnecock Light Reached light 7 P. M Landed accidentally right in lightkeeper's duck yard. Day's run 30 miles; time 9 hours 50 minutes.

Sept. 11.—Clear; wind light S.S.W. Under way 5 A. M. Entered Shinnecock Canal and unstepped mast. Passed under two bridges and through canal. Tide running through with us about 5 miles per hour. In most places could find no bottom with 11ft. oar. In Great Peconic Bay at 9 A. M. Becalmed for one hour. Breeze from S W. Ran from Robin's Island Buoy to Jessup's Neck Buoy in one hour; distance 6 miles. Reached Greenport 3 P. M Day's run 18 miles; time 10 hours

Sept. 12.—Good breeze from eastward. Under way with everything set 6:30 A. M. Beat down to Hay Beach Point, then laid course through Gardiner's Bay for Ram Island. Wind and tide against us. Ram Island to Montauk Point under jib and mainsail; wind still ahead. Caught three large bluefish in tide rift off the Point; landed one and cooked him for dinner Fog shut in at 3 P M, but drifted slightly 5:05 P. M Montauk Light bore due north. Laid course W. by S. for Fire Island; wind S E. Clubtopsail aloft. Lookout forward and helmsman aft; one hour watches At 9 P. M. wind dies out. Crews gets two hours below. 11 P. M. no wind; skipper gets two hours below.

Sept. 13, 1 A. M.—Light breeze from W. dead ahead. 5 A. M, no wind. Day breaks foggy. 6:30 A M, fog lifts. We are off Shinnecock Life Saving Station. Made about 25 miles during the night Wind comes E. by N right aft. Shinnecock Light bears N at 7:58 A. M Wind increasing. Still going wing-a-wing with topsail aloft. Passed Tianna L. S S. 8:17 A. M. Passed Quogue L. S. S. 8:54 A. M. (3¾ miles, 37 minutes). Passed Petunk L. S. S. 9:30 A. M. (3¼ miles, 36 minutes). Passed Moriches L. S. S 10 A. M. (3½ miles, 30 minutes). 10 A. M. blowing two-reef breeze. Clubtopsail spars would not stand, so hauled the sail down and set it tack upward as a spinaker. Passed Forge River L. S. S. 10:47 (5½ miles, 47 minutes). Passed Smith's Point L. S S. 11:17 (3½ miles, 30 minutes). Passed Bellport L. S. S 11:45 (3¼ miles, 28 minutes). Passed Blue Point L. S. S 12:55 (5¼ miles, 50 minutes) Passed Lone Hill L. S. S. 1:02 (3 miles, 27 minutes) Passed Point o' Woods L. S. S. 1:35 (2¼ miles, 33 minutes). At 2:15 P. M. Fire Island Light bore N. Dropped mainsail and scudded for bell buoy under jib while double-reefing mainsail. Beat into the inlet against full ebb tide under two-reefed mainsail and "bob" jib. Wind still E. by N. Gave her the full jib at Wa-wa-yanda. Rounded Whirlpool Point 5 P. M. and eased off sheets for home. Dropped anchor at Amityville 6:45 P. M. Day's run about 55 miles; time 12 hours.

From Greenport to Amityville, about 105 miles, the run was made in 36 hours without a stop. The best time was made on Sept 10, from Sayville to Howell's Point, 7½ miles, time 1 hour, with wind on port quarter.

When the antecedents of skipper Haight are considered, it is no wonder that he has developed a penchant for nautical sport. He is a grandson of Capt. Samuel Samuels, the famous master of the old clipper ship Dreadnaught, the pioneer transatlantic yacht racer and now president of the *Marine Journal* corporation. Mrs. Haight was born at sea on the old ship Manhattan, on the voyage home from Batavia, under Capt. Samuels's command. When at the City of New York College Mr. Haight took the prize two years in succession awarded by Harper & Bros. for superior workmanship.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF YACHT MEASUREMENT.

THE general recognition of the defects of existing systems of measurement in this country, and desire for a remedy, have as yet produced nothing in the way of suggestions or amendments that can be classed as more than local or superficial. One set of proposals deals with the limitation of draft, another with the limitation or taxation of overhang, and a third goes no further than to prohibit the bulb fin type so far as mere construction goes, while recognizing it in actual form.

At best but little good can come from such partial measures of reform; as a matter of fact, those of this sort recently enacted are likely to prove positive elements of evil. If the measurement question is to be dealt with successfully and finally, so far as the latter term applies to the reverse of the long existing conditions of dissatisfaction and change, it can only be done by starting at the very foundation of the subject and building up properly from the bottom. That this is likely to prove a most difficult task, all familiar with measurement legislation will admit; but there are many yachtsmen who are at least competent to discuss it intelligently if the way could be opened to a general and thorough inquiry under the auspices of the yacht clubs. Of course, the season is now too far advanced for any positive action to take effect in 1897; but if anything better is to be done next November than has just been accomplished by the Larchmont and New York yacht clubs, a year is little enough time for discussion and deliberation.

Just what the situation will be at the end of the racing season of 1897 it is impossible to forecast, but it is safe to say that the work of framing and passing amendments to the measurement rule will be far more difficult then than at present. Any yachts built during the winter, and some fairly large ones may be looked for with confidence, must recreate the "vested interests" that do not now exist, but which are such formidable bars to all changes and restrictions of a salutary nature.

The following are a few of the propositions that should form the basis of any thorough discussion of the measurement question:

Yacht racing as it has existed for the past five years in America and Great Britain is marked by many features which are generally deprecated as to the disadvantage of the sport; the winning yachts being of great cost, limited life, liable to be quickly outbuilt, and of little utility other than as racers.

This state of affairs is due to two prime causes: the general conditions of modern sport and the defects of existing measurement rules. The first cause, the readiness of a small number to expend large sums in order to win prizes, regardless of all other considerations, is almost entirely independent of the question of the measurement rule, and is likely to exist to an undesirable extent under the most perfect formula. It can only be made inoperative by supplementing the measurement formula proper by rigid restrictions on light construction, specially expensive materials and an extravagant outlay in the racing. To illustrate, supposing that a rule were enacted that would produce a yacht similar to the old 40-footers, and a dozen such craft of modern but not extreme construction, reasonable accommodation and comfortable furnishing, were built and raced as the forties were, the owners living on board and sailing from port to port as the racing required. Should any one owner be tempted to come into the class with a yacht of equally good design, but of aluminum or other extreme light construction, using a steam yacht for his home and a tender for the racing yacht, ordering three or four suits of sails in a season and employing a couple of the crack racing skippers as first and second captains; it is plain enough that he would soon take all the prizes and kill off the class. It is difficult, if not altogether impossible, for the clubs to draw the line between legitimate and commendable enterprise on the part of the racing owner which raises the general standard of yacht racing, and that selfish spirit which looks only to the winning of the greatest number of prizes in a season, no matter what the result may be on the class in the future. It is the case at present, both in America and England, that the measurement rules are unjustly blamed for evils that they are not responsible for and that might have come under the most perfect of rules. This particular phase of the measurement question must be considered at the start, as it will prove only a waste of time to attempt to find a formula which of itself will correct evils that are due to some external cause.

Coming to the formula itself, the first questions are: the ends to be obtained by a formula of measurement and the general nature of such formulas. The first point we have frequently discussed and need not touch on now. Suffice it to say that yachtsmen are universally agreed that the function of a rule is to produce the best possible yacht; and as generally at variance as to what constitutes the "best," one man preferring the open skimming dish, one the little lead mine, a third the fin-keel, and a fourth the tub cruiser.

The second point, the proper nature of the measurement rule in the abstract, is one that has received very little attention when it is considered how many barrels of ink and reams of paper have been expended, not to say wasted, in discussing the secondary question, of the number and values of the factors in the formula. The question was suggested in a letter in our issue of Nov 14, and is further discussed in the following from the same writer:

Editor Forest and Stream:

If I get the drift of the editorial comments on my letter of last week concerning measurement rules, it is:

(1) That I entirely mistake the purpose of the makers of such rules, and that they do not believe in the restriction of the principal elements of design within fixed maximum and minimum limits.

Permit me to say in reply that, aside from the matter of regulating handicaps, I can conceive of but one purpose in making or amending measurement rules, viz.: to encourage the building of what the makers of the rules deem to be a desirable type of yacht. Yachts cannot be classified as belonging to desirable and undesirable types without the fixing of definite limits to the variability of the proportions between the principal dimensions. In other words, the conception that a yacht has or may have an undesirable form is impossible without the prior fixing in the mind of maximum and minimum limits to the principal dimensions of the ideal yacht with which she is compared. The limits may be tolerably wide apart, but there can be no type unless there is a limit to the diversity of form between individuals composing a class.

That ideal type may be directly and certainly developed in two ways: by at once stating the limits to the fundamental proportions, and requiring all yachts to be built within those limits; or by attacking the problem piecemeal, by special legislation directed to each abnormal feature as it is evolved. The former method is the more economical, and produces the desired results more quickly.

The same results may possibly be reached by indirection, but with much uncertainty, and, if we may judge by experience, with little likelihood of ultimate success; that is to say, by means of complicated formulæ like this: L+1.2 B+Girth+√S.

This I contend is a clumsy way of confining the evolution of the yacht within certain desired limits, that it might almost be deemed a clever contrivance to hinder and delay the production of the ideal yacht.

(2.) To the objection that no possible formula has been suggested for a rule based upon absolute and definite limitations of the principal elements of design, it may be said that when formula makers have clear and definite ideas respecting the type of yachts they wish to develop, it will certainly be as easy to describe that type in terms that directly make a maximum and minimum limit to each of the principal dimensions as to describe it by the single term of an abstract number which is the sum of sundry numbers of concrete units of different kinds, representing individual dimensions, any one of which may be varied indefinitely.

The foregoing formula seems to be constructed upon the principle that there will be no inducement to unduly enlarge any of the dimensions named at the expense of others, because 1ft. of l.w.l., 3ft. of beam, 1ft. of girth and the square root of 1sq. ft. of sail are approximately equivalent factors in producing speed. It would be interesting to know by what process of reasoning this conclusion was reached. SEXTANT.

It is a mere matter of history that practically all measurement rules up to the present time, with such exceptions as are found of late in certain special classes like the 40-footers, have been based upon the theory combated by Sextant of a summation of certain unlimited factors. It has at least been assumed that there were certain natural limitations to the extreme use of any one or more factors, though experience shows that such a natural limit is often far beyond what is generally accepted as desirable, as in the case of draft in the last few years.

We do not yet understand how a satisfactory formula, permitting different types to race together on a fair basis, can be made on the plan which Sextant suggests. It is quite obvious that by means of absolute restrictions one stereotyped model—and that a very good one—may be produced; but there seems to be no elasticity or opportunity for experiment under such a system. The result must inevitably be the production of one type, and past experience shows that the chances are in favor of the type being a bad one. Had British yachtsmen acted upon this theory in 1880 they would have taken as the ideal on which the formula was to be based the extreme narrow cutter; had American yachtsmen taken up the matter at the same time the whole field of American yachting would have been closed to anything other than the sandbag model in various sizes, from 100ft. downward. Had the experiment been tried in this country just before Minerva raced, in 1889, the ideal model would have been the deep, powerful and overrigged 40-footer. What such a movement would result in to-day can be imagined from the recent faulty legislation in the effort to apply this same principle to one factor alone—draft.

There is no disputing the fact that the present system of formula, as embodied in the Seawanhaka rule, the Y. R. A. rating rule or the present linear rating rule, to say nothing of the French and German rules, has failed to bar the racing machine and produce a desirable type of yacht whenever put to the extreme test of keen competition and the outbuilding contest which accompanies it. At the same time we cannot see that anything more is to be expected from the system advocated by our correspondent, or even how his suggestions are to be put into practical shape. We shall, however, be glad to hear from him and others in the matter.

British Canoeing.

THE following comments on the condition of canoeing in England to-day are from the *Field*. It is very unfortunate that, at best, there has always been an utter lack of harmony between the Royal Canoe Club, which after all is but a club and a local one in spite of its high position, and the British Canoe Association, which is not a club, but a national association. Curiously enough, to Americans, the racing legislation is entirely in the hands of the local club and not of the national association; and canoeing manages to exist in some way under such anomalous conditions. The real racing events are not those of the B. C. A. meet, but of the R. C. C. race meetings:

Of all the months in the year, probably November is the least utilised afloat; on the other hand, this month on shore witnesses the shaping of the mould and the casting of next year's chief canoeing events. The Royal Canoe Club meets in London on the 24th of this month, and after the annual dinner the autumn general meeting will be held. At that meeting almost anything may take place, and it is therefore impossible to say for certain, until after the meeting, as to how or in what lines canoeing may grow during the coming year.

Possibly some local club man of some outport club may think we exaggerate the importance of the R. C. C. meeting when we suggest that it moulds and casts the chief canoeing events; but let him for a moment consider the effect of a clash between the R. C. C. fixtures and the meet of the British Canoe Association on one instance. Such a thing is possible, but let us hope highly improbable. However, there are those, and we have heard from several lately, who desire to see the Royal C. C. hold a cruise, a camping cruise, in Scotland or North Ireland late in the summer, and thereat to hold the club's sailing races and cup race. It is needless to point out that if this were to take place, no matter whether the dates clashed or not, the two events would clash, and one of them would fall through; it would immediately become a question of which programme and locality was the most captivating. Few men could afford two distinct terms of holiday, and the extra expense of trans-shipment between the two meets would be a further damper on the possibility of attending both.

In the present state of canoeing as a sport, the senior club will be far better advised to stay at home; indeed there are many canoemen who think the club went too far afield this last season in holding its sailing races at Burnham-on-Crouch; but, like most things, there are two sides to that particular question. Viewed from the recruiting point of bringing new blood into the club, of binding members together in solid comradeship, and of making the club agreeable to its members besides the mere cup hunters, there can be no shadow of doubt but that the old Hendon Lake arrangement was the truest obtainable near London.

Hendon was slowly but surely poisoned by the advent of the racing machine; off-day pleasure sailing on the lake, which attracted men down on mid-week evenings, and company sailing on many fine Sundays was all knocked on the head by the influence of the rolley-over racing machine. Sailing became an arduous task, a gymnastic performance under most uncomfortable circumstances, with a considerable dash of real danger; hence the majority sought the comforts of ½ raters and other small yachts.

From the other point of view Burnham on-Crouch was expected to do, and has done, its powerful duty toward killing the poisonous insect which was lowering the vitality of canoeing. The Teames at Greenhithe last year showed up the wretched state to which canoe models had driveled, and Burnham has this year put, we sincerely hope, the finishing touch to the downward dragging of the will-o'-the-wisp. The whole Burnham chapter speaks eloquently to those who can look ahead; Burnham is no place for the novice, no place for recruiting; it is a perfect place for the racing man, but a poor place for the club member or cruiser who wants to at least see his club's money sailed for. The experience is that it is an expensive place to get to for either canoe or man; it is a long and expensive journey for visitors, practically out of the question for those who do not sleep at the place. The question of the best course for the club to take is indeed one difficult to answer, but as the motions relating thereto have to be sent in to the secretary on Tuesday next, Nov. 10, we draw the attention of canoemen to the subject, hoping that some brilliant idea for the coming season may be timely put upon the agenda of the general meeting.

This general meeting of the R. C. C., in addition to the business above mentioned, is the only meeting at which rules affecting classification for racing purposes can be altered so as to be effective during next season; it is therefore to be hoped that the agenda paper will contain some clear amendment of the racing machine rule. We have often mentioned one important alteration—absolutely important in the present circumstances. It is not the abolition, but the restricting of the sliding deck seat. The deck seat is already restricted in the cruiser class to the limit of the width of the canoe when it is rigged in; if such restriction is fairly acted upon the slide-out board cannot exceed half the canoe's beam; that is, in the cruiser class, 31in. (The result of extending this restriction to the other class would be simply that the extreme racing machine could not be successfully sailed in a breeze. Now if that were so the present scare of the hawk (the 5ft. slide machine) would be off, and many old-time canoe sailors would come back into sailing, and novice recruits would have a chance; at least, of a pleasant sail, if not of a prize or two. Another, but less important amendment, would be the abolition of permanent foot-bath or bucket wells; such a contrivance as a canvas bucket well, fitted so as to be removable, is quite a proper fitting, and it can be used by a cruiser or a racer; but the canoe built without any well, or with a sort of soapdish or shallow indentation of the deck, curiously termed a well—such a craft is a machine, and is a standing enemy to the fair future of canoe sailing.

One other drawback to racing at Burnham was experienced last season, namely, the perishing strains suffered by the canoes in the roundabout, disconnected railway journey and carting. If Burnham is to be retained, carriage by water must be arranged for, and here an item of no small expense must be accepted and apportioned between the club and the competitors.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Peregrine, steam yacht, R. H. White, is at Lawley's for alterations to the cabins.

The New York Yacht Racing Union has proposed a conference with the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts with a view to the adoption of uniform sailing measurement and classification rules. The sailing rules of the two organisations are now practically the same, but uniformity on other points is impossible so long as one organisation has a length and sail area rule and the other a simple waterline with crew on board. With uniformity in sailing rules more practical knowledge of the value of the respective measurement rules can be had by allowing each association to build and develop under its own rules for several seasons and then comparing results.—*Boston Globe.*

The "Segler's Taschenbuch" (Sailor's Pocketbook) was first published in 1891 by our enterprising contemporary, the *Wassersport*, of Berlin, the German yachting journal. The little book was notable, not only for its technical value, but as marking another step in the successful growth of yachting throughout the German empire. The new edition that has just come to us, considerably enlarged and improved, is in turn a memorial of the progress of the past five years, during which time the older yachts which marked the infancy of the sport in Germany have given place to many new yachts of the most modern type, from the great Meteor II. down to the little Bubble. The book, as its title indicates, is a guide for the young yachtsman; it is carefully arranged and written and very well illustrated with explanatory diagrams. It treats first of the different types and sizes of sailing yachts, then of gear and rigging, ballast, rudder, ground tackle, life saving. The second part, seamanship, deals with the small boat under sail, the yacht under sail and cruising in small boats. A chapter is also devoted to the German Sailing Union. One important addition includes a number of designs of small yachts, centerboard, keel and bulb keel; such craft as are best suited to the use of the novice and the young Corinthian generally. Those who are familiar with the German language will find the book both interesting and useful.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Mannee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

American Canoe Association.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Toronto, Saturday, Nov. 21, 1896.

THE fourteenth annual meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association was held at the house of the Toronto C. C. on Nov. 21, with Com. J. N. MacKendrick in the chair. The executive committee was first created in the fourth year of the Association, 1883, previous to which time all legislation was carried on at the general meeting of the members, held during the annual meet, each member voting in the election of officers and the amendment of constitution, racing rules, etc. Under the existing system the members of each division elect their division officers, who, with the commodore, secretary-treasurer and librarian, constitute the executive committee of the Association.

A meeting of the committee is held each year at the meet, but the principal business of the Association is conducted at the annual meeting of the committee in November, at a place selected by the new commodore. The various meetings have been held as follows:

1883, Albany.	1890, Boston.
1884, Albany.	1891, Albany.
1885, Oswego.	1892, Kingston.
1886, Albany.	1893. New York.
1887, New York.	1894, Albany.
1888, Toronto.	1895, Rome.
1889, New York.	1896, Toronto.

The central location of Albany has led to its frequent selection in preference to other cities.

Mr. John R. Blake, the newly elected secretary-treasurer, called the roll after the meeting was called to order, the representation being: Com. John N. MacKendrick, Sec'y-Treas. John R. Blake, Librarian W. P. Stephens.

Northern Division: Vice-Com. R. Easton Burns, Purser F. H. McNee; Ex. Com.: W. T. Lawless, by proxy; D'Arcy Scott.

Atlantic Division: Vice-Com. Joseph E. Murray, Rear-Com. W. E. Barlow, Purser H. W. Fleischman; Ex. Com.: Thomas Hale, Jr., J. K. Hand.

Central Division: Vice-Com. H. M. Stewart; Ex. Com.: H. C. Morse.

Eastern Division: Not represented.

Mr. R. J. Wilkin, president of the board of governors, was present, and on motion of Mr. Stewart, seconded by Mr. Fleischman, was accorded the privileges of the floor.

The minutes of the meeting of the committee in August were read and approved, with a motion to amend them by adding a minute of the election of Sec'y-Treas. Blake by a mail vote. A letter was then read from ex-Com. Huntington, inclosing the bond executed by Mr. Noyock, winner of the paddling trophy, and stating that the winners of the sailing and Dolphin trophies had promised to furnish similar bonds. On motion of Mr. Hand, seconded by Mr. Murray, it was resolved that a regular form of bond be adopted, to apply in the future to the three cups, the amounts for the A. C. A. sailing and paddling trophies being in each case $500 and for the Dolphin trophy $250, two sureties approved by the commodore being necessary in each case.

Invitations were read and accepted with thanks from the Toronto C. C., the Toronto Camera Club and the Toronto Athletic Club. The following report of the retiring secretary-treasurer was then read and accepted:

SECRETARY-TREASURER'S REPORT, 1895-96.

Receipts.

Sec'y-Treas. Cragg as per report	$761 60
Board of Governors, advance	250 00
Central Division, balance 1895	3 26
Northern Division, balance 1895	2 10
Central Division, full income 1896	189 07
Atlantic Division, 30 per cent. income 1896	88 50
Eastern Division, 30 per cent. income 1896	120 90
Northern Division, 30 per cent. income 1896	27 60
Year Book, receipts	282 75
Year Book, postage	44 48
Camp Site Committee	450 34
Transportation Committee	207 40
Regatta Committee	5 25
Camp dues	194 00
R., W. & O. R. R. Transportation 1895	18 96
Code books	1 81
	$2,644 83

Disbursements.

Transferred to Board of Governors	$761 60
Office expenses	33 30
General expenses	18 22
Camp expenses	159 94
Year Book	208 25
Year Book postage	44 58
Camp Site Committee	608 75
Regatta Committee	125 85
Transportation Committee	351 10
Board of Governors loan repaid	250 00
Board of Governors balance transferred	84 04
	$2,644 53

There are no unpaid debts of the Association. In addition to the cash transferred to the Board of Governors there has been turned over to the Association for use another year the following property:

Uncollected accounts—tent floors	$11 04
West Shore R. R. transportation	40 00
Tents	81 94
Floors, mess tent and headquarters	130 47
Dock	40 00
	$303 45

A portion of this, viz., West Shore transportation $15, tents $48.78, was reported on hand last year. In addition to the property turned over to the Association as above, there has been held and stored on the island, in charge of Mr. W. L. Delaney, tent floors and docks belonging to the members and for their use another year to the amount of $372.29, making the total property turned over for the Association and members $675.74.

Heretofore it has been customary to dispose of the tents and lumber in the camp floors, and augment the receipts from the sale of the same at the end of the meet, from which source the officers of the present year would probably have realized in the neighborhood of $400, and the cash receipts would have been swelled to that amount, in lieu of which the Association and members realize more substantial value in the property reported. One item of extraordinary expense appears in the sec'y-treas.'s accounts this year, viz., the purchase of prize shields, $119 25. Ordinarily the flags for prizes have been donated by members of the Association, without expense to the Association. This year, under the amendment to the Constitution, metal shields were given for prizes, the cost of which was paid by the Association. All of which is respectfully submitted.

T. H. Stryker, Sec'y-Treas.

The undersigned committee, appointed by Com. MacKendrick to audit the accounts of T. H. Stryker, Sec'y-Treas. A. C. A., 1895-6, hereby certify that they have examined the same, and find above correct and properly vouched for. John S. Wardwell, No. 1013, J. G. Bissell, No. 1235.

Rome, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1896.

The reports of the regatta committee were then read and accepted. The principal report consisted almost entirely of the report of the races as published last August in the Forest and Stream, there being no recommendations as to changes of the rules.

REGATTA COMMITTEE REPORT.

Owing to absences on the committee, Mr. H. D. McVean was appointed a member of the regatta committee and acted as clerk of the course. To him we wish to tender many thanks, as well as to Mr. and Mrs. Post, of Ogdensburgh, for the use of their yacht Vailima. The entries for the races were very pleasing in numbers and have proved the policy of the last year's reduced limit in sail area. We would recommend to the following regatta committee that a sailing course be laid out in each bay, if possible, as the winds that prevailed during the last camp were more or less irregular, due to their blowing over Grindstone Island. The prizes or shields are a delight to every winner.

(Signed) E. B. Edwards, Acting Chairman,
Butler Ames,
H. D. McVean.

REGATTA COMMITTEE, FINANCIAL REPORT, 1896.

Disbursements.

Prize Shields, Dominick & Haaf	$119 25
Megaphone	5 25
Rope for halyard and buoys	1 35
	$125 85

Receipts.

Donated for megaphone	$5 25
Balance, excess of expenditures	120 60
	$125 85

Respectfully submitted, W. C. Witherbee.
Port Henry, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1896.

The following was then read:

CAMP SITE COMMITTEE REPORT, 1896.

Disbursements.

Labor	$178 00
Carpenters' board	10 50
Lumber, nails, etc.	420 00
	$608 50

Receipts.

Camp floors and labor	$450 09
Balance excess of expenditures	158 41
	$608 50
Uncollected accounts	$11 04
Property turned over to the Association for use next year:	
Floor, men's tent	$108 00
Floor, fleet surgeon's tent	14 72
Nails	7 75
	$141 51

In addition to the above there was stored on the island for the use of members, in the charge of W. L. Delaney, individual floors and docks to the value of $372.29; making a total of property returned by the committee of $513 80.

Respectfully submitted, J. R. Robertson,
Chairman Camp Site Committee.

Auburndale, Oct. 24, 1896.

Objection was made to the form of this report in that the property of members was presented as an asset of the Association for which the incoming officers would be responsible. On motion the report was accepted with the understanding that this private property was in no way chargeable to the new officers.

The following report of the transportation committee was read and accepted:

TRANSPORTATION COMMITTEE REPORT, 1896.

Disbursements.

Charter of scow for baggage	$9 00
Charter of steamer Pastime	337 50
Mail bag	2 50
Express, refunded	2 10
	$351 10

Receipts.

Steamer Pastime, cash	$207 40
Balance excess of expenditures	143 70
	$351 10

Respectfully submitted,
James K. Hand,
Chairman Transportation Committee.

New York, Oct. 29, 1896.

The transportation committee begs to report as follows: Apart from the concessions obtained from the various railroads, steamboat lines, etc., which it is believed were satisfactory, the local transportation to and from Clayton was arranged for by the charter of the Pastime, which gave excellent service, so that the question of local transportation at A. C. A. camps has for once been satisfactorily demonstrated. The cost of the Pastime is shown in the accompanying report, the details of which are in the hands of Secretary-Treasurer Stryker; also vouchers and substantiating papers.

Receipts.

Aug. 15, cash, Captain	$20 20
Aug. 16, cash, Captain	10 35
Aug. 17, cash, Captain	10 15
Aug. 18, cash, Captain	5 01
Aug. 19, cash, Captain	14 45
Aug. 20, cash, Captain	10 15
Aug. 21, cash, Captain	8 65
Aug. 22, cash, Captain	14 10
Aug. 23-24, cash, Captain	19 65
Aug. 25, cash, Captain	8 70
Aug. 26, cash, Captain	9 50
Aug. 27, cash, Captain	13 38
Aug. 28, cash, Captain	36 40
Aug. 28, account Vernon	75
Aug. 28, scow fixtures	7 71
Aug. 28, Burgess, fixtures	4 00
Aug. 28, McElveney	10 00
Sept. 16	4 25
Balance	146 70
	$351 10

Payments.

Aug. 15, scow	$4 00
Aug. 28, scow	5 00
Aug. 28, Pastime	337 50
Aug. 28, mail boy	2 50
Aug. 28, express	75
Aug. 28, express, Hyatt	1 35
	$351 10

The report of the Librarian was then read and accepted.

LIBRARIAN'S REPORT.

To the Commodore and Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association:

Gentlemen: The Librarian has the pleasure to report that as to the main end for which the office of Librarian was established, the care for certain properties of the Association which are used at each annual meet, the same are now in good order except for small repairs to the large ensigns, that they are each year forwarded to the camp in season for the meet and returned at its close; the total expense for insurance and expressage averaging about $6 per year. In this connection the Librarian desires to call attention to the very thorough and careful manner in which the late Signal Officer, Mr. H. M. Stewart, discharged his duties as temporary custodian of the flags, signal codes, etc.

The same Librarian naturally suggests a much wider field than the care of flags, racing numbers, etc.; but up to the present time there appears to be no possibility for the establishment of a collection of books and charts and general bureau of information. The demand for information is but small, and the offers of aid in this direction from canoeists are even smaller and fewer. To follow out the excellent plan devised by Mr. N. H. Bishop, the founder of the Association, for the systematic collection of information relating to American waterways would require practically the entire time of one individual, and certainly cannot be attempted by any one Association officer without an allowance for clerical aid.

If any such plan is to be put in practice in the future it must be through a systematic sub division of the work, with one officer in each division, aided by local officers in the different clubs. There is no question as to the value of the work that might be done in this field, of a similar nature to that now conducted by the Naval Militia in studying closely the neighboring coasts and collecting information; but such work could only be of value to the country at large, and not to canoeing as a sport. So far as canoe cruising is concerned, the demand for such information is not sufficient to justify the expense to the Association of collecting and distributing it.

Respectfully submitted,
W. P. Stephens, Librarian, A. C. A.

The following report of the Central Division was then read, and on motion was ordered returned for correction in the amount turned over to the secretary-treasurer, to be accepted if approved by the commodore as correct.

Pursers' Reports, 1896.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Receipts.

1895.		
Nov. 27, cash from W. S. Hackett		$412 47
1896.		
June 1, interest on bank account to date		8 37
Sept. 30, interest on bank account to date		5 92
1893, dues paid	$ 3	
1894, dues paid	9	
1895, dues paid	17	
1896, dues paid	176	
Initiation fees	26	231 00
		$657 76

Disbursements.

1895.		
Dec. 17, paid T. H. Stryker, Sec'y-Treas., balance due A. C. A. from Purser W. S. Hackett, 1895		$1 34
Expenses paid by Purser W. H. Martin to March 16, 1896.		
1896.		
March 16, collection on checks deposited	$1 82	
Printing, stationery, etc	14 45	
Postage	9 00	$25 27
Purser George J. Keyes, March 16, 1896, to Oct. 1, 1896.		
June 27, T. H. Stryker, Sec'y-Treas., postage on Year Book		9 92
Aug. 1, T. H. Stryker, Sec'y-Treas., on account receipts for year		150 00
Aug. 14, express charges on books sent to camp		30
Sept. 30, T. H. Stryker, Sec'y-Treas., balance postage Year Book		88
T. H. Stryker, Sec'y-Treas., balance receipts for year		39 07
Collection on checks deposited to date		1 50
Postage to date		7 00
Stationery, printing, etc		11 85
Oct. 1, balance cash sent L. C. Woodworth, Purser		411 13
		$657 76

Membership.

Members as per last report	203
New members	26
Reinstated	9
	238
Dropped for non-payment of dues	52
Resigned	11
Died	3—66
Present membership	172

Oct. 1, 1896. Geo. J. Keyes, Purser Central Div., A. C. A.

Oct. 5, 1896.—Audited and found correct.
J. R. Stewart, } Committee appointed by
C. P. Mosen, } Vice-Com. H. S. McVean.

The report of the Atlantic Division was not at hand, but the reports of the Eastern and Northern Divisions were read and accepted.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Receipts.

Balance Oct. 1, 1895	$142 03
Dues, 1894	3 00
Dues, 1895	9 00
Dues, 1896	329 00
Camp dues at Division meet	85 00
In fees	62 00
	$630 03

Expenditures.

Stationery, printing, postage	$41 80
Postage on Year Books	17 32
Prizes, Division meet	58 65
Expenses, Division meet	153 20
Thirty per cent. paid A. C. A. treasurer	130 90
Balance Nov. 5, 1896	228 16
	$630 03

Membership.

Number of members per last report	321
New members	62
Reinstated	7
	390
Dropped for non-payment	51
Resigned	9
Died	1
Transferred to other divisions	2—63
Present membership	327

R. H. Hammond, Purser.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Receipts.

Amount forward from former purser	$78 19
Dues, 1895	5 00
Dues, 1896	73 00
Initiation fees	14 00
	$170 19

Expenditures.

Printing and stationery	$8 50
Postage and circulars and on Year Book	11 16
Sundries	7 45
Thirty per cent. to T. H. Stryker	29 70
Balance on hand	113 38
	$170 19

Membership.

October, 1895	77
Reinstated	6
New members	14—97
Dropped	23
Present membership	74

D. H. MacDougal, Purser.

The following was then read and accepted:

BOARD OF GOVERNORS' REPORT.

1895.	
Nov. 15..Balance in Brooklyn Savings Bank	$877 93
1896.	
Nov. 7..From Sec'y-Treas. Stryker, loan repaid	250 00
Nov. 7..From Sec'y-Treas. Stryker, account 1896	84 04
July 11..Interest on deposit	25 02
Nov. 11..Balance in Brooklyn Savings Bank	$1236 99

R. J. Wilkin, Pres. Board of Governors.

Audited and found correct.
M. T. Bennett, Auditor.

Nov. 16, 1896.

A letter was read from the owner of Stave Island offering to the Association the privileges of camping there; also a letter from Mr. Delaney and one from the caterer, Mr. McElveney, offering to take charge of the mess at Grindstone. It was moved by Mr. Burns, seconded by Mr. Stewart, that the meet of 1897 be held at Grindstone Island, provided satisfactory terms could again be made with Mr. Delaney; the date to be from Aug. 6 to Aug. 20.

A proposal was introduced by Mr. D'Arcy Scott, seconded by Mr. Burns, to limit the one-man paddling races to 16 by 30 canoes, at least 12in. deep and of 50lbs. weight; in other words, to abolish the paddling racing machine. As the motion had not been advertised in advance, no action was taken.

The term of office of Mr. W. P. Stephens as Librarian having expired, he was renominated by Mr. Murray, seconded by Mr. Barlow, and re-elected. Mr. Stephens brought up the question of the Librarian's position as a member of the executive committee entitled to a voice in the meetings and a right to vote, suggesting that the nature of the office was not such as to carry with it these privileges; but after discussion it was decided by the committee that under the constitution the Librarian is entitled to a vote as a member of the committee.

Mr. Hand proposed to amend Art. VI., Sec. 5, of the constitution by striking out the words "regatta or," and the amendment will be voted on in the future.

The meeting adjourned at 1:55 P. M., after a very brief but satisfactory session.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 15.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, Standard target, 7-ring black. Capt. Gindele is still making 90s with his new Zischang rifle. He also has two clean scores to his credit to-day. A very tricky wind blew all day long; so much so, in fact, that it was hard to tell just what o'clock it did come from:

Gindele.
9 9 9 10 9 8 9 9 9 9—90 9 10 8 9 10 8 10 9 7 10—90
8 8 8 9 10 8 9 9 10 9—88 8 9 8 10 9 6 10 9 7 8—84

Wellinger.
10 10 8 9 10 9 9 7 8 9—89 10 6 6 6 10 9 6 7 8 10—78
5 6 9 8 10 9 5 8 9 9—78 7 7 6 7 8 8 8 6 8 10—75

Heidkamp.
5 4 5 7 4 7 8 8 6 9—63 9 4 8 3 8 4 5 10 6 6—63
5 5 4 6 7 5 9 5 7 6—59 6 5 9 6 6 7 5 5 5 5—59

Hasenzahl.
8 8 10 9 7 9 6 10 9 10—86 7 8 9 8 8 8 6 9 7 9—79
10 8 7 8 8 9 7 8 6 7—78 10 8 9 5 9 10 8 6 7 9—78

Topf.
6 4 7 7 6 7 7 10 5 9—68 9 7 8 4 8 4 7 6 6 7—66
10 3 6 4 8 7 5 6 8 8—65 8 8 7 7 3 5 5 5 8 9—69

A. Lux.
10 3 8 9 4 6 10 4 6 10—70 6 7 5 5 7 5 9 6 6 4—60
7 9 6 7 5 6 7 6 5 6—64 6 5 7 8 7 4 6 6 7 4—60

Payne.
7 6 9 10 10 9 10 8 7 10—86 7 7 10 9 6 10 10 7 8 10—84
9 5 8 8 8 7 10 9 10 7—81 7 9 9 8 8 4 10 9 7 8—80

Strickmeier.
7 10 6 9 9 7 8 7 8 10—80 9 9 7 7 9 6 8 6 5 9—74
6 8 9 9 7 8 3 7 4 9—68 6 7 8 8 10 4 6 5 6 7—67

Calumet Heights Riflemen.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 17.—Below are the rifle scores made by members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club on Nov. 8 and 15:

Class A, 200yds., off-hand, standard target, open sights allowed 2 points:

Nov. 8.	No. 1.	No. 2.
Harlan	4444244334 —36	....
Hobbs, Sr	4355451434—39+2—41	5344434344—38+2—40
Hobbs, Jr	4343433343—33+2—35	3444454543—39+2—41
Spalding	5344454444 —41	....
Peterson	....	0333550433—28+2—30
Davis	....	5054354454—39+2—41
H B Black	....	4453344354—41+2—43

Class B, ladies, 100yds., Creedmoor target:

	Nov. 8.	Nov. 15.
Mrs C W Carson	4445454445—43	5444454445—43
Miss Ervin	4334444444—38	4444554444—42
Mrs R B Carson	....	4443445444—40

In the A Class on Nov. 15 the following scores were made:

Dr Hobbs*....5445454454 —44 Dr Davis......4044345533—35+2—37
Spalding......4444323444 —36 C L Hobbs...4545454445 —44
H B Black....4344542534—38+2—40

* Dr Hobbs won on the shoot-off by 45 to 44.

Patty.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Dec. 1-3.—Trenton, N. J.—Contest for live-bird championship; 100 live birds per man, $100 entry. Under the management of Charles Zwirlein.

Dec. 12.—Hackensack, N. J.—Amateur championship of New Jersey, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club.

Dec. 22-23.—Elizabeth, N. J.—Ninth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

1897.

Jan. 4-5.—Prescott, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

Jan. 20-25.—San Antonio, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz. $300 added.

Feb. 27-March 11.—Hot Springs, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan. 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

March 23-26.—New York City.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—San Antonio, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

May 11-14.—Oil City, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

June (third week).—Cleveland, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 15-17.—Fargo, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Paul R. Litzke, of Little Rock, Ark., writes us under date of Nov. 20 as follows: "Oscar C. Guessaz writes me under date of the 12th inst. that active preparations are now being made for their second annual tournament, and that the dates selected for it are Jan. 20-25, 1897, while the added money will be the same as last year, $2,000. In addition to the money there will also be a trophy contest for the Schmelzer Cup, at present held by Mr. James W. Sexton, of Leavenworth, Kans., who has generously consented to put the trophy up for open competition. This is only one of the many kind offers made by the sportsmen all over the country, showing how much interest there is taken in the approaching shoot. The railroads are going to make liberal concessions, and there will be greatly reduced rates as a special inducement to the sportsmen. Game of all kinds is unusually abundant this season in Texas, and not only are quail, turkey and deer plentiful, but the duck shooting is also excellent, as the lakes are full of water, something not found everywhere in the South this fall. The holding of the shoot two weeks later than last year is also a good move, as one can now take in the Midwinter and then spend two weeks game shooting, and then return to Hot Springs in time for the big live-bird handicaps which John J. Sumpter, Jr., will pull off. How is this as an opener for '97? The Memphis Club has abandoned the idea of holding a tournament this fall."

The members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club, of Chicago, Ill., are singularly blessed. Read the following note from Patty, explaining the absence of target scores made by members of that club: "Bluerock shooting has been indulged in but little for the past two weeks on account of members spending the mornings on the river (Grand Calumet) killing ducks, returning for dinner and in time for rifle shoot. On Tuesday and Wednesday of last week Messrs. Lamphere and Paterson bagged fifty-eight, most of which were bluebills; on Saturday last they brought in nineteen; others had strings of fourteen, nine, and so on. While we do not look for great shooting so near the city, we believe we get our share. Thanksgiving Day ends the shooting year of the club and a programme has been arranged for shotgun and rifle contests for prizes."

We have sent out during the past week several copies of proposed new rules for target shooting. We have done our best to mail them to parties who seemed to us as likely to study the same carefully and to be able to give us more hints thereon. The rules now in use, good as they are, have been proved time and again to be lacking in certain particulars, and we have done our best to cover all points in plain language. Of course, there are defects, but, with the aid of our friends, we hope to be able finally to offer a set of rules that will be nearly perfect. Proposed new rules for live bird shooting are now in type, but they will have to undergo the same scrutiny as the above before being declared O. K.

In another portion of our trap columns we give the body of the annual review issued by the Interstate Association. These annual reviews are always interesting, marking, as they do, each step in the Association's career as a trap-shooting foster-mother. The season of 1896, judging from the contents of the review, has been in reality its most successful season since its organization, about seven years ago. There is one feature about the Association's methods which we especially appreciate: It goes where it will do most good, not where it will have the largest attendance. The banner tournament held under its auspices in 1896 was that given by the Portland, Me., Gun Club, July 22-23, with an average entry the first day of 35½, and on the second day of 30⅔.

Mr. Swenson, secretary of the East Pittsburg (Pa.) Gun Club, sends us the following note: "The E. C. Powder Co. has, through Mr. C. M. Hostetter (Old Hoss), presented the East Pittsburg Gun Club with a handsome silver cup, to be shot for by the members of the club. The shoots will be held every second and last Saturday for four months, everyone to shoot at 100 targets per month, best shooter to keep the cup for the month following. The final will be a 400-target race, best shooter to become owner of the cup."

Friends of Jas. F. Taylor, the popular member of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, will be sorry to learn that he was unable to shoot on the Blooming Grove Park Association's team at the team race at the N. Y. Athletic Club's grounds last Saturday, owing to an attack of sickness. Taylor is one of the best shots at either live birds or targets in this section, and recently won everything before him at the Blooming Grove Park Association's tournament for members only.

At the Vicksburg (Miss.) tournament, Nov. 17-18, H. G. Wheeler, of Marlboro, Mass., won first average each day. The magautrap was used, and Wheeler broke 182 out of 200 shot at on the first day; 189 on the second day. This was a most successful *début* for him as a full-blown representative the King Powder Co., for that's what Gil is now. He's out for blood, and says that he will shoot King's Smokeless to the top of them all.

We wrote a letter to Jack Parker about four weeks ago and have not to date received a line from him. Of course we realize what he is doing to the ducks on Lake Erie in the vicinity of Mouille Point, and can therefore partially excuse the apparent neglect of his less favored friends. We've been to Swan Creek ourselves, and can yet, in imagination and with closed eyes, see those flocks of mud hens that made our mouth water until we knew what they were.

Thanksgiving Day shoots will be as numerous as usual. There will be sweepstake shooting at Dexter Park all day, while at Oakwood Inn, Elizabeth, N. J., Nate Astfalk has provided an excellent bill of fare. The Boiling Springs Club, of Rutherford, N. J., holds its annual turkey shoot for the members of that club and its friends. The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., also holds an all-day shoot at its Marion grounds.

The Lockport, N. Y., Gun Club holds a tournament to-morrow (Nov. 25) at its grounds in that city. This is the first annual shoot of the club, and it is making special efforts to achieve success in this line. A six-men team race is a feature on the programme. The Rose system of dividing purses will be used. The appointments of the club are up to date, expert traps with electric pull being a portion of its equipment.

Charlie Zwirlein writes us that he has received a letter from Jim Elliott stating that he leaves Kansas City for Trenton, N. J., immediately after his match on Nov. 27. He also states that there are over 30 entries for the handicap, and adds that entries will be received up to the conclusion of the second round on Dec. 1. He has plenty of excellent birds on hand, and says that the boys won't complain of their quality.

Charlie Budd has been doing some excellent work on live birds lately, and now comes into the field and challenges Jim Elliott for the cup he won recently from J. E. Riley, of Kansas City. The trophy was presented by the Kansas City *Star*, and was won by Riley at the Missouri State shoot last May. Both Elliott and Budd are shooting well, so the match should prove a good drawing card and a hard one to win.

Neaf Apgar and Jake Biendermann left for Washington, Ind., the home of Jack Winston, on Nov. 22 for a week's quail shooting. The two above named, accompanied by Tom Keller, had a great day's rabbit hunting last week on a farm in New Jersey owned by Mr. Biendermann. The party had lots of fun and got a fair supply of rabbits, bringing home a total of 14 head.

"Fixtures" for the season of 1897 come in very slowly. Does this mean that it is going to be an off year for target shooting tournaments? We understand the Cobweb Gun Club, of New York, is considering the advisability of holding a big tournament at its grounds, Baychester, N. Y., during the week of the Sportsmen's Exposition. A big event at live birds is suggested as part of the programme.

The Forest Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., advertises a shoot at its grounds on Thanksgiving Day. All events will be at targets, popular prices, and all purses will be divided on the Rose system. The grounds are located at Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue, Philadelphia.

The membership of the Interstate Association has received a great acquisition in the shape of the Du Pont Powder Co. There is every prospect that before the annual meeting of the Association, Dec. 17, one or two more firms will come into the fold and help on the good cause.

Shooters in the vicinity of New York should not forget that Friday, Nov. 27, is the date set for the Dutchy Smith-Wolstencroft match at the Fanwood, N. J., grounds of the Climax Gun Club. The match is at 100 targets, expert rule, one man up, for the Austin Powder Co.'s cup and $25 a corner. The match commences at 2 P. M.

The dog got in its deadly work on the Trap department this week, and several interesting reports of shoots have had to be held over until next week. B. Waters's chuckle as he scans this week's issue in his quarters at Newton, N. C., will be more than a ripple.

The invitation three men team race shot on Saturday last, Nov. 21, on the grounds of the N. Y. Athletic Club, was a most successful affair, despite the unpleasant character of the weather. The scores were low, but the shooting was hard.

The contest for the *Recreation* cup, Dec. 12, on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., should prove an interesting affair. The cup is open to non-professional members of all New Jersey clubs.

Oscar Guessaz announces that the San Antonio Midwinter Tournament will be held Jan. 20-25. This will satisfy many of our correspondents who have been writing us on this point.

Mr. C. A. Dammann, the gentleman upon whom the mantle of Irby Bennett, as representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., has fallen, is a brother-in-law of Mr. Bennett. Mr. Dammann bids fair, judging from what Paul Litzke says, to rival his brother-in-law's claim for popular favor.

We are informed that Dr. Carver has posted a forfeit to shoot George Roll for the Du Pont trophy. Winston, however, if he makes good his expressed intention, will have the call, as he has had his forfeit up to shoot the winner of the Claridge-Roll match ever since Nov. 7.

Shooters, crackerjacks or otherwise, who want a shoot at Knoxville, Tenn., next May, should hasten to let Roger Van Gilder know what they think about such a scheme. A letter addressed to Mr. Van Gilder at Knoxville will have no difficulty in reaching him.

The second match of the series of three arranged between the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., and the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., will take place at Marion Dec. 3. The team race will be shot at 2 P. M., sweepstakes commencing at 12.

What has become of the proposed resuscitation of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association? Why does not its president, "Uncle Al" Heritage, call the promised meeting at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City? New Jersey needs its State Association badly.

Nov. 24. EDWARD BANKS.

The Vicksburg Tournament.

VICKSBURG, Miss., Nov. 18.—It is a significant fact that all the tournaments in the South are successful and enjoyable affairs, and the fifth annual tournament of the Hill City Gun Club proved no exception to the rule. Here in the South one receives such open-handed hospitality, and the welcome that is accorded makes one always anxious to attend such gatherings. The announcement of an approaching tournament carries with it a gleam of anticipation and a desire to attend that is almost irresistible. This is the whole secret of the success of the Southern tournaments. The Hill City Gun Club offered no great inducements, as $300 added money in these days of big tournaments is not considered much of a drawing card. Under these conditions the club could not expect a large attendance, nor did they look for one; a tournament of this kind must naturally look for its visitors from the neighboring cities, for it is not to be expected that shooters can be drawn any great distance with the inducements above referred to. Then it must be remembered that this is the height of the shooting season, and it has been a long time since all game native to the South has been so plentiful. These conditions and the fact that it has been a year of numerous tournaments, both large and small, all over the country, doubtless kept the attendance down.

When gauging the success of this shoot by its attendance all the above facts must be taken into consideration. Comparing this shoot with any similar one, it will be found that the entries ran nearly up to the average; 25 to 40 shooters is what one generally finds at gatherings of this kind. Not one of those present will say that they had anything but a pleasant time, and that the shoot was not a success, nor that they failed to enjoy their visit, or regretted their trip to Vicksburg. The club made no money, it is true, but this was not the club's object, as here in the South few tournaments are conducted for revenue only. Trap-shooting has been on the wane in Vicksburg, and it was principally to try to rejuvenate the sport here that this shoot was given. No little credit is due Messrs. Bradfield, Wright, Miller, Pinkston and Porterfield for their efforts in this direction, and it is safe to assert that should they hold another shoot, as they contemplate doing in the spring, the attendance will be much larger; for all of those who were present this time will return and will endeavor to have others come.

VISITORS' ROLL.

There were present during the shoot the following: W. A. Bonner, Duncan, Miss.; Dr. Forsythe and Harry W. Stevenson, Monroe, La.; J. L. White, Memphis, Tenn.; Frank J. Arrighi, H. L. Baker, James Pipes and E. L. Wilson, Natchez, Miss.; Henry Dinkins, Anguilla, Miss.; Hugh L. Foote, Rolling Forks, Miss.; Alex. P. Smith, Van Meter and Arnold, Greenville, Miss.; H. C. Morris, Mayersville, Miss.; E. L. Sharkey, Refuge, Miss.; and J. C. Morris, Brunswick, Miss. There were also the following trade representatives on hand: A. W. du Bray, representing the Parker Gun Company, Meriden, Conn. Paul North, working the magautrap, and talking bluerocks for the Cleveland Target Co., of Cleveland, O.; H. G. Wheeler, making his debut as a representative of the King's Smokeless Powder Co., of Cincinnati, O., explaining the merits of the powder and Peters's reinforced shell. Popular Tom Callender, of Nashville, Tenn., was also there, taking care of Laflin & Rand's interest, and their new W-A powder. Dave Porterfield, whose home is Vicksburg, was saying something about Du Pont's and Hazard powder. Last, but not least, there was C. A. Dammann, a Winchester Repeating Arms Co. representative, who has lately stepped into Irby Bennett's shoes; all indications are that he will fill his predecessor's place with equal ability.

THE GROUNDS.

The programme stated that the shoot would be held at the Exposition grounds, and the club anticipated no difficulty in securing them for this purpose; but when they attempted to make arrangements to this effect the directors only asked the modest sum of $50 per day for the use of them, also retaining the privilege of serving refreshments and lunch. This of course the club could not consider, and had to look elsewhere for grounds. They finally selected a piece of land just opposite the city, on the sandbar near the Louisiana line, quite easy of access, and with a fair background. It was only a few minutes' ride from the hotel; or, if one chose to walk, it was about 10 blocks. The river formerly ran along here, and during the seige of Vicksburg many an important engagement took place here between the Federal gunboats and the Rebel forts that overlook the river. Traces of these are still visible, and one of the most important ones, known as the Devil's Backbone, could be seen from the shooting grounds. Here in the old river bed the club had arranged a temporary grounds, and a shelter had been erected to protect the shooters in case of a rain, and plenty of chairs had been provided. All kinds of refreshments were served on the grounds. The weather throughout the shoot was fine, and the only thing absolutely necessary for the comfort of the guests were the seats.

The club had made arrangements with Elmer E. Shaner to manage the shoot for them, but owing to illness Mr. Shaner was unable to attend; so Paul North, who was present to show off his new magautrap, took charge, and conducted the affair in a most excellent manner. The club at first intended to use a set of bluerock expert traps, but Paul put up his magautrap, and so well did it work that the club never regretted the change.

The first day shooting did not begin until 10 o'clock, and the programme events were started about 11:30. So well did the trap work that all events were finished before dark, and very little shooting can now be done after 5 o'clock. It required about 400 targets for the programme events, and when shooting is begun at 8.30, as is usually the case in the summer time, it will be possible to throw about 7,500 targets a day from this trap, and the cost of trapping should not be over $1.50. The company will put them on the market by the first of the year. The trap seemed to work much better than when I first saw it at the Cleveland tournament, where it was operated by experienced hands, but here by green boys.

Mr. C. J. Wright acted as cashier, while Messrs. Miller, Bradfield, Pinkston and Porterfield looked after the welfare of the guests. The Rose system of dividing the purses was used, and as usual gave entire satisfaction and made a number of new converts. Wheeler did not think much of it before the shoot, but afterward expressed himself to the effect that he was now convinced that this was the only absolute fair system. There were five moneys, and the points established were 7, 5, 4, 3 and 2. All events were at unknown angles.

FIRST DAY.

The opening day of the shoot was bright and clear, with a good stiff breeze blowing from the score, which added to the difficulty of the shooting. The magautrap too was as puzzling to the shooter, with its deceptive curves, as are those of a pitcher in a baseball game. Though there were a number of good shots present, only two reached the 90 per cent. mark. Owing to the difficulty referred to above in regard to securing grounds, shooting did not commence until 10 o'clock, when a 15-bird extra was shot to give those present a line on the new trap. The programme proper was not begun until an hour and a half later, and though it called for 200 shots, and the entries averaged 20, the trap was equal to the occasion, and the entire programme was shot through by 5:15.

When the averages for the day were computed it was found that Wheeler was in the van with 91 per cent. Then came Miller with 90, closely followed by Dr. Forsythe with 89. White, however, made an average of 90, but shot only in one event, a number entirely too small to base an average on. During the day 26 shooters participated in the shoot, the largest number in any event being 22 and the smallest 16. The extra event had 20 entries, and of this number one only, Miller, made a straight. This shooter also made two straights in the regular events, a feat that none of the other contestants were equal to. The table below shows the standing of all those who participated:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Wheeler	19	18	19	17	19	19	18	16	19	18	200	182	91
Miller	16	17	18	19	18	19	17	20	16	20	200	180	90
Forsythe	20	17	17	17	18	19	18	18	18	16	200	178	89
Porterfield	18	19	17	18	20	17	17	19	15	16	200	176	88
Stevenson	16	15	18	18	17	19	17	18	18	17	200	168	84
Arrighi	16	15	17	12	20	16	19	18	17	16	200	166	83
Smith	17	17	18	18	17	17	17	15	18	18	200	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dinkins	15	16	12	14	17	18	20	19	18	14	200	161	80.5
North	15	16	18	16	15	15	15	17	17	16	200	160	80
Bonner	16	13	15	14	19	17	14	18	16	17	200	159	79.5
Sharkey	17	17	17	15	14	20	17	18	15	19	200	159	79.5
Du Bray	14	15	16	15	15	16	17	18	17	15	200	158	79
Pinkston	15	12	14	16	18	15	16	16	17	17	200	157	78.5
Baker	16	17	17	14	14	14	14	18	16	16	200	156	78
Katz	14	15	16	15	17	15	16	11	15	14	200	148	74
Arnold	13	17	17	12	..	15	14	..	..	..	120	88	73.3
Wilson	12	16	15	14	14	14	..	..	..	..	120	85	70.8
Hayes	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	13	15	..	80	56	70
Searles	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	17	..	60	42	70
H C Morris	12	13	14	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	51	63.7
Walles	..	..	..	..	13	10	..	..	..	..	40	23	57.5
Van Meter	12	11	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	44	55
Dammann	8	11	15	9	13	15	..	..	..	..	120	68	58.5
Pipes	..	..	12	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	40	21	50.5
Brad	7	8	11	10	10	..	13	8	9	11	180	87	48.3

SECOND DAY.

During the early part of the morning it was hazy, but by noon it had cleared off, and the day was even warmer than yesterday; there was no wind blowing, however, and the experience of the previous day had familiarized the shooters with the work in hand, so averages ran much higher. With the exception of Stevenson, most of the contestants improved their percentage; Stevenson, for no apparent reason whatever, was clearly 'way out of form, as he stood fifth on the first day. The entries ran very uniform, the fewest being 18 and the most 21; 28 shooters participated in the programme events of the day, two more than on the first day.

Wheeler again led the procession with the excellent percentage of 94.5. He made no less than three straights in the regular events and one in the extras. Dr. Forsythe kept up his fine work, and to-day he landed second with 93 per cent., Miller being third with 92 per cent., just exchanging places as compared with their standing of the day before. There were also two extra 15-target events shot. In the first one Miller, Porterfield and Wheeler made straights, while in the second Smith and Paul North made straights.

The table below gives the standing of all those who made an average of 60 per cent. or better. The following failed to reach that per cent., or shot in only one event: Callender, Folkes, Kline, Lee, Walles and Searles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av
Wheeler	18	19	18	20	19	17	20	19	20	19	200	189	94.5
Forsythe	19	18	20	19	17	19	20	17	18	19	200	186	93
Miller	17	20	19	20	18	17	18	17	19	20	200	185	92.5
Smith	19	19	16	18	14	19	20	19	17	19	200	180	90
White	19	18	17	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	71	88.7
Porterfield	16	18	17	14	18	15	19	20	16	18	200	171	85.5
North	17	19	15	18	17	17	18	16	18	16	200	171	85.5
Foote	16	19	19	20	16	17	17	15	17	14	200	170	85
Du Bray	..	..	17	14	18	16	18	18	14	18	160	133	83.1
Arrighi	14	18	18	15	18	16	17	14	16	18	200	163	82
Dinkins	13	15	15	17	14	17	18	16	15	17	200	157	78.5
Baker	13	14	16	17	14	16	13	15	15	15	200	148	74
Pinkston	17	16	14	13	16	17	10	17	13	13	200	146	73
Wilson	17	16	13	10	..	..	17	14	..	..	120	87	72.5
Katz	15	11	14	15	17	..	..	..	..	..	100	72	72
Bonner	10	14	14	16	14	18	16	15	15	11	200	143	71.5
Dammann	12	11	13	15	..	..	..	..	14	18	120	83	69.1
Stevenson	9	13	10	17	11	12	16	16	15	16	200	135	67.5
J C Morris	10	12	16	15	9	18	16	12	14	9	200	131	65.5
Fredrick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	..	40	25	62.5
Brad	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	40	25	62.5
Hayes	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	14	11	..	80	50	62.5

PAUL R. LITZKE.

In New Jersey.

FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

Nov. 14.—The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, held its regular monthly shoot this afternoon on its grounds, near the Lehigh Valley Railroad's coal shutes in that city. The wind blew very strongly from the north and swept across the meadows, making the shooting quite hard. The attendance of members was very good, the main attraction being a special prize in the shape of one of Laflin & Rand's silver kegs of W-A powder. This prize was competed for at 50 targets per man, 25 known traps and angles, and 25 expert rule. Sinnock was the winner with a score of 43, made up of 23 at known angles and 20 at expert rule; Hayes ran him close with 42, after making only 19 at known angles. W. Smith and Wambold scored 41, and landed in third place. The scores in this event were as follows:

F Sinnock........11111011111110111111111101111011110111111011101111—43
Hayes.............11011101111000110111111111010111111111111111111111—42
W Smith...........11111111111110101110111111110011111101110101101—41
Wambold...........11111100111110111111101111111110111110011111111001—41
Dr Cummins.......10110110101111111111111010100111111011101110111111—39
Jesse James.......11101111001100011011111110011110111111110111111001—37
M Herrington......01001011111100100001111110111111111101101101111110—36
T Smith...........10111101001111101101111011011111101101010101101—35
D Fleming.........11111110110111111111111010110010011001111110010111—34
Jewell............01010111001111101111011110100100110101110110101011—32
C Smith...........11111111111100111000001000011101011001110111111000—31
Winans............11010011011010111011001110110111010111011001111000—31
Young.............1001011111110001111111111w
Hedden............1111111110111011011101010w
Dawson............1101111011001110111101110w

Practice sweeps were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
D Fleming	8	4	5	..	Dr Cummins	..	8	..	..
Sinnock	7	9	7	7	T Smith	..	9	..	..
J James	8	5	..	..	Hayes	..	6	8	..
C Smith	4	6	7	..	Herrington	..	6	6	9
Winans	3	..	..	..	Wambold	..	10	9	9
W Smith	7	7	..	..	Dawson	..	..	6	5
Jewell	..	7	5	6					

Nos. 1 and 4 were expert rules; No. 2, known traps and angles; No. 3, reversed order.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Nov. 20.—On Wednesday, 18th inst., the Haverhill Gun Club held an all-day shooting tournament on their grounds at Hoyt's Grove, in this city.

The weather conditions looked anything but favorable in the morning, the sky being overcast and a strong southeast wind blowing, with an occasional slight fall of rain. Many of the expected out-of-town visitors failed to put in an appearance, doubtless on that account. But the day proved to be fairly good, no rain falling after the shooting commenced, although the sky remained overcast, which made the light rather bad, especially in the afternoon. The following are the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	10	10	10	10	15	15	15	10	10	10
Wilder	6	9	7	6	5	6	6	5	7	9	8	13	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jones	7	9	6	8	7	8	8	6	6	10	6	14	5	5	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sawyer	8	6	8	6	6	5	6	8	8	6	4	17	9	7	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Puck	10	6	8	7	9	5	4	7	9	7	6	13	7	4	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dickey	9	9	10	9	9	7	9	6	10	10	9	19	6	5	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Snow	9	6	6	5	6	6	8	6	7	7	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stevens	5	7	6	9	8	6	7	3	6	6	5	14	..	..	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wright	8	..	6	6	6	5	7	5	4	6	4	17	8	..	7	7	12	12	..	7	..	..
Leighton	7	5	6	3	4	6	4	2	4	4	7	10	..	..	4	..	7	11	6	5	..	..
Miller	6	..	..	6	..	..	..	2	..	4	5	5	..	..	8	6	7	8	4	..	8	5
Brown	3	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	3	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Short	9	6	4	7	5	5	4	4	7	..	..	..	..	5	6	7	7	11	6	..	9	7
George	..	5	7	5	8	4	9	7	7	5	6	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Sherman	..	..	3	..	1	..	..	6	..	..	..	4	2	..	..	..	..	8	..	2	2	2
Merritt	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	5	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..
Hilliard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fox	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
Webster	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	4	4	6	9	8	12	9	9	6
Lambert	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Blake	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	4	..	..	..	7	3	..	..	6	7	..	..	5	1	7
Holden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	5	..	3	3	3	..

GEO. F. STEVENS, Sec'y.

Pittsburg Shooters at Work.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 16.—The birds trapped to-day at a shoot held on private grounds were a rattling good lot of flyers. The best work of the day was done by W. S. King, who scored 28 out of 30 from the the 30yd. mark. Alex King and Sandy McPherson made the next best records, each accounting for 26 out of 30. The scores were as below:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
McPherson (28)	1111111111—10	1111011111—9	1100111110—7
W S King (30)	1111111110—9	1111111110—9	1111111111—10
Old Hoss (28)	0111111111—9	0011101011—6	1111110011—8
Anson (28)	0111111111—9	1111111111—10	1110111110—8
A H King (30)	1101111110—8	1111111111—10	0101111111—8
E E Shaner (28)	1011111011—8	1010101111—7	....
J G Messner (30)	0111011101—7	1011111110—8	1110111010—7
Strong (28)	0101011110—6	0111110111—8	0111101101—7

The Interstate Association's Annual Review.

The Interstate Association has forwarded to us a copy of its annual review, a work always full of interest to those trap-shooters who have any cognisance of the good which the Association is doing in the trap-shooting world. During the season of 1896 it held seven tournaments, one at live birds, the others at targets. Each of these tournaments is treated of so fully in the review that we have seen fit to use copious extracts from that work. The

Introduction

is a good thing to begin with, even if it is one long "krow":

"'I luv a rooster for tew things—one is the krow that is in him, and the other is the spurs that air on him tew bak up his krow with.'—*Josh Billings's 'Essay on the Rooster.'*

"The sixth year in the history of the Interstate Association closes with the issuance of this Review. In the period over which this brochure extends tournaments have been given at many points; and, notwithstanding the long period of depression from which the country is now emerging, the work of the Association during 1896 compares favorably with that of former years—surely an emphatic testimony to substantial worth. The object of the Interstate Association is 'the encouragement of trap shooting,' and ever since its organization the attention of its management has been largely directed toward that purpose, as well as improving and simplifying the methods of conducting tournaments. The changes of the past years, in line with the policy mapped out by the Association, would indicate that the future will bring forth even better results.

"The usual custom of confining its labors to one particular section of the country for the entire season was departed from, the Association at its last annual meeting having deemed such a course advisable. After mature consideration it was decided to devote the first part of the season of 1896 to the South, and the latter part to a hitherto untried field—the far eastern New England States. The wisdom of this movement and the success resultant therefrom will be apparent to the reader by a glance at the interesting data and summary of the work accomplished.

"Prior to 1896 all tournaments given under the auspices of the Interstate Association were conducted in accordance with certain rules and regulations adopted at the beginning of each season. This year a departure was made from the old-established rule, and clubs were permitted to select such handicap, system or method of dividing purses as they deemed most advantageous for their particular tournament; consequently some of the clubs adopted the well-known method of dividing purses—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; others selected a handicap—using the expert rule—while the majority selected the Rose system. The division of moneys in accordance with the Rose system seemed to meet the general approval of the shooting public—the expert as well as the amateur—and in order to familiarize our readers with this system it is fully explained elsewhere in this review.

"Nothing so pointedly emphasizes the great good accomplished by the Interstate Association as the fact that wherever tournaments have been given under its auspices many new gun clubs have been organized, numerous devotees of the sport were enrolled as active members, and an increased stimulus given to the pastime which to-day stands preëminent in the list of outdoor sports. So, while we admit having indulged in a little 'krowing,' it's because our 'krow' is justified not by expectancy, but by solid results. We have the 'spurs' not only to 'bak up our krow with,' but to continue our mission on the lines laid down."

After indulging in the above preliminaries, the Association takes up each of its tournaments in detail, the first being

The Grand American Handicap.

The inaugural tournament was the fourth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds, which was decided at Elkwood Park, near Long Branch, N J., March 24, 25 and 26. The Interstate Association guaranteed $1,000 (and all surplus added) in the main event, which was shot under the following conditions, viz.: 25 live birds, $25 entrance, 50yds. boundary, with a dead line at the 33yd. mark, handicaps ranging from 25 to 33yds., high guns to win, and moneys to be divided in accordance with the number of entries received, as follows:

$500 for first high gun, $300 for the second high gun, $200 for the third high gun. No more, no less, no matter what the number of entries may be. Should there be more than 40 and not exceeding 50 entries all money in the purse in excess of the $1,000 to be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. to the fourth, fifth and sixth highest guns. Should there be more than 50 and not exceeding 60 entries all money in the purse in excess of the $1,000 to be divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. to the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth highest guns. Should there be more 60 and not exceeding 70 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $1,000 to be divided 25, 20, 15, 13½, 12½, 10 and 5 per cent. to the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth highest guns. Should there be more than 70 and not exceeding 100 entries, all moneys in the purse in excess of the $1,000 to be divided 12, 12, 12, 10, 10, 10, 8, 8, 8, 5 and 5 per cent. to the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth highest guns.

There were 109 entries, of which 98 were regular entries at $25 each; 6 were penalty or post entries at $35 each, and 5 were forfeits, making the total purse amount to $2,710. The handicaps were so eminently fair and just, and the birds proved to be such a superb lot of flyers, that there was not a straight score of 25 made—yet there were 8 scores of 24 and 13 scores of 23.

The ties on 24 shot off for the first eight places, and the ties on 23 shot off for the remaining 6 places. In order to have an honest shoot-off for every place from 1 to 14, the Interstate Association supplied the shooters with their tie birds free of charge. The result was a very pretty struggle as follows:

TIES ON 24.

O R Dickey (29yds)	222222	1st.
Sim Glover (30yds)	2222202222222	2d.
G W Coulston (28yds)	2222202.2211220	3d.
H O Heikes (30yds)	22220	4th.
F W Cooper (28yds)	222e	5th.
E F Thomas (28yds)	20	6th.
Geo Cubberly (28yds)	0—222111211	7th.
Carl von Lengerke (28yds)	0—2222112120	8th.

TIES ON 23.

T J Ely (29yds)	1211112222121	9th.
Le Roy (28yds)	2122.1121121110	10th.
J G Messner (29yds)	121111211e	11th.
Neaf Apgar (30yds)	1122221e—2	12th.
J Hood (28yds)	212112110—0	13th.
Fred Gilbert (31yds)	2121le	14th.
B A Bartlett (28yds)	220	
W O Price (28yds)	20	
Chas Zwirlein (28yds)	e	
E M Cooper (28yds)	e	
B W Claridge (29yds)	0	
J F Paddleford (27yds)	0	
Ed Hill (30yds)	0	

In addition to first money the winner, Mr. Orrin R. Dickey, was presented with a beautiful silver cup, donated by Messrs. Phil Daly, Sr., and Phil Daly, Jr.

One hundred and twenty-seven shooters took part in the tournament, and $5,955 50 was divided in different purses. The total number of live birds trapped was 4,435.

In the Palmetto State.

The second tournament was given at Charleston, S. C., April 14, 15 and 16, under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

B H Worthen, first	88	per cent.
D M Porterfield, second	80	" "
G H Peterman, third	78.8	" "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

B H Worthen, first	88.5	per cent.
Irby Bennett, Geo Swan, second	81.7	" "
G H Peterman, third	79.4	" "

The third day was devoted to the shooting of a 100 to 125 handicap target race and a three (3) men team race. In the first event contestants were handicapped according to percentage made during the previous two days' shooting. In the second event teams were composed of three (3) men from a State; more than one team permitted. The results follow:

HANDICAP TARGET RACE.

John W Todd (110 targets), John Rocker (120 targets)	scored 100 and won first money	$44 00
H C Bridgers (118 targets)	scored 99 and won second money	30 60
L W Bicaise (118 targets)	scored 97 and won third money	25 20

THREE MEN TEAM RACE.

South Carolina Team, No. 1, scored 133 out of 150 and won first money	$33 20
North Carolina Team scored 125 out of 150 and won second money	24 90
South Carolina Team, No. 3, scored 119 out of 150 and won third money	16 60

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 31. Average entry first day, 21 1-10; average entry second day, 21 3-10; average entry third day, 21. The total amount of money divided in purses was $1,590.30. 12,175 targets were trapped during the tournament. $400 was added to the purses by the Palmetto Gun Club.

The Land of Cotton.

The third tournament was given at Birmingham, Ala., April 29 and 30, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

Irby Bennett, Alex Smith, O L Guns, D M Porterfield	first	74.1 per cent.
	second	73.5 " "
	third	70.3 " "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

Irby Bennett, E Vass, D M Porterfield, R H Baugh, Alex Smith	first	73.1 per cent.
	second	75.4 " "
	third	71.6 " "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 26. Average entry first day, 18½; average entry second day, 13 2-5. The total amount of money divided in purses was $971. 6,150 targets were trapped during the tournament. $100 was added to the purses by the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

Natchez on the Hill.

The fourth tournament was given at Natchez, Miss., June 3 and 4, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

U M C Thomas, H L Foote, Wm Miller, D M Porterfield	first	91.9 per cent.
	second	90.6 " "
Irby Bennett, T A Divine,	third	86.9 " "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

H L Foote, first	90.6	per cent.
Wm Miller, second	88.1	" "
D M Porterfield, third	84.3	" "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 43. Average entry first day, 22 3 10; average entry second day, 18 1-10. Total amount of money divided in purses was $1,164.80. 10,700 targets were trapped during the tournament. $110 was added to the purses by the Gaillard Sporting Club.

Among the Pine Trees.

The fifth tournament was given at Portland, Me., July 32 and 23, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

Noel E Money, L H Schortemeier, J S Fanning, O R Dickey	first	90 per cent.
	second	88.2 " "
Arthur Randall, J von Lengerke	third	87 " "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

O R Dickey, first	90.3	per cent.
J von Lengerke, second	88.4	" "
Noel E Money, third	86	" "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 55. Average entry first day, 35½; average entry second day, 30 2-5. Total amount of money divided in purses was $1,008.55; 14,085 targets were trapped during the tournament.

With the Green Mountain Boys.

The sixth annual tournament was given at Burlington, Vt., Aug. 26 and 27, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

O R Dickey, first	92.1	per cent.
S A Tucker, second	90.8	" "
C O Barrett, J S Fanning,	third	87.4 " "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

O R Dickey, S A Tucker,	first	91.3 per cent.
F S Edwards,	second	89.3 " "
J von Lengerke,	third	88.6 " "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 45. Average entry first day, 28 3-10; average entry second day, 20 8 10. The total amount of money divided in purses was $706 35. 9,055 targets were trapped during the tournament. $100 was added to the purses by the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Near the Metropolis.

The seventh tournament was given at Marion, N. J., Sept. 7, 8, and 9, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club.

BEST AVERAGES LABOR DAY.

J A R Elliott, E D Fulford, F S Edwards,	first	91.1 per cent.
	second	90.6 " "
	third	89.5 " "

BEST AVERAGE FIRST DAY.

J von Lengerke, first	89.4	per cent.
E D Fulford, second	87.8	" "
L H Schortemeier, third	85.3	" "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

J A R Elliott, first	88.9	per cent.
T V Van Dyke, second	86.4	" "
J L Brewer, third	87.3	" "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 47. Average entry Labor Day, 15 1-5; average entry first day, 19 1-5; average entry second day, 16 1-10.

The total amount of money divided in purses was $1,351.

18,535 targets were trapped during the tournament.

$150 was added to the purses by the Endeavor Gun Club.

Recapitulation.

In the table as outlined below will be found a summary of the work accomplished during the season of 1896. Noting the fact that the tournaments were given in relatively far distant points, and as a rule in the smaller cities, the results are indeed very gratifying:

Shooters taking part	385
Live birds trapped	4,435
Targets trapped	66,700
Money divided in purses	$12,761 40

The Grand American Handicap at live birds will mark the opening of the season of 1897. As usual, it will take place at New York, March 23, 24 and 25. It is our intention to perfect arrangements for giving the most interesting series of tournaments for the coming season yet proposed in the history of the Association, and clubs contemplating holding tournaments should make early application for the same.

J. A. H. DRESSEL,
Secretary-Treasurer, 313 Broadway, New York.

Not a Personal Matter at all.

In our issue of Nov. 14 we had occasion to look horns with a decision made by the referee in the recent Winston-Langen match at Elkwood Park. Our attention had been called to the decision by a correspondent, and a clipping from one of FOREST AND STREAM's contemporaries, *Shooting and Fishing*, giving the referee's decision in full, was sent with a request that we give our opinion thereon. We gave our opinion on the merits of the case, little dreaming of the weight of trouble that would fall upon us for our temerity.

It is now made plain in the issue of that same publication for Nov. 19 that its shooting editor was not only reporter of the shoot between Winston and Langen, but was also the referee in that match. We were not unaware of that fact at the time we questioned the decision; on the contrary, we paid the referee personally a courteous little tribute at the close of our remarks. But now that his position in the affair has been made clear, we can take it for granted that his statement of the conversation which took place between Winston and the referee is correct. In order that we may be quite plain in our discussion of this case—a discussion, by the way, that should not be marked by any bitterness of feeling—we again give the clipping referred to:

"A singular happening took place during the shooting; it occurred just after Winston went out to gather a knocked down bird. Naturally, every one watched the retrieve closely. The trapping lads were as much interested as Winston himself. Thus it happened that No. 4 trap remained unfilled when Count went to the score and called, 'Ready, pull!' He killed the bird nicely. Winston turned toward the referee and said:

"'Mr. Referee, should not Count shoot at another bird? The rules call for five traps.'

"The reply of the referee was: 'Yes, they do call for five traps, and technically you are right. As it is the referee's business to see that traps are filled, I fail to see how I can penalize the shooter for the fault of that official.' The bird, having been killed, was scored a cred for Count."

In the issue of Nov. 19 above referred to, in an article entitled "Purely personal," we are taken to task for treating of the matter on "hearsay evidence." An extract from the article itself will best explain what we mean by this:

"The many years of my career, both as sportsman and journalist, have taught me one thing; that thing is never to criticise the decision of a referee in a shooting contest unless I had been present at such contest, and, therefore, familiar with all the circumstances which led up to such decision. It is a matter of regret, of course, but it is a fact nevertheless, that the passions and prejudices of men so mould their opinions that hearsay evidence is the worst thing imaginable upon which to base an argument or to form a judgment. My critic was not present, and knows nothing of what took place save as it has been told by some spectator."

Now our critic is surely wrong. We judged of the question on the basis of *direct* evidence at our disposal. We used the very words written by the referee-reporter over his signature, practically an affidavit that purported to give a *verbatim* report of a conversation that passed between our referee-reporter and Winston. If that is hearsay evidence, and therefore "the worst thing imaginable," then there is an irreconcilable difference between the sayings of the same man as referee and as reporter. As a matter of fact, the paragraph above quoted is a palpable attempt to evade the real issue by implying that the criticism was due to "passions and prejudices," when not the slightest trace of either was felt or manifested. This is not a personal matter at all.

The argument that the words "All traps must be filled before the shooter calls 'Pull,'" because they occur in the A. S. A. Rule 4, which refers to the duty of a puller, by implication make "him the one to see that the traps are filled," seems to us rather weak. It looks much more like a positive statement of what must be done before the puller comes into play. It means, or it does not mean, that all five traps *must* be filled before the shooter calls "Pull." It is a part of a rule and therefore just as valid and binding as a whole rule; and as such it cannot be revoked by any action or any negligence on the part of puller, trapper or referee.

The "purely personal" article then tackles Rule 5, A. S. A., and says that it "simply refers to the number and position of the traps, saying simply that all matches shall be shot from five traps, and arranging their position." If the rule says that "all matches shall be shot from five traps," how can a referee take it upon himself to let one man shoot from five and another from four, unless both contestants are agreed that such shall be done?

Next comes A. S. A. Rule No. 2, which, according to our critic, "makes it obligatory upon the referee to see that the traps are filled." The rule refers to the duties of a referee and says: "The referee shall see that the traps are kept properly filled." Is the word *shall* in this rule as strong as the word *must* used in the sentence: "All traps must be filled," etc.? Our interpretation of Rule 2, A. S. A., is that the referee shall look after the trappers; do the best he can to prevent one contestant gaining any advantage over another unfairly even unwittingly; possess eyes in the back of his head; preserve an varying good temper; and above all remember that he is there not to make rules, but to decide knotty points upon their merits and according to the rules under which the contest is being shot.

It appears after all, that while we were arguing the question from the A. S. A. point of view, the match was not shot under those rules at all. It was shot under Hurlingham rules, with one exception; that exception was an agreement that Winston might go and gather his own birds if he chose to do so. Winston availed himself of this privilege, for we read: "It was this action on the part of Winston that made him the sole cause to which may be attributed the negligence of the trappers and the remissness of the referee." It was Winston, then, after all, who was to blame in the matter! It is only fair to presume, however, that he was the innocent cause; so why penalise him?

We were therefore in error when we supposed that A. S. A. rules governed the contest. The fault was not ours, but that of the referee-reporter, who says, "Yes, they do call for five traps, and technically you are right. As it is the referee's business to see that the traps are filled, I fail to see how I can penalise the shooter for the fault of that official." After such a positive statement that *the* rules called for five traps, and that it was the referee's business to see that the traps were filled, no conclusion was possible other than that A. S. A. rules governed the contest, because, to use the words of the shooting editor in the issue of Nov. 19: "I would mention here that in no copy of Hurlingham rules that I am cognisant of is a word said regarding the number of traps, their position or the filling of them. That in so far as any printed rule is concerned, a match may be shot with one, two, three, four or five traps. Hurlingham rules presume that a referee has some knowledge, and very much is left to the judgment of that official."

Now, Hurlingham rules are a set of special rules gotten up for a private club. They do "presume that a referee has some knowledge, and very much is left to the judgment of that official," and for course—the referee at Hurlingham is, we understand, the club's secretary, a man with an intimate knowledge of everything pertaining to trap-shooting, and thoroughly capable of settling every question that may arise under his club's rules.

Our argument was therefore wrongly based on the assumption that A. S. A. rules governed the Winston-Langen match. Argued in the light of those rules—rules which do call for five traps and which do specify that "all traps must be filled before the shooter calls 'Pull,'" and that it is the referee's duty to "see that they are kept properly filled"—we leave it to the good judgment of our readers as to what should be a referee's decision in such a case, merely reminding them that if "the rules do call for five traps," no dereliction of duty on the part of any referee can abrogate that rule.

Coming down then to Hurlingham rules—the rules which governed this contest—how could Winston be said to have been "technically" correct in his claim when there is not "a word said regarding the number of traps, their position or the filling of them?" If the agreement was to shoot *five* traps, that agreement was broken if one of the shooters was allowed to score a dead bird from *four* traps. The penalty for the referee's neglect of his duty actually fell on an innocent man—Winston; Count Langen was undoubtedly just as innocent as Winston, but he seems to us to have been in error when he called "Pull!" with only four traps filled instead of five. Was he complying with the rules? What rules?

We see no reason at all to alter our opinion of the case. As we look at it, the bird was a "no bird" if killed; a "lost bird" if missed.

In the closing paragraph of our note on this question in our issue of Nov. 14 we referred courteously to the referee as "a gentleman of considerable experience in the character of a referee." In his comment on our criticism that gentleman objects to our passing him over in such a brief manner. Since he objects to our description of him, we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity to give his own estimate of his own capabilities as he sees them (we quote again from *Shooting and Fishing* of Nov. 19):

"Why not be fair and state that the gentleman who rendered the decision questioned by his critic has had a longer, larger and more varied experience than any living man in the United States; that his services are in constant demand much against his wishes, and that his decisions are and have been most universally respected."

All of which is irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial, as there are thousands of men who are older than thousands of other men. But age does not always bring wisdom, nor experience skill, and all combined in this age do not constitute an oracle. If the decision was a sound one it could be shown to be so by the rules, usage, or by common sense, rather than by the plea of many years of personal experience and popularity. When a truth is uttered, we do not ask: "How old was the man who said it?" and there are many things so simple that a man does not require a lifetime to learn, the simplest of all being the principle that in a competition of skill each contestant shall have equal protection and an equal chance.

Hot Springs' First Annual.

THE great live-bird tournament promoted by Jno. J. Sumpter, Jr., and his friends is to take place at Hot Springs, Ark., Feb. 27–March 17, just the time of year when Hot Springs is, as Mr. Sumpter puts it in a letter to us dated Nov. 16, "at its 'high-water mark,' being full of people from all points of the globe, and when the weather is just simply sublime." Mr. Sumpter goes on to state: "We do not expect to have shooting all day long every day, but will commence about 1 o'clock every afternoon, thus giving the contestants plenty of time for baths and recreation in the forenoon. We will have plenty of good birds on hand, and no one can go away saying they did not have enough shooting. Matches can be shot in the forenoon, or in fact at any time, for we will have two different grounds in readiness."

The magnitude of the scheme undertaken by Mr. Sumpter and his friends is something stupendous. His advisory board, however, is a good one, and should prove of the very greatest assistance to him. There are three members of that board: First, Phil Daly, Jr.; second, Frank E. Butler; and last, but by no means least, FOREST AND STREAM's especial friend and ally in the South, Paul R. Litzke, of Little Rock, Ark. In the hands of this trio, backed as it will be by the knowledge and experience of Mr. Sumpter himself, mountains of trouble will become delectable little molehills.

We are promised advance copies of the programme at an early date; in fact Mr. Sumpter has started to work on it a week ago.

On Long Island.

EMERALD GUN CLUB, OF NEW YORK.

Nov. 17.—The Emerald Gun Club, of New York, held its regular monthly live-bird shoot at Dexter Park, L. I., this afternoon. The weather was far too warm for the time of the year, and there was not a breath of wind stirring. As might be expected, the conditions were all against the birds. But Mr. Lippack, the proprietor of the grounds, had some good birds on hand, and straight scores were by no means as numerous as one would suppose. Of course the birds were not all good; there were a few slow flyers among them that made the draw of the birds decidedly uneven. Some of those duffers spoiled straight scores too. Woods and Gus Nowak will both remember for many a day the easy ones they missed. Job Lott also has cause to keep in mind a driver that went over the line before being gathered. G. B. Hillers made some good kills of some fast birds and landed with 9 also.

Four straight scores were made: Gus Grieff, E. J. Clarke, Tom Short and G. E. Loeble. So far as Gus Grieff is concerned, he doesn't seem able to lose a bird on these grounds in the Emerald Club's monthly shoots. Out of the last seven shoots he has attended, he has scored 69 out of the 70 shot at. E. J. Clarke made his first appearance at the traps since he met with the accident that broke his collarbone and caused his retirement from the shooting world for some months. Tom Short is a member of the club who seldom, if ever, misses one of this club's monthly gatherings, and almost as seldom misses one of the birds trapped for him; to-day he added a few more points to his record for the yearly prizes. Loeble has only recently returned from a trip after the ruffed grouse of the State of Vermont. His brush-shooting has done him no harm, as his score of to-day testifies; he handles himself like a shooter when at the trap, and centers his birds well; the only slobber he made to-day was on his last bird and that bird didn't get very far after all.

Among the 8s were Dr. Hudson, B. Amend and J. Woelfel. The Doctor is shooting a new Smith gun that he is not accustomed to as yet; it shoots very close and its owner will probably astonish his friends at Eden, N. C., when it comes to tackling the country birds at the annual shoot that always comes off when the Doctor gets down there for the quail shooting. We understand that he purposes leaving this city for Eden on Saturday, Nov 21, and has expressed his intention of bagging his own Thanksgiving turkey, and doesn't care much whether it's a wild one or not. B. Amend, another of the 8s, is a shooter who has improved both in style and execution during the past twelve months. J. Woelfel, another 8, drew some hard birds and made some good kills.

To J. H. Moore, one of the old members of the club, and its present treasurer, belongs the honor of making the star kill of the day. He drew an outgoing bird and missed it with his first shell; ordinarily this wouldn't matter much, but Mr. Moore is now shooting a Winchester repeating shotgun, a shotgun he is new to, and which consequently he sometimes forgets to "pump." That's what happened on this bird; when he remembered what was the matter and had got the second shell into the chamber, the bird was almost to the boundary line (an 80yds. boundary at that); but distance doesn't worry Moore; he pulled and the bird fell dead. The Emeralds (an organization that Schorty says is now composed of more frankfurters than "spuds") gave a good imitation of a college yell when they saw the feat of their treasurer. T. Codey, one of the regular shots of the club, tried a new gun to-day with disastrous effect. The trigger pull and bend of the stock are both entirely different to his old-time weapon, with which he has rolled up some good scores at these monthly contests.

The system of handicapping the members is of two kinds—rise and points. The members are divided into two classes, A and B; each of these classes is subdivided again into several different sub-classes, a member scoring the number of points in each shoot by which his score exceeds the number of his handicap points. The divisions are as follows:

Class A, 29yds., 7 points: Greiff, Clarke, Lott and Woods.
Class A, 28yds., 7 points: Dr. Hudson and T. Short.
Class A, 28yds., 6½ points: Loeble, Nowak, Sands, Fessenden, Vroome, J. Maesel, Moore and Place.
Class A, 28yds., 6 points: R. Regan and P. Butz.
Class A, 28yds., 5½ points: B. Amend, W. Amend and P. Thiele.
Class A, 28yds., 5 points: J. Woelfel.
Class B, 28yds., 5½ points: T. Codey.
Class B, 25yds., 5 points: Dr. Richter, E. Weiss and G. K. Breit.
Class B, 25yds., 4½ points: C. Maesel and G. B. Hillers.

From the above list it will be seen that Hillers, a Class B man, added 4½ points to his record by scoring 9 kills, his handicap points being 4½; Loeble's straight added 3½ points to his total. The scores in to-day's shoot were:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Gus Greiff (29)	2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1—10
E J Clark (29)	2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2—10
T Short (28)	2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1—10
G E Loeble (28)	2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2—10
Job Lott (29)	2 1 2 • 1 2 1 2 2 2— 9
G B Hillers (25)	2 1 2 2 1 2 2 • 1 1— 9
R Woods (29)	2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2— 9
W Sands (28)	2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2— 9
Gus Nowak (28)	1 2 1 1 1 1 0 1 2 2— 9
Dr Hudson (28)	1 0 1 1 1 2 1 2 0 2— 8
J Woelfel (28)	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 2 1— 8
B Amend (28)	• 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2— 8
H P Fessenden (28)	2 2 1 • 0 2 2 0 2 2— 7
E A Vroome (28)	1 0 2 0 1 2 2 1 2 •— 7
J Maesel (28)	2 2 2 2 2 0 0 0 2 2— 7
J S Remsen* (28)	2 0 2 2 0 2 2 0 1 2— 7
W Amend* (28)	0 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 • 2— 7
P Butz (28)	0 2 • 1 0 2 2 0 1 1— 6
J H Moore (28)	2 2 1 0 0 1 1 2 0 •— 6
R Regan (28)	2 1 0 1 2 0 0 2 1 0— 6
Dr Leveridge* (28)	2 1 0 2 2 1 0 0 1 0— 6
E Weiss (25)	0 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 1— 6
F W Place (28)	0 0 1 0 2 0 2 2 2 0— 5
P Thiele (28)	2 0 2 0 0 0 0 2 2 2— 5
Dr Richter (25)	2 2 0 2 0 2 0 1 0 0— 5
C Maesel (25)	2 0 2 0 2 • • 0 2 2— 5
G Breit (25)	0 0 2 2 0 0 0 0 1 2— 4
T Codey (28)	0 0 0 2 2 0 0 0 1 1— 4

* Remsen and Dr. Leveridge shot as guests of the club. W. Amend's score does not count in the competition for yearly prizes.

We are indebted to Job Lott for his courtesy in furnishing us with the above score in detail.

EDWARD BANKS.

IDLE HOUR GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Nov. 16.—The Idle Hour Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held its monthly shoot at Dexter Park this afternoon. The attendance was very small, H. Knebel, Jr., and H. Boemmermann being the only members of the club that put in an appearance. These two gentlemen tried their hands in three separate matches, and in each case the result was a tie. The first was at 15 birds, and each scored 11. The second was at 5 birds, and again they tied, neither man losing a bird. Five more were then shot at, and each scored 4.

REMSEN IN GOOD FORM.

Nov. 18.—J. S. S. Remsen is fond of shooting targets and has rigged up a little trap house in the orchard at Remsen Hall, Flatbush, that gives him and his friends plenty of practice. The trap house is small, but accommodates a trapper and three traps. This afternoon F. S. Edwards journeyed to Remsen Hall to try the traps and targets. A little 100-target race was shot, Remsen winning easily by 8 breaks with 93 to 85. The conditions were practically unknown angles, the three traps being set at regular angles—No. 1 a left-quarterer, No. 2 a straightaway, and No. 3 a right-quarterer. The puller, Mr. Remsen, Sr., pulled whichever trap he chose, and could pull one trap alternately if he liked; all that was necessary was to give the trapper time to load the trap. The traps being close together, it was just about the same as one trap, unknown angles. The light in the afternoon is a little hard, as the traps face nearly due south with a tendency to the west of south. The ground too slopes up hill from the score to the trap, making the shooting rather deceptive. Remsen's shooting was remarkably good, as he ran 36 straight and 32 straight, a total of 68 out of 69 shot at. In shooting the race each man shot at 5 targets and retired. The scores were:

Remsen	1011111111110110111111111111111111111111111111111—47
	11011111111111111111111111011111101111011—46—93
Edwards	1011110101110111111111111110111111111101—41
	011111111111101110111111111110011101111111—44—85

FOUNTAIN ROD AND GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Nov. 19.—The Fountain Rod and Gun Club held its monthly shoot this afternoon at Dexter Park, L. I. Eight members contested for the Brixey cup, W. H. Lair being the winner with 9 out of 10. This cup was presented several months ago by William R. Brixey, a member of the club, who stipulated that the cup should be shot for at eighteen of these monthly competitions, and should ultimately become the property of the man who made the best average during that time. To-day's score, added to his previous records, make it look very much as if W. H. Lair would become the owner of this valuable trophy. The final shoot for the cup will be held on the third Thursday in December. Scores:

W Rial (30)	0211222222—9	A Crook (27)	2222010110—7
Dr Wynn (30)	11221012•1—8	H McLaughlin (27)	121010•012—5
Dr Eddy (29)	0102111210—7	S P Giglio (25)	1010101120•—5
W R Allen (27)	0200111221—7	W R Brixey (28)	•002100201—4

INDIAN GUN CLUB.

Nov. 21.—The Indian Gun Club, a new organization, shooting at Dexter Park, held its regular shoot this afternoon. The club event is at 10 live birds, and this event was won by James Lydecker with a clean score. Below is the result of the main event:

J Lydecker	2222222211—10	L Lilienthal	2200118102— 7
J C Adams	1101211122— 8	S Porter	0121101022— 7
A B Solomon	2112010111— 8	H Renner	1100020020— 4
J Smith	2111010211— 8		

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Nov. 21.—The attendance this afternoon at the target grounds of the New Utrecht Gun Club at Dyker Meadow, L.I., was decidedly slim. Only two men put in an appearance: J Gaughen and the secretary, Dr. G. E. Pool. The latter did not have a gun on account of his not feeling well. Gaughen consequently had a walkover in the club event, scoring 20 out of 25.

An Invitation Shoot at Travers' Island.

THE New York Athletic Club gave a most enjoyable shoot at its grounds, Travers' Island, N. Y., on Saturday, Nov. 21. Notwithstanding the wretched weather, for the day was one of the most depressing November days it is possible to imagine, it is a hard matter to recall a day's shooting that has passed off more smoothly and more pleasantly than that at Travers' Island last Saturday. To Mr. J. D. Foot, the moving spirit in the N. Y. A. C.'s target-shooting circles, the credit of the whole affair really belongs. He was here, there and everywhere, keeping things moving and doing his share toward entertaining the club's guests, and as a natural result his scores suffered; no man can work and shoot.

To reach Travers' Island, unless you can swim, possess a boat or are fond of walking, the best way to go is to take the Harlem River branch of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. at the terminus of the Third avenue Elevated. The run to Pelham Manor, the station for Travers' Island, is about 25 minutes; but it doesn't seem quite so long when the company one is traveling with is as congenial as that with which we were blessed on the above date. All trains were met by stages from the club house, so there was not the slightest trouble in transferring shells, guns and shooters to the club's grounds. A drizzling rain from the east was coming down very steadily when a start was made with a 10-target event at about 11:45, while a thick fog that hung over Long Island Sound kept the siren at one of the nearby lighthouses busy warning vessels off its rocks. Its melancholy, weird cry was jokingly attributed to a sick sea cow in the Zoo on Glen Island, about 1,000ft. distant from the shooting grounds, but some of the boys maintained that it was the lamentation of the mate of one of H. P. Fessenden's bull moose, the heroes of his moose story.

The accommodation at the score was capital, the platform being covered by an awning that kept off the rain. A tent to the rear of the score was kept well warmed by a stove that made many friends during the day. It was a small affair, but—oh, my! Harry Dain and Jack Halsted both went into raptures over it, and paid it many compliments: "Just the thing for us in the Bad Lands! How Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, would love it!" said they. As a matter of fact it was a Government campaigning stove, loaned for the occasion. In shape it is like an inverted funnel, about 18in. in diameter, with a stovepipe running up through the peak of the tent. The funnel is set on the ground, draft being furnished by a 2in. space between the "funnel" and the ground in front of the stove. Of course it is fed through a door, and with charcoal a very hot little stove is the result.

The trap house is an excellent one, the trappers being able to do their work with absolute freedom. Gil came down from Newburgh to help the local boys, and he gave it as his opinion that the trap house was about perfect. The electric pull worked well, bluerock expert traps and targets being used, with North's electric pull. About 2,500 targets were thrown in less than five hours, with a generous allowance of 45 minutes deducted from that time for the enjoyment of the lunch provided by the club's able steward, Mr. Schwind. Two 10-target events and a 25-target event were shot off before lunch, and were amply sufficient to furnish the guests of the club with a topic of conversation in regard to "the way those targets go."

Something should be said about the way the targets were thrown. Being thrown over the water, lost targets and broken pieces falling into Pelham Bay, there was absolutely nothing by which to gauge their speed. They went far and fast, while straightaways were comparatively scarce. "Shooting behind" was the trouble with the scores, while slow shots were outgunning themselves time and again. Nos. 4 and 5 traps too threw a little high, targets from these traps being frequently undershot. A tree to the right of No. 5 trap caused trouble on sharp right quarterers, it requiring quick work to break them before they got out of sight. For this reason shooters were allowed to stand well to the left of No. 5 score to abate the trouble. In practice Edwards stood slightly to the right of No. 5 score and drew a sharp right-quarterer and—the tree got the load of 7½ chilled shot.

Dr. Kennedy officiated as referee, being assisted during the team race by C. H. Taggart, of Newburgh, who stood at one end of the platform and acted as judge in case of a disputed target. It is only fair to Dr. Kennedy to state that Mr. Taggart's office was practically a sinecure. The cashier's department was in charge of Mr. Gregory, who, though new to the business, soon caught on to "the mysteries" of the Rose system, and divided up the purses and paid out the moneys as soon as each event was over. Carl von Lengerke had charge of the traps and acted as manager of the shoot.

The team race was started immediately after lunch was over, about 2 P. M. The first round ended with the Newburgh team, who were the favorites at the start, two targets in the lead with a score of 67 out of 75; the Endeavor team was second with 65, and Boiling Springs third with 63. The second round showed a lower average generally, 22 being high and only two men making that number: Huck and Loomis. At the close of the match the totals showed the Endeavor Club ahead by 3 breaks, with a total of 127 out of 150, an average of a fraction over 84 per cent. In order came Newburgh 124, Boiling Springs 123, N. Y. A. C. 112, Blooming Grove Park Association 110.

Mason, of the Newburgh team, was high with 44; Carl von Lengerke, Loomis and Huck coming next with 43 each; Adams, Apgar, Edwards, Piercy and Stanbrough scored 42 each. The above totals tell plainly enough that there was something about the shooting that the boys had not fathomed. Or, may be, it was the lunch! So easily and smoothly did the team race pass off that there was time enough after it was over to shoot a couple of 20-target events. Some of the shooters, however, had had enough of it, and preferred to go over the grounds of the club and take a look at the famous single-sticker, the Defender, which lay at anchor, topmast housed, between Travers' Island and Glen Island.

The scores in the different events were as follows:

Team race, three-men team, 50 targets per man, unknown angles, $10 per team, one money:

Endeavor Gun Club.

C von Lengerke	11111011111111111011111101111100101110111111111111—43
G H Piercy	11100111111111111110101101110111111011111011111—42
F S Edwards	11110110111111111111100111011111010111011111111111—42
	127

West Newburgh G. and R. Association.

P H Mason	11011111111111101111111111111101111111100111111110—44
W M Stanbrough	111111001111111111110111101101111111110111010111—42
H P Dain	01111111111111110101111111111101110110000011100—38
	124

Boiling Springs F. and G. Club.

W H Huck	11101110111111111110011110111111110110111111111111—43
Neaf Apgar	11111011011110111111111111001101111111110111101111—42
G E Greiff	11011101111000111111110111101111011111010111010—38
	123

New York Athletic Club.

Platt Adams	11111101001111101111111111111110110110110111111011—42
J E Bradshaw	101110111110010111001111111111010110110111110110—37
G E Ponvert	111111101001010110001100100111111010011111110011—33
	112

Blooming Grove Park Association.

L Loomis	11111111111111111011010101111011101110111111111111—43
H C Higginson	00001100111011111011011101101111001101111011111111—35
J D Foot	1001100001001111101111101111111000101001011110111—32
	110

The following "unattached" shooters shot along to fill up the last squad, Halsted and De Wolf entering in the optional sweep decided in connection with each string of 25 targets:

J B Halsted	11111010110111111111111111010111010111011111111101—41
Dr De Wolf	11011110111110110111111111101111111011110010100011—38
L Piercy	00000110010111111111101011101111111111111010111111—37

Sweeps were decided as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*25*	*20*	*25*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*25*	*20*	*25*
Edwards	8	9	20	15	22	C V L	8	7	19	11	..
Dain	8	8	20	..	..	Adams	9	5	16	14	..
Halstead	9	10	15	..	..	Ponvert	5	6	17	10	..
G Piercy	6	9	20	18	18	Bradshaw	..	..	15	11	..
Higginson	6	8	15	..	..	De Wolf	..	..	18	11	..
Mason	9	7	16	19	..	Greiff	..	..	17	..	..
Loomis	10	5	16	..	..	Huck	..	..	19	14	..
Foot	6	8	19	8	..	Apgar	..	..	..	17	..
Stanbrough	7	6	22	11	..						

Another 20-target event was also shot. This event had three squads, Piercy being top score with a 20 straight.

EDWARD BANKS.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

C. P. P., White Plains.—Deer shed their horns annually during the season from December to March.

C. McN , Providence.—No King Charles spaniels are advertised, and we are unable to refer you to what you are seeking.

CONSTANT READER.—There is no law forbidding use of batteries in any Long Island waters. See issue Oct. 24, page 328, relative to the Long Island law.

BOSTON, Boston, Mass.—I am stocking an island on the coast of South Carolina with pheasants and other game, and as hawks are very plentiful in that section, I am anxious to get the best possible advice as to the best possible way of destroying these hawks. Could they be trapped? If so, how? Ans.—Hawks are commonly trapped by fastening an ordinary steel rat trap firmly on top of a pole standing in a field. The birds alight on the open trap and spring it. This method would not be likely to be successful in a thickly timbered country. The hawk chooses the top of the pole as a vantage point from which to overlook his surroundings. Of course no bait is needed for the trap.

J. A. R., Bay St. Louis, Miss.—1. How may deer feet be prepared for gun racks? 2. By whom is the best book on dog training written? Ans —1. The feet should be cut off at the "knee"—which is really the wrist—in front and just below the hock behind. Split down the back to between the hoof and turn back the skin down to the edge of hoof. Remove all tendons and fat, and rub inside of skin and the part above the hoof with a mixture of one-third by weight of powdered alum to two-thirds white arsenic. Turn back the skin and sew up the seam with strong white thread, taking care that the stitches shall be concealed by the skin and hair. Bend back the toes at right angles to the metapodial (leg) bone, and tie them there to dry. Do not use fine string for this, but rather strips of cloth, or else wrap the foot and leg loosely in paper before tying in position. In two weeks the leg should be dry. Then the shank must be fixed in the wood which is to support the rack. Any carpenter can make a neat job of this. 2. To train a pointer or setter get Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking;" to train a spaniel, Mercer's "The Spaniel and its Training." These cost each $1. "House and Pet Dogs," paper, price 50 cents, is the best book for training house dogs.

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Map of the United States.

A LARGE, handsome map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

A Treat for Artists.

THE autumn scenery of the Hudson River and Mohawk Valley lends additional charm to a trip over the New York Central at this season. Fourteen fast trains every day between New York and Buffalo and Niagara Falls.—*Adv.*

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